

MOVIE PICTORIAL

FEBRUARY, 1915

TEN CENTS



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Queen of Hear

Beginning
in this Issue: **The Secret of Paint Creel**

Oakland

These Five Vitals of Car Value Mean to You

Economy of fuel and tires; maximum safety and comfort on any road, matchless hill-climbing ability, with all the speed desired; the joy of driving a beautiful, luxurious car that is not a drain on the purse.

Fours and Sixes Speedsters, Roadsters
and Touring Cars \$1100 to 1685
f. o. b. Factory. Catalog on request.

Oakland Motor Company
Pontiac, Michigan

Leading Oakland Superiorities

Flying Wedge Lines with Least
Wind Resistance

Low Center of Gravity with
Usual Road Clearance

High Speed Motor with
Great Power

Great Strength with
Light Weight

Economy with
Luxury

"Sturdy as the Oak"

You Can Have a Big, Sure Income Without One Cent of Risk

WHY work for wages—be at the mercy of someone else—when you can build a business of your own? Many are making from \$150.00 to \$1000.00 a month selling

Oxo-Gas Appliances

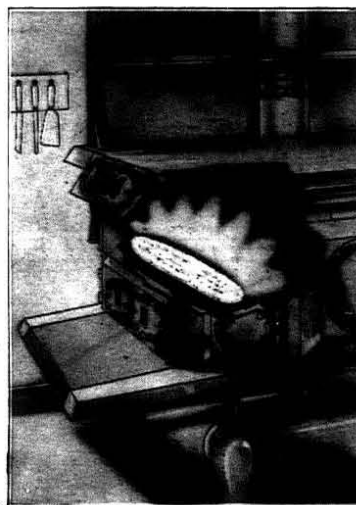
for Lighting, Heating, Cooking. Easily demonstrated, sure sellers, because Oxo-Gas is the Safest, Best, Most Economical System Made. Universally used, burns kerosene (coal oil)—so makes its users independent of gas or electric corporations. Kerosene for sale everywhere.

Cannot explode, clog or get out of order. Furnishes a flood of clear, soft light in portable lamps or lanterns. Remakes any coal or wood cook stove instantly into an even, steady, sure cooker, turned off or on as needed. Heats a 10 x 10 room at about 1/2 a cent per hour—less than coal or wood. All this done because Oxo-Gas burns AIR, (free) with ordinary kerosene in our wonderful new Thorium burners—the

Supreme Product of This Wonderful Age in Light and Heat Economy

We could go on and fill this magazine without exhausting the truth of the merit of this wonderful system

or the facts of the great money-making opportunities it has given to so many all over this land. Just consider every word and decide quickly if you are the man we want to handle this complete lighting and heating proposition. A Fixture for every purpose.

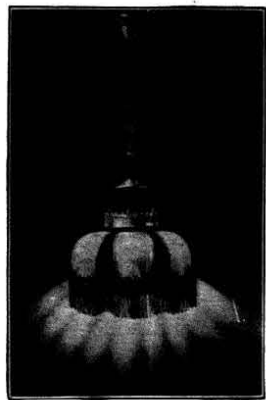


Oxo-Gas Producer for Cooking Range

Write at once for our prices to agents

The Panel Above Shows

a fair illustration of just how you can build up a big paying business selling Oxo-Gas Appliances. It is based on the experience of hundreds of our agents as proved by letters in our files. Read this extract from "A



One of many beautiful fixtures to select from. Write for the big profit to our accredited representatives.

Signing the contract. Oxo-Gas fixtures sell on light.



Roommate in Hardware by John A. Dickson, in the Saturday Evening Post of Nov. 23.

"I soon found possibilities in a hardware stock that I had never dreamed of. For instance, I wanted an automobile; but I wanted to buy it as an investment and make it pay for itself. One day I saw advertised a kerosene lamp that burned gas from kerosene through a mantle, just as city gas is burned. It made the gas from the kerosene as it burned. It was said to give an eighty-candle power light at a very low cost. It looked like just the thing for farmers if it could be properly demonstrated to them; but you can't effectively demonstrate a light in a store in the daytime and farmers are not in town much at night. The only way to demonstrate this lamp was in the farmer's home at night.

"This looked like my chance for an automobile. I got one of the lamps and found it worked well; was simple to operate, and offered a good profit. I secured an exclusive agency for it and bought my auto. Every few days that fall I would load the tomatoes with the lamps, which came packed in separate cartons. Then I'd get out into the country. At each farmhouse I'd set up one of the lamps, fill it with oil, show the farmer's wife how to light it, and ask her to use it instead of the old lamps until I called for it. I also gave her some statistics about defective eyesight in farmers' homes due to poor lighting. 'You can imagine that when night came the whole family was interested in lighting that lamp; and when they found the room flooded with a beautiful white light you couldn't have taken that lamp away by force. I could cover thirty or forty miles of road a day, and within a radius of sixty miles of Evansville I've sold lamps to nearly every farmer who hadn't some other system of lighting. Many of them bought two; some, three. I sold for my car, all right, and made acquaintance and won customers that I should never have had otherwise.' Remember we don't only furnish you with this lamp but heating and cooking systems also.

Therapy of her friends.

Neighbors phoning agent to call.



Agent buys automobile to handle Oxo-Gas business.



Depositing the profits of a growing business.



Do You Want to Make Money?

Are you the live, ambitious man we want to represent us in your locality? Do you want to have the exclusive sales of the fixtures for which the big oil companies furnish the fuel?

What would it mean to you if Standard Oil took you into partnership—gave you the exclusive right to sell *all their* fixtures? That's just what we offer you—an exclusive agency—a monopoly of the best line made. Don't you want to get in on this? If you do you will act at once—before you lay this paper down, as territory is being assigned daily.

Show us you are an earnest, live worker—a man whom we can afford to have represent our nation-wide business—and we will show you how to get some of this exclusive territory. We can sell this territory for large sums, but we only want *workers*. We take all the risk as we *know* what a good thing we have, just as you will *know*

or anyone else *knows* who ever tries any of our line of fixtures. If you want to be the Gloria man in your neighborhood, or become a big general agent, fill out and mail this coupon at once. Don't send a cent; show us you have a few dollars and mean business, as we can't correspond with curiosity seekers, but not one cent leaves your control until you have tried the complete outfit and it proves to your entire satisfaction every point we claim. Does this mean you?

Using this Coupon May Be the Turning Point in Your Life

GLORIA LIGHT CO., Washington Blvd., Chicago, Ill. Dept. J

Gentlemen: Without any obligation on my part, except my duty to investigate an opportunity, please send me full free information on your proposition.

Name _____

P. O. _____ County _____

State _____ Occupation _____

Remarks: _____

Gloria Light Company

Makers of the Most Efficient Heating, Lighting and Cooking Systems

1280-1299 Washington Blvd. Chicago, Ill.

FUTURE FILM FEATURES.



Cameron returns to his cabin in the woods

But his thoughts must dwell on the love left behind



Therril goes to Cameron's cabin and orders him to give Olivia up



Cameron takes this as an insult and in return threatens Therril



Edna Mayo as Olivia

"STARS THEIR COURSES CHANGE"

True Love Wins Its Way

ESSANAY FILM IN THREE ACTS

CAST

Robert Cameron
Olivia Staunton
Arthur Therril
Howard Chandler
The Priest

Francis X. Bushman
Edna Mayo
Bryant Washburn
Albert Roscoe
Thos. Commerford

SYNOPSIS

Robert Cameron, a young author, after ten years of hard work in seclusion, has written a book called "The Lip You Press." It proves to be a great success, so Cameron decides to leave his cabin in the woods and return to civilization.

Being invited to the home of Howard Chandler, an old friend, he meets Olivia Staunton, a friend of Edith Chandler. Olivia has read Cameron's book and does not particularly care for it. When Howard tells her that Cameron has conquered all, but never fallen in love, she boasts that he can't conquer her, and furthermore she will make him love her in less than three weeks.

She leads Cameron on; in less than a week, he proposes, she laughs at him, telling him of her boast. He is really in love, and kisses her, telling her the memory of that kiss will some day bring her to him. He assumes indifference and her further efforts fail.

To spite him, she announces her engagement to Arthur Therril. Cameron hearing of the engagement is completely broken up and returns to his cabin in the woods to try to forget. Olivia discovers that Therril is not the man she thought he was, and after writing a note to the effect that she intends to find Cameron, disappears. Therril goes to Cameron's cabin and orders the author to give her up. Cameron takes this as an insult, and while the two are struggling, a priest enters carrying Olivia, half-frozen and almost unconscious. When she revives, her love for Cameron prevails and they are married.

THIS PRODUCTION WILL BE RELEASED FEBRUARY 26



Francis X. Bushman as Cameron

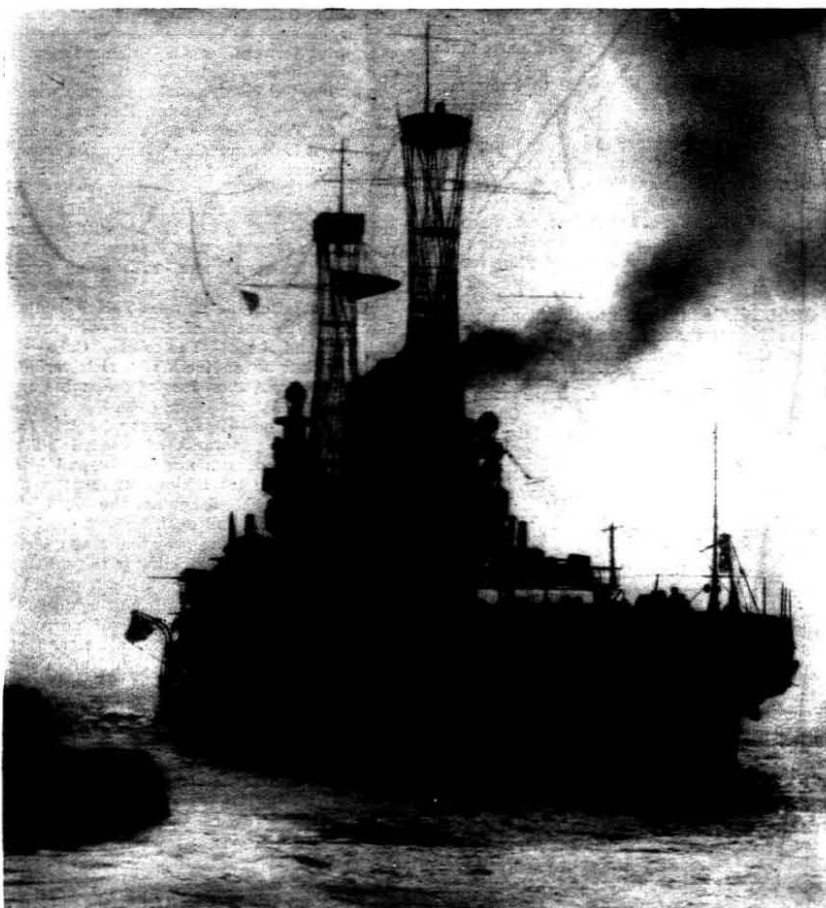


As they are
fiercely
struggling
the priest
enters
carrying
Olivia—he
had found her
half frozen,
aimlessly
wandering
in the
wilds



MOVIE PICTORIAL

WHAT is the sensation of being under fire in a modern leviathan of naval warfare? How would you feel if the enemy's shells were piercing the armor of your battleship? Suppose there had never been the shadow of doubt in your mind as to the supremacy of your country's fighting craft? How would dull surprise follow disbelief, and fear finally supplant your surprise if the enemy's craft proved superior? Just now the prospect of a mighty naval conflict is imminent. That is why Charles E. Nixon's "The Fling of Fate," is so intensely interesting. It does not deal with the navy of a belligerent power in Europe's present turmoil, but with the efficiency of our own fighting ships of sixteen years ago. True, the armored boats of that day are not comparable with today's dreadnaughts and super-dreadnaughts. However, they were better ships by far than any that had preceded them, and the war in which they engaged was the first in which modern floating forts participated. The late Commodore Robley D. Evans ("Fighting Bob" Evans) read this manuscript several years before his death and wrote of it: "It has fact on a par with fiction; my only criticism is that it is only half long enough." Mr. Nixon has treasured this story all these years. It is published now only because we could prevail upon Mr. Nixon to give our readers an opportunity of feeling what a sea-fighter feels when the shells are shrieking their defiance and heralding their baleful promise of destruction. Charles E. Nixon is an author of note, and one of the foremost scenario writers in America. He produced the famous spectacle "The Coming of Columbus," "Monitor and Merrimac," "The Pearl of the Peri," as well as other successful film features, and at this moment one of the foremost film-manufacturing organizations has a feature prepared by Mr. Nixon that will create a sensation. Read this remarkable diary of a Spanish naval officer, with its golden thread of romance, and its thrilling realities, and you will understand why Admiral Evans was impressed so deeply with its marvelous technique and faith to details of naval warfare, lust of conquest, soul-sickness, despair—and defeat!



International News Service

A Guardian of our Country

The Fling of Fate By Charles E. Nixon

A War Memory of Santiago

"A PERFECT day outdoing all others in ancient Palos! From yon citadel that hangs over the sea, the great Cardinal, centuries ago, waved benediction upon the caravels of Columbus sailing into the Unknown. What would his Eminence think of our mighty ships of steel, few in number, but far more terrible than all the myriad sail of the 'Invincible Armada'? Those frail crafts of the Great Discoverer, returned bringing a new world for Aragon and Castile—and history shall repeat itself!

"Puf! To think of these Americanos, a race without lineage, with powers insular and prowess untired, should dare to mock at Spanish rule! Such monstrous impertinence must be rebuked! Their predecessors are a vanished race. Let these Americanos beware! Small wonder the gallant Weyler calls them, 'suinos.' Their grunt will turn to a squeal, if they molest our Colonial sty!

"How our ships overawed the Sultan! That was a hard task compared to the terror our pleasant parade down the Atlantic seaboard will inspire in these noisy gaping meddlers. So say our leaders; so say we—strangers to their country; but not to their bravado.

"Again I leave the land I love, a rover of the sea. Ah! Dolores, you were faithless to me; but the lying tongue of the craven who betrayed you was

ONLY a faded little log-book, its frayed pages rusted by salt of sea, a smooth hole through its texture from cover to cover, the path of a rifle bullet—a dark stain at its edge, a sodden seal of destiny; a variant of ambitions, delusions, and heart-hunger of a soul battling, brave unto death.

It came from a Cuban, who had it from a Spanish officer dying in his arms at Asserderos one day in July, after seapower had fled from Spain forever.

Its initial entries are written in a bold round hand; but, from time to time, they lose their line of grace and authority, and finally become almost illegible. Dates and details are omitted; history has one, personal experience the other.

the cause. I tore your medallion from my breast; but I cannot banish your image from my heart! I will follow the sun around the world until I meet that man.—Then we shall settle the score with blood! 'Tis bitter to have loved and lost. Why, should I,

a sailor, sentimentalize? Yes, Dolores the world is wide; but I cannot forgive, nor yet forget!

"The anchors of the Viscaya are up and well stowed. Her screws swirl the waters of the bay. As she gathers way, the sister ships of the fleet, rocking in her swell, bow obeisance. Their gleaming decks are lined with swarthy sailormen; they swarm the fighting-tops. "Buen Viaje" speak the flags of the Maria Teresa; "Buen Viaje," echo the flags of the Colon and Oquendo; while following in our seething wake through the roadstead, are the night-sharks of death, with venom of torpedo—the Pluton and Furor.

"The shores melt away in the gathering gloom; the lights twinkle and go out. Good-night, Dear Spain! we bear again your oriflame to the ungrateful world you won so long ago!

"The warm breeze of the Gulf Stream inspires pleasant memories of Mediterranean service.—Ugh! these February flaws of mid-Atlantic chill to the marrow. Sighted icebergs to-day—tried target-practice with six pounders. A rain of cinders but otherwise a waste for lack of hits. Pedro, gunner's mate, declares the sights were out of adjustment. His report savors of Rum and Val de Penas. I am afraid those rascally Germans sold us poor ammunition. T^h guns are back in casing, everything lashed fast. These wintry seas are nasty; brine

stings like a whiplash! One hates to leave the luxurious cabin and the good cigar for deck-duty. A Bas! These mischievous Americanos.—Such a season for sailing! Nor'west, nor'west, even at this ten knot, half speed, we shall soon be in the Arctic. . . . "Sighted a liner this morning. She signalled 'Maine lost.' What has happened I wonder! Those careless Yankees! Fifteen hours on the bridge; black coffee and sea-biscuit; taken standing—this is, sea service! Slowing down—weather heavy; Horrible!

"Pilot comes aboard; will fetch up Sandy Hook tonight. He says: 'Battleship Maine blew up in Havana harbor!' Will not tell any more.

"I thought these Americanos were great talkers. This one is a silent dog; appears vexed about taking our colors into New York harbor. Yes, he does talk, asks questions. Already he seems to know more about the Viscaya than half her petty officers. He is a sponge for soaking information!

"This morning is a snifter; the clouds hang heavy and sullen as we tug at our anchor chains in the lower bay. The city, New York, is somewhere off there in the fog. Wonder how it looks outside the picture-books? Decks washed down; crust scoured off forward. Ship looks well, considering the wretched weather we have been enjoying for the past ten days.

"VICIOUS little tugs come tooting pandemonium out of Nowhere, and fasten to our hawsers. The master of the Quarantine comes out of the fog; likewise energetic nervous young men who ask questions like rapid-fire guns, in French and pidgin English. They are reporters. One shows the log of the Viscaya, posted up-to-date; another pictures the officers in his journal. It is indeed strange to see yourself portrayed before you arrive. This Americano press is a grand spy-system; all is said, and more even before it happens. How did they come aboard? I know not! They are here! The Marines who passed them are in irons. No one now must come nearer than 'hail.' A notice has been posted forward, 'Se prohib hablar con les extranos' (talking to strangers forbidden). The journalists tell us the Maine was blown up at anchorage, with all hands sleeping. It was terrible! Strange people these Americanos! They establish a patrol about our ship to protect us from Anarchists. No use protesting, we can take care of ourselves.

"New York looks better than I imagined; and I have sailed from Vladivostok to Cape Town, from Algiers to Port Said. It has not the mellow beauty of the Golden Horn, nor any of the rugged grandeur of Gibraltar; but the inlook from its harbor is most attractive. Fort Hamilton and Fort Wadsworth are little jokes; but, the Narrows, what a channel for mines! We have heard stories of great guns hidden in grass-grown sand pits, that have a trajectory as high as Mont Blanc, and a range of fifteen miles—Yankee talk!—Very long range!

"Our eleven inch guns misted easily and instantly lift the cover off their boasted tall buildings, and much steam would emerge!

"Wish we might dock, and clear off the ballast of barnacles. We have no need to run; but speed is more comfortable than drag. We fear no foe afloat! These Yankees are not going to war for a few sugar plantations. They have a 'Monroe Doctrine' (what-ever that is). They are also very fond of money, not of fighting. One cannot tell, we do not care!

"Coaling is a nuisance; all grimy as Guinea negroes. Bunkers full at last; better still our commissary. The purser declares the markets the best this side of Suez. He is disloyal, should be court martialled. We swallow our indignation. Chicken, turkey, and strawberries on the ward room mess-table all at once. We forgive that traitor talk about the New York markets, still we have eggs for breakfast—always eggs.

"No time for shore leave! Big mail packages lumber chart-room. Cablegrams come; sealed orders are opened! We are off with the tide! We sailed in under a mist, we leave proudly in the glory of high noon, with our flag floating defiance.

"The colossal statue of Liberty (strange subject for statuary) lifts grandly against an expanse of

blue; while smoke envelops those towers of Babel in the receding city. Farewell, absurd Fort William, with old guns like stove pipes littering your parapets! What do these people know about war? They are all very much for business.

"IN THE gray of the morning we raised the tower of Hatteras light, the great spark flaming and fading, as the lens swings about its axis, on the rock-bound coast fifteen miles to leeward. Fortunately we are far off the fatal diamond shoal of Hatteras, where giant combers snore. We ride upon the high tide of the Gulf stream and dropping down its dead decline, charge great green walls of water that keep everything forward awash. Often we seem to be on our beam ends; or, turning turtle. Only stanch frames like the Viscaya could risk such winter coasting. Here sank the Monitor, the first of America's Ironclads. It had best be careful or more will follow—it is disagreeable wearing sea-boots, twenty hours on watch lashed to a stanchion, drenched continually.

"The nettings are full as ballast tanks—hammocks are soaked—Jockey fills the air with strange oaths, when not addressing the Saints. Piano broke its moorings in ward room, with many damages to neighbors.

"We rest after the storm. This Floridian air is fine; the blue waters of Mexico even more to our liking. Land ahead! The coast of Cuba—singing sands backed by an incline of rich verdure. One can almost scent the odors of jessamine and pomegranate!

"A lovely land—Spain part with it? Never!

"A peaceful panorama of wooded hills, fertile plains; petite villages nestling beyond low yellow hills. Tiny beffries lifting skyward; a sweep of mountains silhouetted against the sky of turquois, flecked with pearl and opal.

"A new vision—the gray walls of Castle Morro—Havana, its spires sparkling in the shifting shafts of sunlight—jewel of the Antilles.

"We trim ship, throw all bunting loose; and as we come to anchorage, the guns of Morro ring welcome. Joyfully we echo the salute. Ah! but the Viscaya is superb, proudly beautiful in her black and gold. Our anchor flukes had scarcely taken firm grounding when our stately sister, the Oquendo, steamed in, with letters, letters from home.

"Querida, Dolores! your words were stained by tears. Every one of them shall be atoned. This my promise!

"The rose must have its thorn. In the waters over there, like some monster antediluvial sea-crab lies the torn and grisly wreck of the Maine. Peace to the souls of her sailormen, who passed away with never a whispered prayer! This should stop, the mad folly of the Americanos! Yet moored to a neighboring buoy is their trim protected cruiser, the Montgomery. A show-ship! How her smooth, white sides would crumble in our fire. Her people are wearing themselves out about nothing! Deck-drills, revolver-drill, gun-pointing in launches (never our way); and other drills, heaven knows what! Their gongs are ringing new disturbances every hour.

"THEY must be lonely, for we get all the company. The Viscaya is a floating island amid a mass of visiting barges from morning until night. Royalty could not fare better; such dinners, such wines, such cigars and such beauties!—Still Dolores, my love is all for you!

"We drill some for company; but deck duty is not burdensome. This is merely an excursion for us. There will be no war! Why was Weyler not allowed to settle this Cuban disturbance? Blanco is too pacific. Why? We shrug our shoulders, and keep on smoking.

"Something strange, something wrong; the Americanos are leaving. No, it is right, they never should have come. We give them a polite salute, as their transport and cruiser steam by; Ah! but, the people of the docks howl derisively. This is the last of the Americanos, I fancy! Our mission has been peaceful and successful.

"Havana society is fine. Cigars excellent; but the harbor smells horribly. It is far more pleasant in the cool shadows of Colon cemetery. I like even better the medicinal airs of Ambrosius hospital, where I visited yesterday.

"A cablegram; 'Cervera's squadron sailed from Cadiz. Destination unknown.'

"Time speeds slowly; entertainments, compliments and the love making (for some) goes on as usual. We talk of a trip over land to Santiago to frighten that bugaboo Garcia; when all fun stops with a snap. A cablegram from Verde Island: 'Refit and coal Viscaya and Oquendo. Join squadron off Curacao, May 15. Cervera.'

"Our decks are sooty with a thousand tons of coal. The paymaster's clerk is aboard with invoices. Boxes and barrels are piled on the late dancing decks. Man the tackles. Stow those barrels of beef starboard; larboard with those barrels of beans! Now, for the hard tack—bags and bags of it; onions, garlic and potatoes, bushels on bushels. Strike boxes and barrels below! Out with the hose, wash down the decks, scour the stained scuppers!

"CALL all hands! Four bells. Ahead, full speed. Vale, Havana! We are off to leeward with blue water under fore foot. Many of our crew have redness of eyes; too much shore-leave. Confound the bodegas! They poison and enervate sailors.

"Days come and pass. The grey dawn streaked with jaundiced cloud, hovers above the misty sea. The sun sinks glowing gold in the waters' western rim. Bells summon the watch; vague forms flit to and fro with measured steps in the shadows. Our steel walls vibrate in unison with the steady throb of the engines, harmonizing with the soothing steam of the exhaust—the only sensations, the only sounds of our vigil in the night world of the ocean. And so, Dolores, looking at the stars, I think of thee! While the dark fathomless depths of undulating blue, crested luminous with the mystery of phosphorescence, foreshadows, 'Eternita.'

"A cry from aloft: 'Ships to the eastward, Sir!' Slowly we raise the dark hulls of the Teresa, the Colon and the low lying torpedo flotilla. The Teresa and Viscaya steam ahead into Caracuo harbor; the others outside. Fires are banked, a tiresome tattoo begins on our rust-flaked unused boilers; a new cylinder-head is set. Still unready, we must go. We are wig-wagged: 'Make Santiago. Be prepared for action in case the enemy appears.' This looks like trouble; but not for us. The ships of our sable squadron bristle with guns; they are not mere white toys, such as the Americanos sail.

"No lights on deck, we drag along half speed (with those torpedo boats, lame after their long voyage) our great ships of the line uncertain shapes in the vaporous gloom. Three days and three nights of nerve-racking uncertainty; our men game for fight, but well-nigh dead for sleep.

"Early morning. Blessed be the Virgin! The light gilding the gun-crowned heights of Morro. We picture St. Jago, himself, wreathing the seared mountains beyond Santiago with a veil of glory, shot with silver and purple and gold.

"Up the channel between Canones Point and the embattled cliffs of Morro, we swing about Estrella Point into an inland sea, cut out for us by kindly nature, its sheltering cliffs, gun-crowned by the cunning of man. A haven at last! Here we are safe to rest before rushing around to Havana and onward to ravage the Americano coast, shatter New York, storm Boston; and, remove Annapolis!

"Poor Santiago, it is not Havana! It is inland provincial, there is no spirit. The only life is in the plaza in the evening when the band plays; or at early mass in the Cathedral. It is filled with wretched Reconcentrados and anemic soldiers coughing in the barracks. Give me sailors; marines are bad enough; but, soldiers, bah!

"We are visited in state by General Torel and General Linares. They are dispirited over the depredations of Gomez; unable to leave their stations; and yet view the smoke of his burnings. The coming of the squadron inspires them with courage.



Yes, so much courage, that they demand a thousand men from our little fleet for their trenches, guns for Morro. What a shame to take guns from us for that great fortress.

"I retract—for to-day, I visited those medieval parapets, that look so formidable from the sea. The mortars look like those in the museum at Madrid, and the guns of the eastward battery are dated 1748. Fortunately they cannot drag my eleven-inch turret pets up those steep cliffs to the parapets.

"We should be sailing soon! Oh! for a coal-mine. Oh! for rest, from mining entrenchments, and weaving wire entanglements! This is abominable!

"A hail from aloft: 'Sails in the West, bearing northeast, Sir.' I climb these winding steps up Morro's cliffs, come almost breathless to the battlements, and sweep the horizon with my binoculars. One, two, three—they move rapidly along, ten miles, eight, six long laden colored hulls showing fine lines. They are burning loads of coal out there; perhaps they are bringing some to us! No! Their colors fly to the peak. The Americanos are coming! Three miles, a puff of white smoke, the sound of a distant gun. What impudence! The prying procession steams slowly past, keeping their distance. They are going, going, gone—blended in the grey sea, leaving only streamers of tantalizing smoke in the blue sky.

"The Elvira made the port last night—worried by a warship that hung upon her quarter two hours. She brings needed medical supplies, uniforms for officers; but no coal.

"Mails, a letter from the brother of Dolores. She is ill, very ill, constantly talks of me, the only one she ever really loved; prays ever for forgiveness. Alma de mi corazon! You were shriven a Saint in my eyes; but, hate lives for your dark betrayer, whom I now know to be in the army of insurgents; a dastard at home, a traitor abroad. Cuba is prisoned by seas, Fate shall surely bring us face to face.

IMPORTANT cablegrams last night. All commanders meet in the cabin of the Teresa with Admiral Cervera. The home government commands us to sail for the Philippines. War declared. The Americanos are going to fight. Rumored they are landing an army at Siboney.

"I have a little line by cable: 'Dolores is dead!'

"The whole world seems unutterably void. The future has nothing for me. Yes, it has—him. I welcome war! I ponder, dazed, bowed in grief. When I go to make reply, they say that the cable has been cut at Cienfuegos. The vast silent leagues of ocean separate us—part me from my dead, for mine she was; but, we shall meet, in Aiden.

"A great light flashed up Santiago channel, cutting the darkness under the cliffs, while a widening circle of intersecting lights outside, spring from shadowy ships. We are blockaded by a fleet of war. Daylight finds all the officers of the fleet on Morro's heights, looking down upon the newborn wonder of the sea come to plague us, spread fanlike in a double circle like leaden-hued ships in vast variety, floating idly out of range, burning coal we hunger for so keenly, with their flags of red, white and blue drooping in the lazy air.

"That glaring light steals in the channel every night and stays there. No chance for our torpedo boats to strike. Once the light dies at midnight. Its absence awakes us. We watch suspiciously in silence. A shadow in the roadstead grows larger. It is ship-steering for Estrella Point. Now she is in the close channel. The big guns of Morro will not depress, but all of our small fire plunge of her decks.

"What a savage serenade! Flashing fire re-echoes down that dark canyon—the Nordfelt multibarrels, the Hotchkiss revolving canon, the sharp cracking automatic guns, join in the chorus of welcome to the shadowy intruder. She struggles on like a lame leviathan. Now one of our lean six pounders in the bow, bares and rakes her from stem to stern with sweeping crashes, and the Pluton sends a torpedo to her quarter. She is settling by the bow. A series of explosions, a maelstrom swash. All is over; all is dark.

"Morning comes; no more Yankee ships! only a smokestack shows above the water at Curacao Point; and a life-raft with seven powder scarred men cling-

ing to it, stripped to the buff, with revolvers strapped about their shoulders.

"The heroic Hobson; what a venturesome device! They tried to bottle up Santiago, put our squadron out of commission. These Americanos are more than droll, they are daring.

"(I have made some magnificent errors about these Yankee ships. They are not playthings; they are wonderful!) Now, I have seen their metal and their men, at close view under a flag of truce for our Admiral. I feel sad, very sad about our brave little fleet, rusting with sea-fungi, short of coal, and half the crews working fever weakened in the trenches. It might seem sheer suicide to assail such a formidable foe, in our condition; but, I do not say it. Garcia has told the Yankee journalist, 'the Spaniards never attack.' We shall choke that lie in his throat.

"I report to my superior officers. I described the Americano fleet in being, as I found it. Our sailors know nothing of the mass of fighting metal floating in this fleet. 'Tis better so. Poor fellows, they broil in Santiago entrenchments, swearing at the soldiers. No chance to study ships, five miles off the coast.

"What next? Three days pass. Monday, dark clouds and storm sound obscuring the sea. We leap from the breakfast table, summoned by the whiz, sharp crack, crash, of an exploding shell, followed by the reverberating roar of an eight-inch gun.



From a drawing by Harry Penn, after a photograph

Morro Castle, Santiago

Another and another. Those Americanos seem indifferent to the weather; they are getting the range of Morro; rocky fragments from the cliffs; the fields beyond the fortifications are furrowed by shot. The air is tumultuous with fierce warage of sound; ever and anon, amid the screaming of the shells, is heard the horrible raucous cough of the Vesuvius as she casts great projectiles of gun-cotton, that blast deep pits in the hills; and one of them wipes out the settlement of fishermen on Cay Smith. Now flies a monster thirteen-inch shell, the very air crackling in its course as it vitrified by contact with a comet. It dives deep into the yellow soil, throwing up a cloud of debris streaked with forked shafts of fire, as it bursts with deadened roar.

WITHIN three hours, the bombardment ceased. It was too high an angle for our reply; besides the enemy should not know the position of our ships.

"The days glide into weeks. Often I steal away from the petty officers debates on 'Strategy,' in the close air of the cabin, and sit alone in the cool dark shadows and tarry smells of the Viscaya's turret tower, where I write my journal as the light steals in through the thick grim grating bars. We Spaniards are unlike the Europeans in that the fire of the Moor courses in our veins. We are Fatalists; we now linger seemingly careless, in this zone of the afternoon; but, to-morrow we may rush forth to liberty, to life! We who wear the decora-

tions, the stars, the lace of gold, must suffer silently, yet still be strong! We know the odds pitted against us! We fear nothing in this splendid fling of chance, this casting of the dice and death and destiny!

"We make merry with our men; we joke those Yankees blistering out there on blockade. We would willingly trade our shade for their coal. The Viscaya has already shared her supply with sister-ships. We are piling in wood cane-waste anything that will burn. Our condensers are working continually. Our ballast tanks are full. We now have daily drills and inspections. Captain Eulate is busy with many details; Admiral Cervera, gentle as a woman, brave as a lion, personally makes the rounds. We do the best we can with what we have, the noblest fighting blood of old Spain, sound decks beneath our feet; we will yet show those Americanos that we are no laggards.

"The battle is not always to the strong; tonight we sail. No! it cannot be; two hundred of our crew just came in from the trenches too weary to lift a finger.

"The tired sailors are swinging peacefully in their hammocks not tossing or writhing in terror, condemned by fear of their last day. Sleep on, my hearties; may your souls be shriven for hopes of heaven, from fears of hell!

"To-morrow, to-morrow, four centuries of gallant Spanish shades (conquerors of this western world) will watch our grand sortie from yonder heights and urge us on. So I sink to sleep; and Dolores comes back to me, a spirit of the blest!

"Slowly the grey dawn gathers; slowly rises the roseate sun. It is the blessed Sabbath! Our men have taken the sacrament and been blessed. Shrill sounds the boatswain's whistle calling to the morning meal; and after all, they drink long and deep, to this day's doing.

"Our brave captain is on the bridge. Some cowards (I shame to write it) must be cuffed to their stations; others threatened at the pistol point. I glance about at the green hills, the battlements of Morro, distant Santiago; as I stooping, enter the low massive door of the forward turret tower. When shall I look upon green fields again?

"The turret like some huge circular prison cell is a chamber with walls of twelve-inch chilled steel, arched by a revolving dome of steel, carrying with it in its swing a great gun that fires an eleven-inch projectile. At my feet is the breech of the mighty piece within the reach of my hands all the mechanism of its movements. Within this grim shadowy compartment, greater than thunderbolts of Jove are mortalized. I turn on the hydraulics; the ammunition hoists come clanking up freighted with projectiles. I touch an electric button—the smoke fans whirl. The crew throw open the heavy breech plug of the gun;

a hydraulic rammer pushes in the heavy shell-pushes in the powder bags. The block is closed with a half whirl of the screws, locked, gas-tight; and an electric wire is attached to the primer. I rotate the little brass wheel (breast high in front of me) the whole massive dome revolves carrying the gun in its arc. I fix my eye at the sighting telescope turning its graduated side circles, for the range. Opening the valve raises the breech of the gun; an exhaust valve causes it to settle, the muzzle elevating. At last we are ready.

"Our grand old Admiral insists upon the lead. He will engage the inshore battleships; we smash those who dare to follow as we steam westward. Our worn crew stripped for fighting; the ship in battle trim. The sailors swing to the steady pull of the anchor winches, in the hot depths below the grimy stokers pile on wood and coal, screening our banked fires until they blaze like smelters, flaming above the stacks.

"No more writing now 'till the battle's lost or won. I pocket my little book. . . .

"It all seems like a terrible dream. Again the Viscaya makes her way down the channel, nine hundred yards behind the Teresa; her crew barely clear the wreckage of the Merrimac, grazing the cliff at Estrella. The Teresa, is out turning west. On we go, gathering speed, I can feel the jump as full steam strikes our piston, and how the forced draught hisses.

"Through the bars of the sighting tower, I now

(Continued on Page 22)

Edna Mayo

A Star That Changed Her Course

By KATHARINE S. BROWN



Photo by Mrs. L. Hill, New York

IT WAS exactly like having an angel walk in on you unawares! I had been waiting for half an hour for rehearsal to be over so that I could see Edna Mayo. I had hoped to have a glimpse of her "at work." I confided my hopes timorously to the genial Mr. Eubank. He dashed off to see what could be done about it. It was a vain hope.

"Edna Mayo has to be screened off when she works," he said. "Some of them get calloused to the work and don't mind visitors. Others never do—Edna Mayo is one of the others. She's too sensitive—and awfully keen. Of course, it's so easy to spoil a scene that when we know an artist dislikes observers we respect their feelings entirely."

To pass the moments, I took up the "Essanay News" and was reading it column by column religiously. Suddenly the personable gentleman who was arranging my interview descended and said something. No he was not the angel! Behind him at a little distance came a perfect "angel child" if ever there was one—that's not intended to be facetious. She was dressed for her part in the next film she was to be shown in. Her hair was down about her shoulders—and such beautiful hair, in such heavenly waves. That of course added to the angel appearance! She was just the right size—not too little and ethereal—and her eyes looked levelly out at one. There was no baby-sister plead about them. She was an on-the-job angel—perfectly alert with all her winsomeness. There were no wings, either angel or stage, so we went into her dressing room.

"You mustn't mind how it looks," she said. I assured her that I did not mind at all.

"You see I have to dress six or seven times a day and by this time (it was five o'clock) it is apt to show the wear and tear."

She gave me a seat by her dressing table and she sat down on the couch opposite me. Never in any dressing-room have I seen such prodigality of costumes. They were literally endlessly arrayed in tiers and tiers. It was as though the angel were adorned in a rainbow halo when she sat down amongst them. We sized each other up leisurely. She smiled.

"Isn't being interviewed funny?" she said. "One time a man came to interview me when I was with the Famous Players, and all he said when he wrote it up was, 'Miss Mayo has a Pomeranian dog. She is crazy about it and can talk of nothing else!'"

Miss Mayo may not know why the dear man remembered nothing else—I am sure I know. It was so faded that he could not possibly remember anything that she said. If he had been told how she looked to him, the result would have been very different. "Is it a Pomeranian dog, Miss Mayo?"

"I have indeed, and I am crazy about it, but I can talk about something else."

I was certain of that. "But I do love dogs," she went on—"and horses." There was that restful, level look in her eyes again—deep blue eyes. I don't care what the screen shows her in, I shall always regret that no one can see how deep blue are Edna Mayo's eyes.

She went on. "Today I nearly spoiled a scene. You see there were rugs all over the stage—tiger skins with the stuffed heads, you know, and all sorts of things, and just at the crucial moment I spied a stuffed collie's head—and a rug. Ugh! Wasn't that dreadful?"

It was easy to agree with her. Just at that moment it did seem atrocious to make a rug out of a collie dog.

"There! you see I am talking about dogs, after all."

"Yes," I urged, "but this is a collie, not a Pomeranian, and it's a rug one at that, so it's all right."

"But as a member of the legitimate theatre ranks I want to know how you feel in the movies."

She gave a little winsome shrug. "You know I played in 'Madame X' and 'Excuse me' and in the New York Company of 'Help Wanted' and then—in other things."

I wondered how many others—for she is fearfully young.

"—But I left the legitimate to work in the movies with the Famous Players. I think it offers big opportunities and I like it."

"Is it easier or harder than the legitimate?" I asked.

"Oh, sometimes both, but there is nothing specially easy about it or about anything else that is worth while, I guess. I have my evenings to do as I please in, but really, I don't feel like doing anything as a rule after an all day's work. We have the same hours as any business man from nine to five—and we work too."

She threw out her hands a little wearily.

"Tonight I am going over to the 'Kenmore' to see a film I played in with the Famous Players, and then I am going to rest up for tomorrow."

"Stars their courses change" we are told—and Essanay has presented Edna Mayo in a photoplay of that name for her 'initial bow to the Essanay public. The caption is full of meaning. Edna Mayo would undoubtedly have twinkled in stardom eventually in the legitimate

ranks had she remained there. She is too exquisite a figure and her talents are too great not to! But this star changed its course and shone immediately and with radiance in another course! "Stars their courses change!" They do indeed, but they only add to their splendor!

I heard somewhere that Edna Mayo had studied in the Chicago Art Institute. I asked her about it.

"Yes." Her enthusiasm was immediate and infectious. "I did—sculpture! I am going to study there again just as soon as I can get time." She laughed a golden-haired, blue-eyed sort of a laugh, as though the time-thing was perfectly hopeless and she should worry.

"I do a great deal of work though at home even if I can't be at the school. I studied in New York, too, in the Art Students' League. You know the 'Metropolitan' is so different from the Chicago Art Institute. I like the Chicago school the best of any. It is really a school, and the instruction is wonderful! At so many of the others it is only a case of sitting in front of statues and paintings in the galleries and incessantly copying. One never learns the principle of the thing that way. And to imitate forever!—" She laughed a scornful little laugh at all imitators—"to imitate forever is utterly useless. You are simply staying behind some one else as closely as possible. And that's what the Indians used to do, isn't it, when they were on the war-path and wished to keep out of sight? Each man hugged the man in front and pat-patted along in his footsteps."

And I am ready to go on oath that Edna Mayo is not willing or able to keep out of sight that way! Originality is irrepressible. And Edna Mayo is original. It is not to be expected then that she should be a copyist. Any such expectations will be frustrated. She went on.

"Then I like the atmosphere at the Institute here—there is freedom and progress and inspiration in it. It makes me want to do so much!—big things!—only"—she laughed, "I really do little things, I have never attempted the life-size or the heroic yet!" She went on. "My mother is also interested in sculpture, and we work together a great deal. It



There is a frankness and sincerity about her that commands you at once

is just like any other art and all the other arts. One could give all one's time and devotion to any one of them and never be tired of it. I love the work in the theatre and in the movies—the acting art—and I love sculpture and I could be quite happy with either; but I am much happier with both."

There is a frankness and sincerity about Edna Mayo that commands you at once. It makes you sure there is something in reserve to contribute to her work that is big and fine and spontaneous—that she can call to her instant use. She seemed less angel by this time—though not less angelic—and more the intelligent, alive young artist that she is—earnest, eager, full of vision and promise.

Essanay is to be congratulated, and Essanay patrons have a rare treat in store for them. Edna Mayo is a gentlewoman, an artist and a girl of the rarest beauty and charm. Again I must lament, the screen will never show how blue her eyes are nor the rare sunlight of her hair. However, it will register quite accurately, a vivid gift for acting and a personality of distinction. Some one came hunting her up and I rose to go.

"Sometime," said Edna Mayo archly, "I may get 'calloused'—as they say most people grow to be—and then I want you to come and see me work!"

I told her how delighted I would be. But I had misgivings. In the first place I would not be delighted if she should ever become "calloused." And in the second place I doubt exceedingly that she ever will. Just that quality of arch-

She is just the right size, not too little and ethereal, and her eyes look levelly out at you



ness, of eagerness to do her best and to give of her best to her work is so admirable that it is what makes her Edna Mayo. It is the highly sensitized Edna Mayo that is an artist—an artist-actress and an artist sculptor. And when she becomes "calloused" she will not be Edna Mayo. An anomaly? I know now for I have worked it out with the foregoing mathematical logic that I will never see Edna Mayo "work."

We came down to the office together and the angel faded. However, I have a picture of her and I wish everyone could see it. It is not so beautiful as Edna Mayo, but it is a very beautiful picture and I am awfully proud of it.

I am most eager to see Edna Mayo in the films now. I have seen her in the legitimate. The pictures will magnify and bring close to the eye the amazing vitality of facial and bodily expression that is so largely mental with her and not so much displayed in physical motion. One thing I will miss—her voice is vibrant and of a lovely quality with subtle rich depths in it that match her eyes. And the quality of her voice—and the color of her eyes won't register. I feel quite intolerant about that, but I see nothing that can be done about it.

And so I came away bringing with me one picture in an envelope and another in memory. Since then I have formed a third. This one is entirely visionary, but it is founded upon palpitating facts. It is the Edna Mayo to be—Edna Mayo scintillant and full-fledged movie star upon her new course.

Felicia of the Films

The Letters of a Would-be Movie Star

XI

February 10.

Dear Betty:—

I'm back to work and I've had a raise in salary and I've had some good parts in a bunch of pictures—but Mr. Bernard doesn't like me any more. And, somehow, all of the good things, even the fact that my arm is almost well again though it is still stiff and hurts sometimes, do not seem to balance that one dreadful thing. I thought that Mr. Bernard really did like me, as much, that is, as a real, important principal can be expected to like a girl whom he doesn't know very long and who is just beginning to accomplish anything. But he doesn't, Betty. It makes me feel mighty blue. I won't start raving about Mr. Bernard again, for if I did, this letter would be full of nothing else. If he did like me, why Triple Tee studio would be the most wonderful place I know. Though it is nearly the most wonderful place now.

Of course Mr. Bernard doesn't know that I like him much. Everyone here likes him and admires him and I guess that he just regards me as one of the admiring mob. As a matter of fact, he is more popular already than Jack LeRoy. Mr. LeRoy is awfully nice and all that but he does think rather a lot of himself—and his profile. Why, no matter what happens, while a picture is being made, Mr. LeRoy calmly turns his profile to the camera and lets that register, and then goes along doing the things he should do. He is rather a stupid person, too. The director has to shout to him "MOVE, LeRoy, this is a MOVING picture" and other things like that in order to get him to put action into his work. He does what he's told to do in a mechanical sort of way, but if it wasn't for the director telling him what to do, he'd be discovered sitting still and calm, allowing his profile to be snapped. Mr. Bernard is lots different from that. Why, he originates things himself, and makes really helpful suggestions

to the directors and goes through the scenes like a real human being, without being told. And he doesn't get angry if he isn't in the center of the pictures, or if his head isn't taken "close up," like some of the other principals do. If there are any other people in the world as particular about little personal things as a bunch of moving picture actors and actresses I'd like to meet them. Why, they'll howl if their expressions register clear and if they don't, if they are given parts where all they have to do is to look pretty, and if they are given parts that require a lot of work and a comedy make-up. Nothing seems to satisfy them. And directors, who, under ordinary circumstances might be pleasant, mild-mannered men, have to keep the principals from being fussy all of the time, arrange the scenes and see that everything goes smoothly, and then, maybe in the end get "called down" by the manager of the company for something that went wrong in the studio while they were five miles out in the country taking a lumber camp picture. Is it any wonder that directors are known as fierce individuals of whom everyone is afraid? If ever I do get to be a real star, Betty dear, I hope I'll be a good-natured, human one, who is willing to be thrust into the background part of the time without making a howl over it, who doesn't think that directors and managers exist just to keep the public from finding out how beautiful she is and who isn't jealous of everyone connected with the company, from the trained cat n up.

But this isn't telling you about me, is it? When I last wrote to you my arm was just beginning to heal. It got along simply fine. The doctor said it was because I was raised in a small town and hadn't forgotten to like fresh air and exercise.

"These city women," he said the other day, "are never in a condition to stand anything. They spend their evenings in smoke-filled cafes when they ought to be at home in bed, asleep with their windows

open. They shun nourishing food because it will make them fat, and instead they eat salads and fancy pastries. And then, when something happens to them they blame the doctor because he can't use a little witchcraft and make them well and strong."

He gave me pretty much of a lecture. So you see you are lucky, being in a small town after all. Then he told me that I had a lot of reserve energy and I guess I have or I never would have stood the weeks alone in that little rented room. The city isn't any place for a girl who can't stand a lot of discomforts. A girl shouldn't even attempt to come here unless she is healthy and strong. I guess the peaceful Danville life is the thing I've got to thank, now that I'm stronger again. And I'm going to try to keep on living the same kind of life right here in Chicago, too. I'm not having a bit of trouble doing it just now, for nobody asks me to go any place at all and my greatest dissipation is going to the movies with the McCains, and as we get home at nine o'clock and are in bed half an hour later my life here isn't going to affect me on account of its gayety. These wild tales about the life movie actresses lead may sound all right in the magazines, but there doesn't seem to be much of it in real life. Nearly all of the others at Triple Tee seem to be leading a life similar to mine, except some of the extras who come to the studio with tales of late suppers. If you want to succeed in the movies you've got to work hard while you are at the studio and lead a pretty regular sort of life the rest of the time so that you'll be strong enough to work.

I went back to the studio over two weeks ago. My arm was still in a sling on usual occasions, but I could use it a little in pictures. Everyone seemed glad to see me. They made quite a fuss over me and I felt almost like a real sure-enough

(Continued on Page 23)

The Secret of Paint Creek

Chapter One

A CALL FROM THE CORONER



"IS IT, as bad as that?" Clem Peyton, editor and half-owner of The Warrentown Daily Bugle, pushed his chair back from his battered typewriter and fumbled mechanically for a match as he gazed across the paper-littered sanctum, which served as his private office.

Bob McKee, the business manager and other half-owner of that aggressive publication, walked over to the dusty window and stood peering through its foggy panes out into the languid activity of Main Street.

"Bad?" he echoed without turning. He laughed mirthlessly. "Why not submit to the inevitable, and have it over with? The Bugle has reached the end of its rope, and the sooner we acknowledge that fact gracefully the sooner our agony will be ended!" He turned with a scowl. "Bah! The whole thing sickens me! I could see the last of this burg with real relief!"

"And admit that it has put one over on you—that you have lost the gamest newspaper fight this county has seen for a generation?" Clem rose to his feet and clapped the other on the shoulder. "Brace up, old man! It isn't like you to cry quits! We have weathered the storm before—"

"That's just it! We're water-logged! Every child in town knows it. The bank is getting so suspicious of me that Morton stares at me as though I am a burglar every time I pass. And the merchants—why, when I suggested to Pembroke yesterday a three-months' advertising contract he actually laughed in my face!" McKee jammed his hand into his pocket, and flourished a packet of rubber-bound letters. "Do you know what these are? They are bills—B-I-L-L-s—and most of them have come so often that I don't have to open the envelopes! You have been a good old pal, Clem, the kind of a chap that a man doesn't meet more than once in a lifetime. We have fought together, slaved together, and almost starved together since we invested our scanty savings in The Bugle. But we can't disguise the fact any longer that we are up against it. We have been dealt a punk hand, and we are wasting energy trying to play it any longer!"

"Say, Bob, if you keep on talking much longer I'll begin to think that you really mean what you say!" Clem walked across to the window in his turn. "What you need is a week's sleep! You're worked out! That is what ails you. Why, we are getting out the best paper in the county! Seven separate and distinct scoops last night! You know as well as I do that The Argus—"

Bob shrugged. "The Argus has been the established household god of the Republicans of this county for fifty-three years! It doesn't have to print news! Oh, I know what you are going to say! If we could only wake the people up, and show them what we are doing! But how are we going to do it? We have been trying for nine months, and we haven't found a way yet!"

"NOW, you are tramping on the toes of the editorial department!" grinned Bob. "Oh, for one exclusive sensation, a real sensation, the kind that would make the whole county stand on its tiptoes and ask for more!"

"Yes, and while you are about it, why don't you ask for a new linotype machine, and a new Goss press, and an automobile for our distinguished business manager and editor? I would ask for something possible, if I were you, Clem!"

Clem Peyton grunted as he rummaged through the half a dozen sheets of "copy" paper on his desk. "Maybe, you are right! This junk here doesn't look much as though our particular fairy godmother is working overtime!"

"What is it? Last night's Council meeting? or the Kensington of the Ladies' Aid Society?"

Clem gave another grunt. "Council meeting! Same old routine—not a glimmer of hope for a newspaper story. A fellow, named Rogers, is trying to persuade the city fathers that the Warrentown police force needs a half a dozen motorcycles. He's selling

The following mystery masterpiece is the work of one of America's foremost authors. This tale was inspired by this writer's close association with one of the greatest detectives in the world—the man whose name causes terror to every evildoer, great and small. But these facts do not constitute the sole interest in this mystery recital. Out of it the author developed an idea—a tremendous idea—that led him to write what has since been one of the most absorbing, interesting and successful of film series. See if you cannot detect the "motif" out of which the great serial was evolved. Incidentally, the author signed a contract relative to his other big story that prohibits the use of his name in conjunction with this tale—"the mother plot" of the other serial.

them! I would give my boots, Bob, for one man's size scoop that we could plaster clear across the front page in wood type! We would make this old town—oh, why doesn't something happen? Oh, why?"

A sharp voice in the corridor outside interrupted the declamation. The door of the editorial office was flung open without ceremony, and a short, plump, red-faced man stood staring at the two occupants of The Bugle's sanctum, and wheezing excitedly as he made frantic efforts to recover his breath.

"Hello, Doc!" greeted Bob. "If you will pardon the pleasantry, you look as though your dignity had been slightly ruffled! What's up?"

The coroner of Warren county—or as his professional sign set forth, Dr. Stephen Mowry—stepped into the room, and carefully closed the door behind him. After which procedure, he mopped his forehead with a huge red handkerchief. "If there is one thing I admire, young man, it is nerve! When the phone call came to me, I said to myself that here is a chance to show The Bugle that I appreciate its gameness."

"Phone call?" repeated McKee blankly. "What phone call?"

The coroner dropped into a chair with a little sigh. "The one from Ed Hope. It was on his place that they found the dead man!"

Clem Peyton stiffened as though from some mysterious source he had received an electric shock. "Dead man?" he almost gasped.

THE coroner nodded. "He was hanging in one of Ed Hope's trees by the creek road, with a rope around his neck. And—why it's the rummiest case I have had since I have been in office. I'll bet you a good cigar you can't guess the rest of it!"

"Never mind the cigar!" snapped Bob. "I'll get you a half a dozen!"

The coroner's voice instinctively lowered with the solemnity of his announcement. "Ed Hope said there was a big green arrow, made with chalk, on the fellow's shirt front! He was hanging there just like that when they found him—hanging from the limb of an oak tree a little ways back from the creek. I told them to leave him hanging until I got there. I am on my way now. It will be an hour before the sheriff—"

"Do you mean to say the sheriff's office hasn't heard of it yet?" demanded Bob. He was perfectly aware, from uncomfortable experience, that, so far as news was concerned, the sheriff's office was almost synonymous with The Argus office.

"Hope tried to reach Johnson before he did me, but they couldn't locate him. And when the found me—I told you that I admire nerve, didn't I? I thought I might give The Bugle a chance for the first story before the news gets to town! My car is waiting outside now. If you care to go with me—"

Clem Peyton, already in the act of reaching for his hat and coat, paused abruptly. "Say, Bob, as an understudy for our fairy godmother, Doc isn't so bad, is he?" He jammed his arms into the sleeves of his coat and shoved a cap onto his head, a roll of "copy" paper into his pocket, and a blackened briar pipe into his mouth. "All right, Doc! We are on our way! Say, Bob, you can chuck that Council story of mine into the waste basket. We will have some real news today!"

At the curb outside, the newspaper man shoved his companion into the waiting automobile, and sprang to the crankshaft. As the engine throbbed into life, a dark-featured, wiry man, with a small, dark moustache, swung around the corner on a motorcycle. For an instant he stared back curi-

ously and then vanished in a cloud of dust.

"That's Rogers, the man who is trying to sell motorcycles to the Warrentown cops," said Clem, as he climbed into the car, and waved a hand to Bob McKee in the doorway of The Bugle office. "I'll phone in the story," he called. "You do the rest! You are absolutely sure, Doc, that The Argus isn't wise? It seems too good to be true!"

Chapter Two

THE DEAD MAN BY THE CREEK

THREE miles out from Warrentown a repair gang was at work on the road. Dr. Mowry, who guided the machine wonderfully well for a fat man, was obliged to slacken almost to a creep the reckless speed he had maintained from the city limits. Clem Peyton, in a growing fever of excitement, gave a sudden exclamation as he glanced back along the road they had traversed.

"What is it?" asked the coroner.

The reporter jerked his hand toward a point, perhaps two hundred yards in their rear, where a cross-roads cut the pike at right angles. Dr. Mowry was just in time to see a motorcycle whirl, and suddenly disappear down the branch road to the left. Clem filled his pipe with a low laugh.

"It is probably nothing, but it looked to me like that fellow, Rogers! And the funny part of it was that the minute I glanced back he seemed almighty anxious to avoid our company. Do you reckon, Doc, he could be following us?"

The coroner guided the car slowly past a chugging road roller. "Forget it, Clem!" he advised. "You have got this affair on the brain!"

"Maybe, you are right. We must be almost there, aren't we?"

"I should say we can't be far away." Dr. Mowry lighted a fresh cigar, and again increased his speed, while Clem settled down to a sombre study of the flying landscape, parched and hot under the blazing July sun. A mile and a half farther on there was a shout from a clump of trees, and two men waved their arms from a small lane, winding back toward a denser line of trees, bordering the rugged bank of Paint Creek. The coroner set his brakes sharply.

"Hello, Ed!" he called, as the foremost of the two came running to the side of the machine.

"I was beginning to be afraid, Doc, that something had happened to you! I just came back from the phone. Tried to get the sheriff again!"

"Did you locate him?" asked Clem eagerly.

"No, they told me he is out of town."

The reporter breathed a sigh of relief. The great scoop was still safe.

"Shall we leave the car here, Ed?" asked the coroner.

"I reckon you'll have to. It—it's just down across the field." Quite evidently Mr. Hope was laboring under unusual excitement. Clem gathered that he was by no means in the habit of finding dead men hanging in the branches of his trees, and that he was not exactly clear as to how far he might be held responsible. He was a nervous, quick-speaking man, but with a certain matter-of-fact air about him that at once dispelled the newspaper man's suspicion that the telephoned story to the sheriff's office might have been too highly colored.

DR. MOWRY and Clem descended from the automobile, and followed their guide. In the lane Mr. Hope motioned to his companion with the careless introduction, "This is my son, Curless. He found the body, and can tell you more about it than I can."

The young Hope, a frank-faced, light-haired chap in his early twenties, flushed. "There isn't so much to tell, after all. I was fishing down the creek this morning, and waded up stream looking for a minnow bucket that my brother lost last week. I could not find the bucket, and was about to give up the search when I rounded a bend in the creek, and there almost before me—but you can see for yourself! Here we are now!"

The quartet had reached the end of the lane. The elder Hope parted a fringe of bushes, and as the others followed him Clem gave an involuntary cry. The lane gave into a small clearing, sloping gently down to the sluggish waters of the creek. Almost in the center of the clearing towered a huge oak tree,

whose lowest limb was perhaps ten feet above the tangled grass. It was from this limb that the body of the dead man was suspended. His ghastly face, with its fixed, wide-open eyes, stared down at the awe-struck group below.

THERE was a peculiar fascination about the swollen face, blotting out for the moment the normal details of the countenance. One could almost fancy that the eyes were still twitching, and that the swollen lips were about to open. It was only when the first surge of horror had passed that the observer saw that it was a lean singularly pale face, with a heavy, brown mustache partly concealing a pair of thin, cruel lips. The owner was a man apparently in the prime of middle life, his hair tinged with gray, and so sparse on top as to suggest rapidly approaching baldness.

The body was clothed in a loose-fitting gray suit, of an evident good quality, but now sadly rumpled, and showing signs of much usage. A soft white cotton shirt, with a low collar and shiny black bow tie, completed the costume. The feet were encased in tan shoes, thickly covered with dried mud.

Just above the collar was the taut-drawn circle of a thin, new rope, only slightly larger than a clothesline, which was looped twice about the branch overhead. It was on the bosom of the shirt that the curious chalk mark of the green arrow had been drawn. The mark was perhaps three inches in length. A green smudge on the edge of the coat showed that the hand which had sketched the emblem had been both rough and hurried.

Chapter Three

MORE THAN ONE RIDDLE

"WELL, Doc, what do you make of it?" Ed Hope's matter-of-fact voice brought the group back with something of a jolt to the demands of the situation.

The coroner shook himself like a man awakening from a bad dream. His ruddy face was covered with beads of perspiration. "You have disturbed nothing," he asked perfunctorily.

"Of course not!" Mr. Hope's voice took on a more assured ring. "When I reached here I even kept my boy from trampling over the ground in the neighborhood." He jerked his hand toward the matted grass and foliage under the swaying body, which was trampled and broken as by a fierce struggle. "Things are just as we found them. I thought if there was a clue we might spoil it if we did any rummaging around before you got here."

"Quite right. You have shown unusual thoughtfulness, Mr. Hope." The coroner made his way down to the edge of the water, carefully avoiding the area of the apparent struggle. The stream at that point was perhaps thirty feet in width, widening out from a sharp bend immediately above. It was thickly bordered on both sides by a heavy canopy of rustling trees and dense, matted underbrush. Just beyond the opposite side, a narrow, winding mud road could be seen, at intervals, that followed the stream for a distance of several miles before it led back into the Warrentown pike. The locality was one of the most deserted along the course of the creek. It was evident that the tragedy had been discovered altogether by chance. Under ordinary circumstances the body of the dead man might have hung for days without coming to the public attention. Certainly no one passing along the road across the creek would have been aware of the ghastly object hardly a dozen yards away.

Clem Peyton tapped the coroner on the shoulder. "Don't you think we had better cut down the body, and see if there is any clue to the fellow's identity in his clothes?"

Dr. Mowry nodded.

"I guess we'll either have to find a ladder, or—"

"I'll climb the tree if you will give me a lift," offered Curless Hope.

A moment later the young man was straddling the limb above, opening a pocket-knife as he tried to keep his eyes averted from the swaying object below him. Ed Hope and the reporter caught the figure of the dead man as the rope parted, and carried the body over to the edge of the clearing.

THE coroner stooped down beside the rigid form, his professional interest for the moment forcing his official duties to the background. He glanced up finally with a frown.

"The man has been dead for hours—probably hanging here all night." He examined the thin rope thoughtfully. "I can't quite understand—" His sentence trailed off indefinitely.

"I reckon the same idea I have been turning over in my mind has struck you, Doc," broke in Clem grimly. "If this fellow killed himself, it is about

the most impossible performance in the way of a suicide I have ever seen!"

"You mean—"

"I mean that it strikes me as a cold-blooded case of murder!"

"Murder?" Ed Hope caught his breath sharply.

"Just that!" Clem strode back and forth in a sudden excitement. "Look at the facts a moment, and see if you don't admit I am right! I have seen a few cases of suicide by the rope route in my newspaper experience. Gentlemen, if we argue that this is suicide, we must assume that the fellow climbed the tree, worked his way out onto a branch, and deliberately jumped off into space! Doesn't sound reasonable, does it? If he was going to hang himself by his own hand, he would have found a box, or a barrel, or even a stump on which he could have stood before making his death jump!"

"I believe you are right, young fellow!" conceded Ed Hope admiringly. "I never thought of that."

"Another point!" Clem pointed to the limb above, from which the severed rope still hung. "Do you notice the frayed bark—how it is torn and splintered? What is the logical thing it suggests? I'll tell you. It looks as though a heavy body had been drawn up over it!"

"Gosh!" Ed Hope drew out a handkerchief, and violently blew his nose. "Are you trying to make me believe that somebody brought this fellow here, and then strung him up? This is not down South, young man! Why that would be—"

"A private lynching bee!" finished Clem grimly. "Sounds melodramatic, I know, but can you suggest any other theory that will fit the facts in the case?" The reporter turned again to the coroner. "Are you certain, Doc, that it was the rope that killed the fellow, that he was not dead before—"

Dr. Mowry shook his head positively. "No doubt about it! The cause of death unquestionably was strangulation."

Clem shrugged. "Then suppose we look through his clothes? If we can establish his identity, it may help us to unravel the riddle."

Almost unconsciously the reporter's newspaper training was taking command of the situation. Dr. Mowry leaned the body slightly over on its side, and began a quick search of the pockets, while the others bent over his shoulders, following his movements with intent fascination. The coroner looked up at last with a stare of blank bewilderment. There was not so much as a scrap of paper on the corpse! The pockets, turned inside out, were absolutely bare!

DR. MOWRY rose slowly to his feet. "Are you sure, Ed, the body wasn't disturbed?"

Mr. Hope flung out his hands with a gesture of utter helplessness. "It—looks almighty queer!"

"Queer?" echoed Clem. "It doesn't look natural! The man has been searched by someone, searched thoroughly, and with a purpose. Either he had something that somebody wanted mighty badly, or—" He dug his hands into his pockets, and produced his pipe. "Of course, it is just possible that there are those who don't want his identity to become known, who wish him to remain a stranger to whoever found him. In that event—I say, where is the fellow's hat?"

There was a general exclamation.

"He didn't have a hat!" said Curless Hope positively.

"Maybe it has fallen in the bushes," suggested Clem. "Suppose you take a look around?"

The others moved off eagerly. Clem watched them disappear with a quick gleam in his eyes. When he saw that he was unobserved, he dropped to his knees by the corpse, and passed his hand cautiously over the swollen face, his fingers gripping finally the heavy mustache. His next action would have startled the trio in the bushes had they returned in time to witness it. The gleam in his eyes deepening, Clem deliberately tugged at the thick, brown hair. The result was more startling than the action. One end of the heavy mustache came away in his fingers!

"I thought so!" Clem muttered exultingly. "It looked just a little too luxuriant and glossy to match that thin hair on his head! Gummed on, too. Evidently it was meant to stay! I wonder—"

Clem was still revolving his discovery in his mind when the others returned with puzzled faces, announcing their failure.

"No sign of a hat," said Dr. Mowry. "The fellow must have come here bareheaded."

"Perhaps!" said Clem thoughtfully. "By the way, how did he come here?"

"There are only three ways as far as I can figure," said Ed Hope. "If he didn't come down the lane, he must have come either down stream or up stream."

"Or across the stream," suggested Clem.

The elder Hope shook his head. "The water is three feet deep and more for a mile. And if he had waded over, his clothes would show it."

"That is, if he came alone and voluntarily," said Clem. "You are forgetting that there was probably someone with him, that there must have been, unless we say it is suicide. What's the matter with the theory of a boat? The creek surely is navigable for a light skiff."

"OH, THE Morrells use a motor boat down here right along."

"The Morrells?" asked Clem.

"They have the bungalow at Beach Hill, half a mile up."

Dr. Mowry, who had been pacing up and down the lane, came to a pause. "I say, Clem, now honestly, aren't you letting your imagination run away with you? Those theories you have been spinning are well enough for a newspaper story, but in real life—"

"You mean I am trying to weave a romance?" asked Clem.

"Well not that, perhaps. But—"

Clem stooped toward the body of the dead man and raised the end of his false mustache. "Do you see this, Doc? There is a whole lot more in this affair than we have any idea of—yet. Our friend has been trying to disguise himself. A false mustache can only mean one thing. And he has been particular enough about it, to glue it to his face. For some reason he has been trying to hide himself, and fearful enough of discovery to take unusual precautions. And what about that arrow mark on his shirt? Are you going to tell me that he did that, himself, with some crazy idea of a joke?"

"God, man, we are living in a civilized country!" burst out Dr. Mowry. "Would you have me believe that the fellow was brought here a prisoner, stripped of his possessions, branded, as it were, and then hanged in cold blood?"

Clem turned almost sheepishly, and knocked out the ashes of his pipe. For the first time the glaring improbability of it all really struck him. It was absurd, ridiculous, of course. Dr. Mowry was right. He was allowing his imagination to run riot.

Clem stood back with a rueful shake of his head as the coroner began a discussion of the most expedient method of removing the body. Almost mechanically he found himself picking his way through the underbrush until he stood directly above the creek. The instinct that prompted him to raise his eyes at that particular instant toward the opposite bank he could not have explained. For a moment, he stood staring into the face of a girl on the other shore, a face framed in a mass of brown hair, with wide, appealing, brown eyes. Her body was hidden behind the trunk of a huge beech tree. He could see that she was aware of his discovery, and he could even fancy that her lips parted in a sudden gasp.

And then almost with his next breath she was gone.

Chapter Four

THE NEWS FROM WAVERLEY

IN A decidedly preoccupied silence Clem made his way back to his companions. A dozen queries were racing through his brain. Who was the girl? What was she doing? How long had she occupied her position—a position so evidently one of concealment that there was no doubting the fact that she was deliberately trying to escape observation! From the point where he had discovered her, one could easily command a view of the grim scene in the clearing. Was it the unexpected discovery of that scene which had inspired her precipitate flight? Or could it be that a previous knowledge of the swaying body on the tree had brought her to the stream for a furtive observation of events?

Clem ran his fingers through his short, stubby hair as he gave a whistle of utter bewilderment. Unconsciously he found himself listening for the throb of a motor, or the sound of hoofs beating from the road across the creek, but the silence was unbroken. Evidently the mysterious young woman in the bushes had made her retreat on foot.

Dr. Mowry was preparing to lead the way back to the pike, after much uncertainty as to the proper legal procedure under the circumstances deciding that it was wiser to leave the body until the sheriff was given an opportunity to examine the scene.

"IS THERE a telephone near here, Mr. Hope?" asked Clem.

"I reckon the nearest one is at Bateman's, just up the pike."

"I'll go with you, and try to reach the sheriff again," said Dr. Mowry. "Are you going back to town with me, Clem?"

The reporter hesitated. The question brought

(Continued on page 23)

MARC MACDERMOTT

Master Mummer: Wizard of Make-Up



WRITING of Marc MacDermott is like introducing old friends, for probably there isn't a single picture fan within the boundaries of the United States who has not seen and enjoyed the playing of this Edison star—many of them know him not only from the screen, but also have seen him in real life, during some of his tours with Mrs. Patrick Campbell, Richard

Mansfield or Joseph Brooks.

As to his picture work, it is easy to guess that if you were to try to recall all the Edison films you have seen, you would find the striking figure and personality of Marc MacDermott striding through the most of them. Ever since the camera has been utilized for motion pictures and the films have been considered seriously, Marc MacDermott's name has been identified with the work, and all of his playing has been done for the Edison Company. To record a list of the photoplays in which he has appeared would be a task no smaller than copying a Sears-Roebuck catalogue, and to guess the number of his admirers would be equal to listing the city directories of all the principal municipalities of the world, for Mr. MacDermott is just as well known and popular in Europe, Asia and South America as he is in our own United States.

London His Birthplace

First of all, as most of you know, Mr. MacDermott is not an American by birth. It wasn't his fault, of course, that London happens to be the city in which he first saw the light of day, and he came to America as soon as he could, though a few years in Australia intervened between his birth and the day he landed on these shores. His parents were not actors and did not approve of his going on the stage, though he built a small toy theater and used to carve little

wooden marionettes and make them act out the stories he had read in books. His father was very angry when he found that young Marc had an inclination to become an actor, and after burning the toy theater, bundled the boy off to college. The lad went to please his father and there acquired all the knowledge of football and riding that has served him in such good stead since he began playing for the films.

In London, he managed to secure an engagement with George Rignold, the great Shakespearean star, and in his company toured England and the colonies for more than seven years.

Looking back upon this period

His whole soul is put into his art and his acted emotions thrill you with their varying instantaneous effect

By EDNA FRANCIS

in his life, Mr. MacDermott is inclined to consider these the very happiest days of his entire career. Then followed several seasons with Mrs. Patrick Campbell during which, as leading man, he appeared opposite the star in "Magda," "The Joy of Living" and "The Second Mrs. Tanqueray."

After the engagement with Mrs. Campbell came to an end, MacDermott played "Sherlock Holmes" for Charles Frohman in England and America, spent several seasons with Richard Mansfield and, later, with such stars as Marie Dainton, Dennis O'Sullivan and Joseph Brooks, before the call of the pictures finally overtook him.

Scorned Motion Pictures

When the first suggestion that he appear in the motion picture studios was made, Mr. MacDermott was inclined to scorn the proposal, but after thinking the matter over came to realize that here was an opportunity to create a new art. The old drama had been a beautiful thing, but it did not always reach the people, whereas the films would give him a chance to build up an art that is intended for all the people, both rich and poor, high and low, educated and ignorant, and which showed promise of becoming the greatest agent for good that the world has ever known. Mr. MacDermott firmly believes that if the right agencies control the pictures they can revolutionize society and, through the films, reach the minds and hearts of people who cannot read and who will not listen to sermons. So into the picture studios went the future Edison star.

At this point it is worthy of note that Mr. MacDermott possesses a face peculiarly fitted for screen work. His large aquiline nose, short upper lip, projecting chin and clustering hyacinthine locks readily adapt themselves to the photoplay art, while his wonderful ability at make-up enables him to play innumerable roles of widely different types. His versatility is so remarkable that one hardly realizes how essentially individual the man really is. Unlike so many stars of note in the photoplay field, it can be said that Mr. MacDermott is not always Mr. MacDermott. In fact, in many of the characters he assumes it is extremely difficult to identify him, so completely does he sink himself in the role he is enacting. His whole soul is put into his art. He is at heart an intense actor and his splendid play of facial expression is given full rein in parts of a strongly emotional character. In fact his shifting facial expressions are motion pictures in themselves. He makes an ideal stage lover. In appearance he is tall, handsome, fascinating, quiet, well dressed and above all, always the gentleman.

First to Use Yellow in Make-Up

While on the subject of make-up, it might be interesting to note that Mr. MacDermott was one of the first motion picture stars to ever use the yellow in making up for his work beneath the studio lights. You all understand, of course, how difficult it is for the players to look in the films as though they were wearing white collars and cuffs, and when in dress clothes to have their shirt bosoms register white on the screen. If real white were worn it would look dark and muddy in the picture, for that is a trait which a real white color has when photographed.

Mr. MacDermott noted one day how the yellow faces on a Japanese fan, which were decidedly yellow in the daylight, appeared to be almost pure white when seen under an artificial light. This gave him an idea. If the yellow faces on the fan would look white when under an artificial light, why would not yellow grease-paint applied to his own features make them look whiter when photographed? At any rate it was worth a trial, and you may be sure the famous Edison star made the experiment with a good deal of interest. Of course, it was successful and when the picture had been developed and printed and it was projected on a motion picture screen, not only Mr. MacDermott, but all the others who were in the projection room at the time, noted how much whiter Mr. MacDermott's skin appeared than did that of the other players in the film. Since that time yellow has always been a favorite with Mr. MacDermott and all his likes is of that color. His interesting discovery was quickly noised abroad and soon other players

were using yellow for the same purpose. Today it has become quite the common thing in all studios, and probably not one player in a dozen who makes use of the knowledge thus gained by the Edison



His flexible features readily adapt themselves to the photoplay art

enabling him to play innumerable roles of widely differing types

favorite realizes that he owes the suggestion to the red-haired player who looked by chance one day at the yellow faces on a Japanese fan.

He Plays Manhood in All Ages

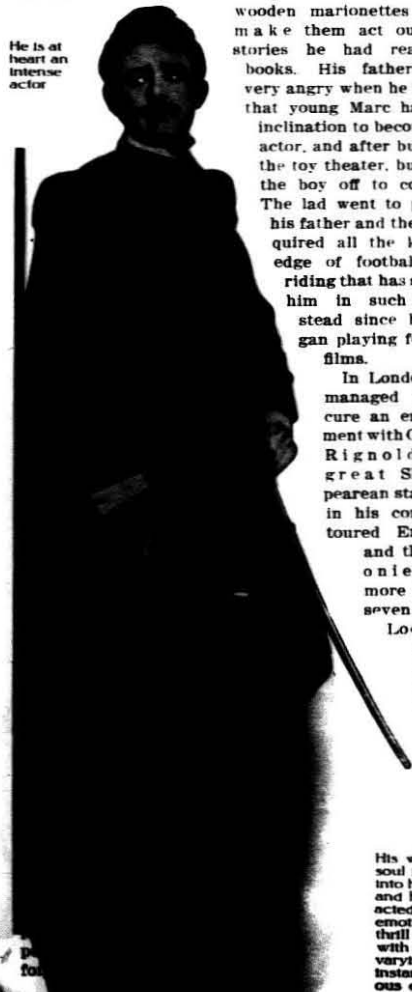
Some idea of his remarkable versatility can be obtained when one recalls that he has enacted the leading roles in such widely different types of character as an old man in "Keepers of the Flock," an army officer in "The Stolen Plans," an Arab in "The Princess of the Desert," a rich man-about-town in the character of John Perrinton, hero of "The Man Who Disappeared" series, which was adapted from the stories of Richard Washburn Child, which ran in the Popular Magazine, and, more recently, as the hero of the "Lord Stranleigh" series based on the stories of Robert Barr, in which he was called upon to impersonate a typical English lord.

It may here be said that his work in the "Man Who Disappeared" series was intended as a sort of vacation for Mr. MacDermott, who had just before that been appearing in a number of heavy emotional pictures, while in the series then contemplated he would have a melodramatic role. After being compelled to endanger his life at the top of skyscrapers, to swim in New York harbor when cakes of ice dotted its surface, and to leap from and upon moving trains, Marc decided it was the most strenuous sort of a vacation he had ever undertaken and conceded that he was getting a good deal more excitement than he had bargained for.

Danger An Everyday Acquaintance

Some of you who saw that series, may have wondered for instance if it was really Marc MacDermott who lay down beside the railroad track and allowed the passing train to sever the links of his handcuffs, but you may rest assured that it was really he. He still bears the burns the hot cinders made on his face as the engine and cars swept by within less than a foot of his head. The handcuffs were, of course, shattered to bits but Mr. MacDermott felt as though he had been well nigh shattered too, and declares that, even now, when he eats Welsh rarebit, he imagines himself back beside that railroad track.

The most disagreeable thing he ever recalls having to do was swimming in Long Island Sound when it was full of ice floes. The worst of such an experience is that it is not finished when it has been done once. One unfortunate enough to fall into a river is through when he has been rescued, but the motion picture actor must rehearse his scene and sometimes even two and three rehearsals are necessary before the director is satisfied and gives the order for "Camera."



He is at heart an intense actor



Back of his art lies always a deep true purpose

It is another exposition of "imitation is the sincerest flattery."

To one interviewer who discussed this matter with him, Mr. MacDermott remarked, with a smile playing about his lips, "It is like the fat, elderly woman, who called at the studio the other day, seeking an engagement, and when handed an application blank to fill out, after the line 'State Your Line of Business,' the honest, frank old soul wrote 'Housekeeper,' and there you have it!"

Will He Return to the Stage?

The subject of this sketch is one who surprises all interviewers by his reply to the inevitable question, "Do you prefer the pictures to the stage?" by invariably answering in the negative. He usually makes his answer very emphatic and then goes on to explain that he merely prefers the stage as a form of expression, since he believes that motion pictures, though they have become very wonderful things, still have a long way to travel before they can reach any thing like perfection. If you were to ask him whether he looks forward to returning to the stage some day, he will again give you a negative reply, for he admits that he is intensely interested in his new work and hopes to accomplish very big things before he is through. He hopes to present far better

to remain where he can hope and expect to get the most out of his profession, while at the same time doing the most good.

As time goes on he confidently believes a tremendous change in the quality of the films will occur, and that, finally, all that is banal and meretricious will be weeded out. And as the films improve, so Mr. MacDermott believes the theaters and the public will improve. He looks forward to the day when the meritorious production will remain not one day or two, but weeks, possibly months, at the same theater, playing to audiences of the utmost intelligence and refinement, and advertised, billed and routed through the bigger and better theaters of the land as are now the legitimate attractions.

He Looks Into the Future

During the two past summers Mr. MacDermott has been honored by the Edison company by being selected to head the English company which worked for many weeks on English soil, filming stories of a decidedly English character, against real English backgrounds. If the present European war permits, it is extremely likely that Mr. MacDermott will, again, this summer, work amid English surroundings, supported as usual by Miss Nesbitt, who is also part English.

It is the ambition of the famous Edison star to outgrow the present form of film productions, those depending for the most part upon their melodramatic and sensational action, and instead to head a company producing successes of the legitimate stage, plays with a moral and a purpose behind them, plays which are good, sensible and clean. He believes that many film manufacturers underestimate the intelligence of the public and are giving it too much of the trashy and not enough of the best in life. But whatever the role he is called upon to interpret, or whatever the vehicle in which he appears, his friends can rest assured that Mr. MacDermott will always remain the clever polished gentleman, the wizard of make-up and the popular star that he now is.

Versatilely revealing vivid phases of most modern characters



Gracefully recalling the grand airs of "the age of lace" and the aristocracy of today



His Acting Ever an Inspiration

Like hundreds of other players Mr. MacDermott receives daily whole batches of letters from his admirers and friends, but the particular bane of his life are the letters from naive young persons who write him, doubtless with a hope of encouragement for their decision, "I have decided to, myself, become a motion picture player." If there is one thing more than another which will upset the equanimity of this tall photoplayer, it is to receive that kind of a letter.

Discussing the matter, he stated emphatically that no greater favor could be done him than for somebody to devise a way by which all such aspirants for fame could be made to understand that they haven't a chance in a thousand for success. The great majority of the writers of such letters are without a doubt, too, ill-fitted to even apply for a post as extras or supernumeraries. They have neither the training nor the qualifications necessary for the work and yet they calmly take their pens in hand and write, "I have decided to, myself, become a motion picture player,"—just as though that settled the matter, when their own letters proclaim from every poorly spelled word, every blotted line and every thumb-marked page, that they are absolutely unsuited to become actors or actresses.

True, it must be remembered that the desire to become a player before the camera, and unquestionably many aspirants lacking the proper conception of moving picture acting, look upon it as "playing," is fostered and cultivated and urged into a palpitating longing by the work of exceptional actors. With the force of varying emotions emanating from films portraying Marc MacDermott's acting, how easy it is to realize the effect upon the minds and hearts of those in the audience who are responsive to the lure of the silent drama! These letters are in themselves never-ending proofs of the deep-rooted hold the recipient has upon moving picture goers.

and stronger subjects to the public, and believes that on account of the vastly larger public that he can reach through the picture screens of the country as compared with the limited number to which he could appeal did he return to the legitimate stage, his work lies now, and will continue to lie, in the motion picture field.

He has no aspirations, however, to become a director of pictures—at least not under the conditions at present imposed on the directors of film productions. If the time ever comes when Mr. MacDermott will undertake to direct his own productions he will insist upon an absolutely free hand, upon an opportunity to do things in exactly his own way, according to his own ideas and to follow out his own inclinations unreservedly, without being hampered by orders to rush this or that scene, or to complete this or that photoplay by a certain day and hour. Besides, he believes that the motion picture actor has a bigger future, that his reward in the end will be greater. Since he is only human, he declares that he chooses

A Gift from California

"THE POVERTY FLAT TROT" is the very latest thing in dance steps. It bids fair to rival the most popular of current terrestrial fads.

Down at Boulder Creek in the Santa Cruz redwoods, where the California Motion Picture Corporation's big company is now encamped, filming the outdoor scenes in the Bret Harte photoplay, "The Lily of Poverty Flat," dancing has been the pastime, whereby actors and actresses whiled away the long winter evenings during the rainy season.

Miss Beatrice Michelena, who is cast in the title role of "The Lily," is an accomplished dancer—one of the most graceful ever seen in light opera, in which she originally starred, and, more recently, in motion pictures. It was easy for her, with her originality and versatility, to learn a new step which expressed the spirit of the poorer mining camp—"Poverty

Flat," the scene of the new screen drama her company was producing. "The Poverty Flat Trot" has a kick and a prance in it which, in a breezy way, carries one back to romping, rough-and-ready days of the California gold seekers. The whole company has learned the new step, and the log cabin dance hall, specially built at Boulder Creek for this spectacular production, creaks nightly under its irresistible spell.

On his recent visit to San Francisco, Lewis J. Selznick, Vice President and General Manager of the World Film Corporation, included Miss Michelena among his guests at an impromptu party at the famous Cliff House. There Miss Michelena taught Mr. Selznick the "Poverty Flat Trot," and he, quickly learning this forty-niner dance step, proclaimed himself its ardent admirer and promised to introduce the innovation to the more sedate East as soon as he had finished his present tour of the country.



AN APPRECIATION

Filmdom's Most Famous Producer DAVID W. GRIFFITH

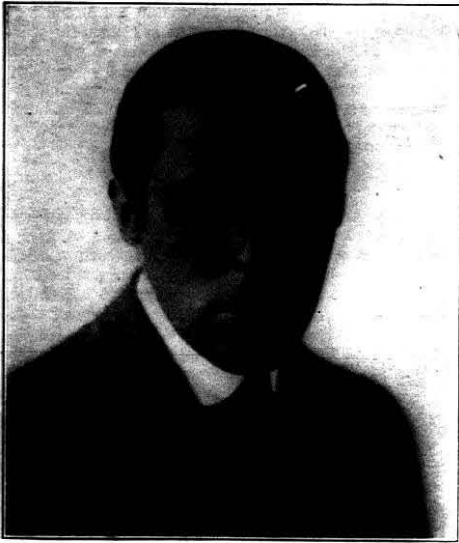


Photo by Bangs, New York



KEPTICS have asked, over and over, "Will the pictures live?" They have flaunted their theories the while about "passing fads," and "fleeting foibles." But what they have forgotten, is the appeal to art—the true call of the silent drama.

The pictures have become so powerful in their hold upon the public, there is nothing they can not afford. They have passed through a speedy transition; they have culled out the mediocre, and given us the best, until the poorest of today is much better than the best of yesterday.

Reluctantly, the press of the country paid tribute to the screen. Gradually the idea grew upon the editors. Today the motion picture department is as thoroughly established as the home page or the telegraphic news.

No better illustration of the weaning of the press doubter from his old ideas to an appreciation of the new, could be secured than is embodied in the following whole-souled tribute. No writer could have written as Mr. Warnack wrote, without feeling the lure of this new interpretation of art — without living, breathing and believing it.

Say something to-morrow that people will listen to.

The truly great drama holds the feelings of the heart and the color of the mind; it moves by a passionate will and sustains itself by a rage of reason, but the conviction that it carries ultimately depends upon the picture it makes.

All of us see life in pictures, regardless of our ability or inability to bring these pictures before anybody else.

These pictures are the naked thought forms upon which all terms depend. Language, painting, sculpture and all the dramatic activity are only the terms by which these forms are expressed.

The psychology of the moving picture has its roots in the very fountain springs of all that is mental and spiritual, energizing in a man and forming the background of that luminous quality called consciousness.

For a long time, people thought that acting was a very inconsiderable element in the making of a picture, but today this art is as important to the film as it is to the stage. Every gesture counts, every shadow of feeling is given delicate emphasis. Pictures no longer confine themselves to things. The camera captures moods and traces thoughts. The fragrance of a personality, the loveliness of a heart, the intensity of the will, the energy of the brain all pass in review upon the perfect film.

David W. Griffith, the greatest of all motion-picture makers, is a man of limitless ideas and spiritual insight.

His art has the vitality of a man whose faculties so co-ordinate that they are rolled into one blazing stream of light, called consciousness. He brings to his great art the blessing of clear light.

At Clune's, Griffith has been showing a picture called "The Avenging Conscience," and I never saw anything better illustrate the vision and the temperament of the true artist.

The first thing that struck me was the man's supreme love of all life, his reverent attitude toward all life and his blessed understanding of life's lights and shadows.

Griffith seems to possess a fascinating appreciation of life's swiftness, of its gladness that is like the poise of a humming-bird above the honeysuckle or like a swallow's darting.

It was joyous to note how his love of little things reminded us of the sweetness of life. There seemed to be nothing that he had overlooked. An innocent canary swung blithely in its cage above the head of a youth whose sick brain and inflamed heart were upon murder bent. And later, after the crime began to fill his brain with fever and fall with heavy brooding upon his heart's unrest, an owl of evil omen beared wretchedly from a twig near the unhappy youth's window sill and met his

Seeing Life in Big Pictures

Tremendous Possibilities of the Art of Films
Brilliantly Illustrated in a Single Stroke by a Great
Creator of Impressive and Beautiful Motion Pictures

By HENRY CHRISTEEN WARNACK
Los Angeles Times

blank stare in the night's deepening gloom with an accusing "who — who — who — who?"

Before that the youth had sat upon a mound of sweet hay, beneath a witching moon, dreaming of a golden girl, when suddenly in

Can you command attention in seven words?

the grass at his feet he saw a spider weave its silken mesh of death, and lo! within its airy web there fluttered with little helpless wings a captive fly. What magic of lens and films!

A baby coyote catches itself in a wire fence and a lovely girl comes tripping by and finds him there. Warily she lifts the wire and holds the tiny rascal to her breast. He looks up with timid frightened eyes, like a baby mocking bird that one holds gently in the hand on finding him when he has tried his two young wings, to fall spent within the grasses at our feet.

With the love of life plucking at her heart and flowing like red wine through a breast of snow and flame, the girl caresses the wee wild thing, and placing it upon the ground sees it scamper gladly for the cover of the field. What a touch of art.

So they come in a glad procession — a baby boy, a little dog, a laughing maiden, a youth with noble brow and yearning heart, a troop of youngsters in the magic of a garden, love's first kiss, a little village indolent in the sun, an old man with the melancholia of disappointed age, a smile, a falling tear and all that endless detail which makes for men that unreplicable compound that is called life.

I notice that Griffith had not made the picture of a moon, but that he had caught the moods of the moon with all its silent silver questioning, with all its soft appeal to hearts that love, with all its gentle madness.

I saw, too, that he had understood the way of the wind, and of things that bend in the wind. He had come upon the motion of that life which in its silence is more eloquent than all speech.

Nor had he stopped with nature. This was but the beginning. All this for him had been but the background upon which he had reared the imposing structure of a magnificent art. He had taken the most settled of all genius and had combined the matchless lyric loveliness of Edgar Allen Poe's tender haunting verse and united it with the abysmal darkness and woe of Poe's strange and searching prose fiction. Thus had he interpreted the poet and short story master in a picture play of surpassing beauty and compelling horror.

I have been a skeptic as to moving pictures because they seemed neither one thing nor the other, but a single film by Griffith opens my eyes to possibilities that must certainly claim in the end the respect and admiration of the world.

Commit to memory one sentence of these criticisms.

Express your idea tomorrow night to your friends, using these words. They'll listen!

Here are models of beautiful English given in phrases of these criticisms — study them.

Betty Nansen

The Distinguished Scandinavian Actress and the Chic Parisienne Secured for Feature Films in America

Theda Bara



OTOGRAPHY has developed the fact beyond cavil that "Art knows no language," and from crude and tentative experiment has passed into a position of primal importance. The personal equation in the motion picture problem has achieved no one more potential and distinctive than the American enlistment of Betty Nansen, the Scandinavian actress, the distinguished mistress of her art. While the ecstatic press agents are busy detailing descriptions of her costumes with the hall-mark of Worth, Pacquin, Doucet, Redfern and Poiret, concealed in her extensive variety of trunks, there is a far more important side to Miss Nansen's equipment than the feminine desirability of dress (rose-colored silk with fishtail trains, etc.)—wonderful as they are in their way, for she has been appreciatively and honorably decorated by many of the powers in Europe, where art is old and the appreciation of it keen and impressive.

A few of the famous singers have been thus honored; but aside from Bernhardt, Dusé and Nansen, the art of the actress has been seldom so highly honored. William Fox, in securing the services of this great artiste, is worthy of honor for bringing new artistic pictorial prestige to this continent; for Betty Nansen, distinguished as a creative dramatic artiste, is now in the very height of her career, and in no sense super-sensational or passé.

Out of a vast variety of incidents in her honorable career, showing her standing with royalty, one experience is worthy of repetition.

On one occasion, when on her way to play in St. Petersburg, the train on which she was traveling had to traverse Finland where a rebellion was raging. The Czarina of Russia was staying at the Royal Palace of Copenhagen. The Empress is a sister of the King of Denmark. When the governor of Finland received a telegram from King Frederick of Denmark, saying: "Please give great actress safe transport and every attention in her passage through Finland," he somewhat naturally supposed that no monarch would go to all that trouble for a mere actress. He figured out that "Great Actress" must be "code" for Czarina. Therefore, when the tragedienne's train stopped at Helingsfors, the capitol of Finland, she was received by battalions of troops with their arms at "salute" and guns thundered in her honor. Carpets had been laid from the railroad station to the hotel and awnings erected to shield her from a drenching rain. The feelings of the officers and the governor when they discovered their farcical mistake may be imagined.

Betty Nansen has long consorted with artistic and literary people, commanding a distinctive position in the realm of the foreign stage. She has originated all of Henrik Ibsen's wonderful studies of feminine psychology, and many of the other modern dramatists.

She is now hard at work, in a special studio engaged for her sole use, enacting her role in a great screen production of "The World and His Wife," Jose Eschergary's drama of international fame. This film masterpiece will be the vehicle for Miss Nansen's first American appearance.

It is in this production that this talented actress wears for the first time the gorgeous gown which the press agents have been heralding far and wide—a creation known as "The Golden Gown." These "dispensers of news" have woven vivid descriptions of this gown and proclaimed that it is bound to create a sensation. The description seems to justify the claim: the gown consists of cloth of gold, spangled with strings of seed pearls; the "tunic" part of it, or cloak, weighs twenty-four pounds; the gown itself is of embroidered rose-colored silk with a "fishtail" train. Moving picture patrons of the gentle sex will undoubtedly regret that the screen

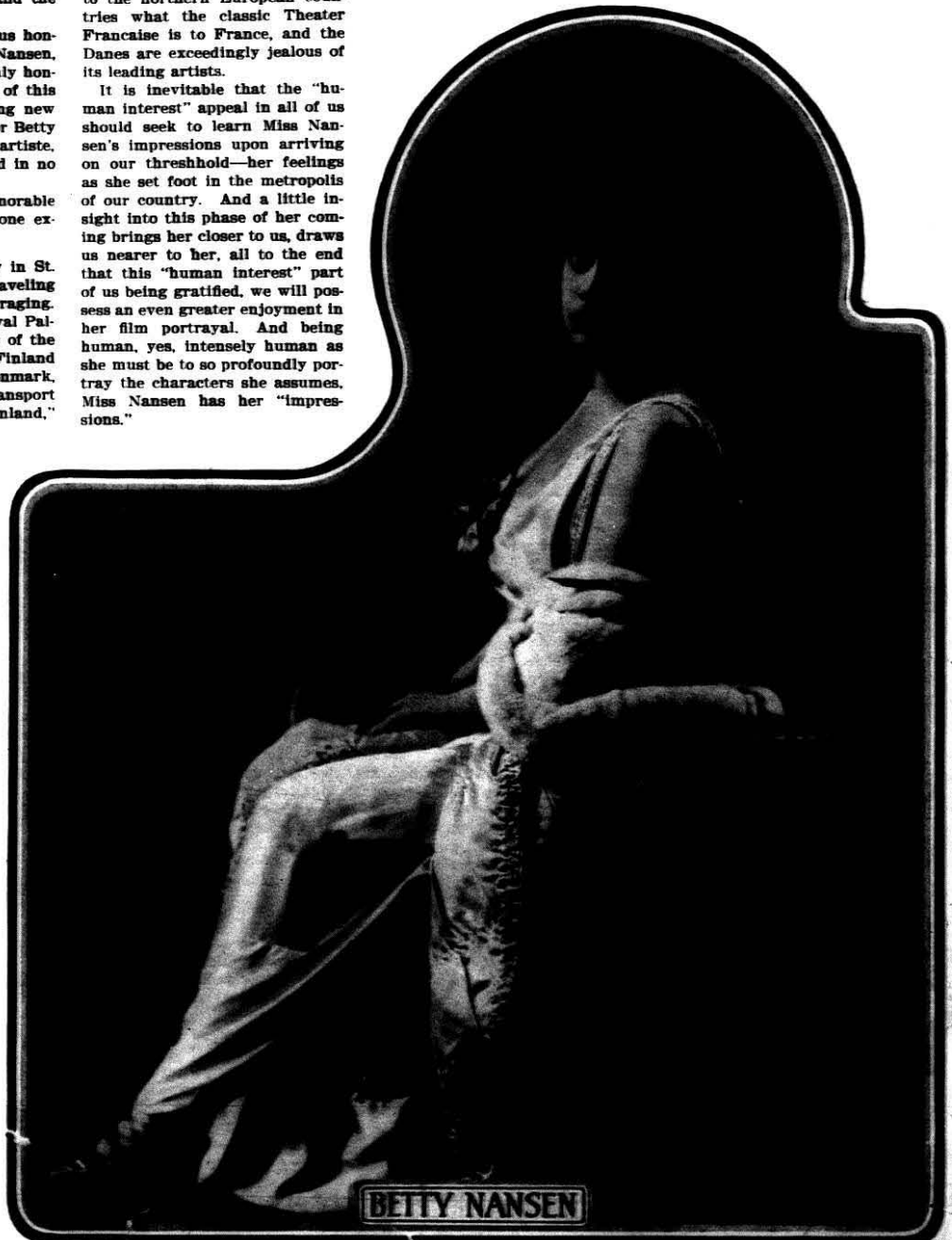
will not reflect the colors—the stunning sheen and shimmer—but feminine eyes will "fill in the color" to their imagination's delight.

Miss Nansen has already registered most successfully on the flying film as a most attractive and distinguished presence; this fact, together with her splendid technical equipment and unusual histrionic gifts, give assurance that results in this new field of the new art, form, will be as interesting as they promise to be masterful.

The great European conflict makes it possible for Miss Nansen to visit this country, as her contract with the Royal Theater, Copenhagen, it is obligatory on her, under normal conditions, not to act outside this state-governed theater. Her European tours have always been made by the grace of special grant from the King of Denmark. The Royal Theater is to the northern European countries what the classic Theater Francaise is to France, and the Danes are exceedingly jealous of its leading artists.

It is inevitable that the "human interest" appeal in all of us should seek to learn Miss Nansen's impressions upon arriving on our threshold—her feelings as she set foot in the metropolis of our country. And a little insight into this phase of her coming brings her closer to us, draws us nearer to her, all to the end that this "human interest" part of us being gratified, we will possess an even greater enjoyment in her film portrayal. And being human, yes, intensely human as she must be to so profoundly portray the characters she assumes, Miss Nansen has her "impressions."

Miss Nansen has found many new and strange things to wonder at since she arrived in New York. In the first place the height of her suite in the Hotel Plaza above the ground bewildered her at the beginning, although she is getting used to high altitudes now. Then the speed of the elevators and the numerous electric buttons and devices for regulating the temperature of her rooms bothered her. If she rang for ice water (as she supposed) the lights suddenly were extinguished. If, on the other hand, she wanted to turn on the lights, the temperature of the rooms was apt to fall to zero. The members of her party and her personal servants were equally puzzled and for the first few days the hotel management had to detail a special servant to attend to this. Curiously enough, Miss Nansen, so far, has been chiefly impressed not by the tall buildings, the wonderful parks or the immense shops; nor yet by the hustling spirit



of the great metropolis, but by something entirely different from that which usually strikes newcomers to the Empire City. She is much more surprised by the latest culinary wrinkle of baking sweet potatoes with maple syrup than by any of the above enumerated phenomena. She orders them with almost every meal and intends to introduce the dish when she returns to Denmark.

Miss Nansen is a woman of striking beauty and sparkling personality and intellect. She is today in the full bloom of her dramatic genius and at the very apex of her remarkable powers. As an example of her talent for expression and interpretation it may be mentioned that she played in both Russia and Finland in the Danish tongue, which, of course, was unintelligible to all but very few of her audiences; but she scored as great a triumph in the land of the Czar as in her native country.

Besides appearing in the plays of Ibsen and Bjornson, Miss Nansen has met with singular success in such widely different roles as Ophelia in Hamlet; Viola, the sweet impulsive heroine of Twelfth Night; Katherine, the termagant of the Taming of the Shrew, and Desdemona, the heroine of Othello. It is no small tribute to her genius to quote the European critics who have declared Miss Nansen to be equally great in as trying a part as Hedda Gabla, and such diametrically opposite roles as the romantic heroines of Shakespeare.

A VERY vital spark in the matter of modernity in theatricalism is represented in Mile. Theda Bara, the chic and altogether charming Parisian actress who makes her first appearance under these auspices as the vampire woman in "A Fool There Was."

Theda Bara is almost as well known to theatergoers in Berlin and Vienna as to those in her own home city, Paris, where she has been a favorite in the leads at both the Gymnase and the Theatre Antoine; she is as facile in modern character exposition as her famous sister in art, Betty Nansen, is in the classic and modern standard drama.

She is a strikingly beautiful and accomplished woman, having the height, the sinuous svelteness and the curves to emphasize the physical charm of the alluring female who suggests in herself snake-like subtlety and fascinating weakness allied with that exotic lure of attractiveness so fatally irresistible to mere man. Her eyes possess that velvety brilliance that always has been and always will be



THEDA BARA

associated with the sirens of history and romance. Mile. Bara frankly admits the vampire type of woman appeals to her theatrical sense.

"Wherever I go, I am pointed out as 'The Vampire' and the 'Woman Who Did Not Care.'"

Thus she, unwittingly, points to the proof of her impressionable portrayal of this role. But Miss Bara's triumph has, in a way, so she says, been her bane. She cannot go anywhere in New York without being pointed out as "The Vampire." Stacks of mail for her are received daily, some of them couched in most abusive terms. Miss Bara is having her life made miserable, she declares, by scores of such letters from various men and women who decry her as a monster of stony-heartedness and cruel, calculating determination to lure her infatuated victim on to a despicable death. Some of the letters are

threatening in the extreme, and Miss Bara has turned them over to the New York police for investigation.

"It is absolutely monotonous," she says, "and most unpleasant. I want to make a public statement that I am not a 'vampire,' by any means. In fact, my leisure time is taken up in my work for the Red Cross Society and in working for the benefit of the French soldiers with La Societe De Guerre, of which I am president."

"There are such women, plenty of them," she declared. "I have made an especial study of the type. It is a highly interesting one. I am delighted to have this opportunity of displaying my work to American spectators and I hope I have succeeded in depicting the complex emotions of this panther woman as vividly as they appealed to me."

"It's real. I have seen men lured on in just that way till under the spell of the woman who has wrought such havoc in their lives they have become battered, degenerated wrecks of humanity. It is a curious thing, though, so far as my observations of the vampire type of woman have gone, I have found that the brunette is less cold-hearted and calculating than the blonde."

"But you make your Vampire a brunette."

"Yes, because the popular idea of a wicked woman is a dark and midnight beauty. But in reality the blonde is endowed, when she develops into a woman of this sort, with a substratum of hardness and heartlessness that is appalling. My conception of this character is not so much as of a woman as it is of a youthful symbol of sin. She

is afraid of nothing except of old age and death. Her heart is a charnel house of men's dead hopes and withered ambitions. She thrives on the tortures of her victims and laughs as they find miserable death."

"This Vampire woman of mine possesses only one good or decent quality, her courage. Some night when she faces old age and her mirror shows her wrinkles, she will pass out. But with nothing that would disfigure her. Such is my conception of the woman who wrought the fool's undoing."

This is rather an interesting exposition of character vivisection on the part of an actress, which leads to the belief that Mile. Bara will give an equally vivid account of herself as the bad sister in "The Krutetz Sonata," in which Nance O'Neill, the American actress, will make her debut in films.

Looking Ahead

George L. Cox of the Advance Motion Picture Co. came into the sphere of motography twice armed by experience and taste for the work, both as an actor and producer, being additionally gifted as a writer so that he can create as well as visualize a scenario. After an experience on the dramatic stage, Mr. Cox served three years with the Selig Polyscope Co. and a year with the American Film Co., acting and producing. During the past two years he has served versatility, visualizing some of the greatest industrial films that have ever been produced and has found time in the interim to present a number of fantastic features that have won him distinction, notably among these are "Tempo de Tango," four reels; "The Battle of Cameron Dam," three reels; "Mrs. Carter Worthington's Dilemma," three reels; "The Brighten-Up Crusade," six reels.

Elsie Janis First

Recently at a private showing of one of the Bosworth releases at the Sherry Studio, the subject of Bosworth literature was discussed. One of the Bosworth representatives casually remarked: "Well, of course, we realize 'It's No Laughing Matter,' whereupon the others present were immediately inspired to have their further criticisms include Bosworth "Titles," for one promptly continued the topic by the rejoinder: "Still, it's not quite as sublime as the 'Odyssey.' There was a very small pause, and then a quiet little man in a far corner muttered: "You ought to see 'Buckshot John' devour it," which spurred a stout gentleman to utter: "Well, 'Betty in Search of a Thrill' will find one if she pursues it." And then the play of that title opened on the screen and the audience gave its attention to the play's fascinating leading lady, Elsie Janis.

A Chicago Success

Alfred Hamberger has achieved remarkable success during his tenancy of the Ziegfeld Theater during the past two years, and the Fine Arts Theater, which will soon enter its second year as a most successful pictorial proposition. His selections have been most fortunate, reflecting credit upon his judgment and that of his representative, Richard Havmeyer, who has managed both his downtown houses. Among the successes at the Ziegfeld were: "A Scarlet Letter," three months' run; "The Sea Wolf," ten weeks' run; "Manon," and other famous masterpieces. At the Fine Arts Theater: "Nephtune's Daughter" ran twenty-three consecutive weeks, the longest recorded run of a pictorial attraction. The Hamberger plan contemplates several features that is hoped may fill out the entire summer at this original home of Moving Pictures.

Future Film Features

THE QUEST

By F. McGrew Willis

AMERICAN FEATURE IN
FIVE PARTS

CAST

John Douglas, in search of an ideal Harry Pollard
Mrs. Chalmers, the hostess Lucille Ward
De Villiers, a man about town Jos. E. Singleton
Helen Carruthers, a society butterfly Nan Christy
Nai MARGARITA FISCHER
Chief of the Tribe Jos. E. Singleton
Kaura, the sub-chief Robyn Adair
The Tribal Priest William Carroll



Nai defends herself; knocks John unconscious

JOHNS DOUGLAS, bachelor and society man, is a cynic concerning the women of society and has pictured as his ideal one whom he calls his dream girl. Often in his musings she has appeared to him but he has never seen her in the flesh. Tired of society and wishing to avoid the approaching social season he sails on a freighter for a trip to the Orient, but the ship is wrecked and he is the sole survivor. Exhausted among the wreckage a vision of the dream girl appears as if drawing him on to a place of safety. Finally he lands on an island inhabited only by a strange race of white people, who never before have seen anyone, but members of the tribe.

Nai, daughter of the chief, Neto, rescues John from the water and he recognizes her as his girl of dreams. Frightened at his behavior when first rescued, Nai defends herself and knocks John unconscious with a rock. Summoning help she has him carried to the village where he is received as a guest of the tribe. Nai is a musician of great ability playing upon a rude harp made by herself, and her playing to John arouses the jealousy of Kaura, the sub-chief, who has been taught to look upon Nai as his mate.

John learns from the priest of the tribe that an old legend relates that their ancestors landed on the island from a shipwreck. Kaura, growing more jealous, demands that Nai be married to him at once, but this awakens her love for John and she appeals to him to save her. In a primitive battle

He is carried to the village, a guest of the tribe



with Kaura, John is worsted and cast out of the tribe while Nai is placed in her father's hut with a guard to watch her. At night John overpowers the guard and escapes to the priest's cave where they are married. Pursued by Kaura and his men, they flee to the rocky coast and in the storm which breaks Kaura is killed by lightning.

For months they live in the forest, Nai growing more proficient at playing upon a larger harp that John has made her. Finally a yacht is seen anchored some distance off shore and John hurries to erect a signal, but before it is completed night comes on and they retire into the forest. Here they find the priest, who has come with word from Nai's father that if they will return they can rule over the tribe. John refuses and takes his accustomed place before Nai's hut to guard her during the night. He falls asleep and dreams of their rescue. On the ship is De Villiers, his former close friend, a bachelor and a flirt. Nai is in charge of one of the wealthy guests and is fitted out with the latest style clothes and although everything is at first new and awkward she becomes a bewitchingly beautiful girl. De Villiers begins a flirtation with her which progresses until their arrival home where he presents her with a harp to take the place of the one brought from the island. John grows jealous of De Villiers' attentions to his wife and the climax is reached at Nai's first reception when she plays upon the harp before his guests. De Villiers attempts to teach Nai the vices of civilization—smoking and drinking

upon the harp before his guests. De Villiers attempts to teach Nai the vices of civilization—smoking and drinking

His dream is vivid with jealousy and hate



—and John decides to kill him. He follows Nai to De Villiers' rooms where she has gone to see a rare painting. In a terrible struggle he shoots Nai and is about to strangle De Villiers when Nai seizes his arm and he wakes from his dreams, finding her trying to rouse him. With the vividness of his dream in his mind and full of the emotions aroused in his dream, caused by his fear of having lost the great love that had come to him with his dream girl, he tears down the signal and he and Nai and the priest watch the yacht sail away. Then, enfolded with the radiant love of his girl-wife, the three start back to the village of the tribe.



THIS PRODUCTION WILL BE
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On The Editorial Screen

MOVIE PICTORIAL

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LYLOYD KENYON JONES, EDITOR

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The New Movie Pictorial

The New Movie Pictorial! How do you like it? If you feel like telling us, do so—let us have your honest criticism. We have made Movie Pictorial the "home" magazine of the moving picture propaganda—have built it and molded it so it will add zest to the enjoyment you already obtain from moving pictures—to give to the entertainment that moving pictures afford you, an added pleasure by a more intimate knowledge of, a closer association with the players, with the directors, with the other men and women who go to make up the great body of brain, brawn and beauty that creates, fashions, and delivers right alongside your door this ever-flowing entertainment. How much greater is our enjoyment in reading of, or viewing a great accomplishment—the handiwork of a master mind—when we have some intimate knowledge of the one who created it—of its conception or forwarding! Indeed such personal closeness lends a charm and a feeling akin to sharing in work well done! And so with moving pictures, intimacy with the players whose portrayal you follow, association with them in their everyday and workaday happenings, increases the pleasure you obtain from seeing them act their roles in the silent drama. We, who put Movie Pictorial together, have this fulfillment in mind—your enjoyment. We wish Movie Pictorial to command a new, a vital and a serious interest in the world's new art—motography.

What Would You Like to Know?

With the view of putting ourselves in the popular attitude, we ask your co-operation in suggesting means or schemes in which our mutual interests can be equally well served. What new is there in the realm of filmdom that Movie Pictorial can take up consistently and that will be of interest to its readers? What new thing do you think there is that Movie Pictorial can advocate consistently and interestingly?

Dear Reader, with this end in view we take you into our confidence and advise you that we have already arranged for the enlargement of the "East and West Coast Jottings" which give you the little personal touches of the player-folk in their daily work; the department, "Questions and Answers," which affords you a means of learning about any-

thing connected with the players, plays and film companies. Then, you already have "Realism in the Movies," "Film Favorites' Fashions," and "The Music Story"—all allied interests of the new art and that were originated in this publication, and which will be broadened in scope as we go along and carry you into interesting by-ways leading from and to these vitally gripping themes.

These departments are open for your contributions and suggestions and, furthermore, we propose to add to them as fast as is feasible. But in this expansion, we wish to know we are keeping within the "interest circle" of our big Movie Pictorial family—for that is what we call our readers. We bow to the maxim, "Two heads are better than one," and therefore just as conscientiously believe that many thousands of heads are better than two. So upon you we lay the burden of helping us and in all earnestness, you are asked to take a little time and think "what would you like to know?" and then write me and tell me.

Realism in the Movies

Just one word on this department. Do not hesitate to criticize and send in your criticism according to the manner in which that department is conducted. Above all, do not get a false impression; that department has back of it a very serious motive and it is not conducted in a spirit of levity, but asks serious thought in a way that will really advance the status of the moving pictures, both as an entertainment and as an informing subject. It may be remarked in passing that Thomas A. Edison declares motion pictures will be the great medium of future education.

The film companies of this country are catering to an immense clientele, greater than has ever patronized any form of entertainment heretofore, and are trying out new ideas and presenting them in the most attractive manner possible, endeavoring to keep in touch with the public taste in fun, in fact, and in fancy.

How is it possible to secure the best results in this big experiment? You represent a certain integral part of the consensus of opinion—a certain degree of the consensus of taste—and your opinion in this matter may carry conviction to film companies that are trying to minister to the great public. You and millions of others are weekly attending the picture theatres and the more you see of them, the greater becomes your appreciation of their merit or their defects. This means of necessity a constant growth in merit, as your desire unconsciously ever declares for better and better pictures. We are earnest in our advocacy in bringing this about. As a great underlying motive for "Realism in the Movies," this calls not merely for "knocking," but for appreciative, constructive criticism when you see something along that line.

The film companies are encouraged by wholesome criticism just as much as they are put on their mettle by the caustic call of their defects. Film companies are exercising greater care and more judicious expenditure than ever before in bringing the wonders of the world to the public eye—no

country is too far, no expense too large to be reached or obtained by the moving picture companies.

Owing to many exaggerated statements the public at times regard the moving picture enterprise as based upon purely selfish motives, whereas the exact contrary is true. The majority of these big enterprises have not been built up through mere luck, but by originating and keeping in close touch with the taste of the people. The fact is, they are keenly alert to an impression and most enterprising in endeavoring to secure the latest and best. No place is too remote to be visited by the moving picture photographers, and no expense too great to prevent the manufacturers from securing what they believe the public care for. In these things they not only eliminate distance and defy difficulty, but they exercise the keenest care in securing what they feel the public deserves. The following is an interesting sidelight on the care exercised by the big men directing the large film companies.

Selig in Panama

William N. Selig, head of the Selig Polyscope Company, has gone to the Isthmus of Panama to oversee the production of Rex Beach's thrilling romance, "The Ne'er Do Well," which is to be presented under the direction of Colin Campbell, with Kathlyn Williams and the full strength of the Selig Stock Company from Los Angeles, California. The signal success that attended the Selig masterpiece, "The Spoilers," gives a hopeful hint that this latter production will be equally satisfactory. It is a matter of national interest that Mr. Selig has followed the construction of the Panama Canal, pictorially, from the very beginning of this great work of engineering, and these Selig films are a part of the Governmental record retained in the engineering department of the Government at Washington.

Censorship

Other magazines have dealt upon this theme—the nightmare of many. We do not propose to enter into the discussion—at least, not now—but receiving the following in our mail, we publish it.

The Author's Prayer

By MABEL BROWN SHERARD

Almighty Father, Thou hast given into my keeping a gift—the power to thrill, to entertain, to uplift Man, by the throb of my brain.

By my delineation of Life's intensity—by my glorification of Thought and Idealism, I probe the soul—I reveal the mighty undertow of Humanity's linking oneness!

And, God, I may, by unworthy prostitution of thy gift—for Greed and phantom Glory—poison my fellowman. My words, undying, may set in motion, ripples of corruption, which, ever-widening, may taint the souls of millions—Almighty Censor, Guide: thou my pen!

We make no comment—we leave the sentiment, the force within these words to stamp its own measure of appeal.

The Music Story

THE MUSICAL INTERPRETATION OF MOVING PICTURES

By Mabel Bishop Wilson

EDITOR'S NOTE: This department was commenced in the October issue. It is for our readers, an arena for discussion of musical topics as they apply to the exhibition of moving pictures. Every reader having ideas along this line, criticisms or suggestions, will confer a favor on the editor of this department by writing to her. Different views, different discussions and new practical ideas will appear in each issue of MOVIE PICTORIAL.



OW do you like the music in your favorite theater? Does it "jibe" with the pictures? Is it too loud or not loud enough? Does the musician interpret scenes according to the titles of pieces, or in harmony with the musical idea? Bear in mind that moving pictures are "silent drama." Words are not necessary to them, except in a minor way. That is, you do not hear words. You may read them in the titles or in inserts. You do hear the music. The "music story" is part of your entertainment. It gives you a considerable part of your enjoyment. If you watch a picture without music, it must be an exceptional picture, indeed, to keep you from becoming restless.

I want you to become a "music story detective." I will tell you what to do. Movie Pictorial will pay \$5 each issue for the best letter on the subject. You know how well the "Realism" department has taken. Well, we can have just as much fun with the music—and for those interested in music, there will be something genuinely educational. But you are asked to join us as a "music story detective." I shall explain the conditions—point out the idea.

When you attend your picture theatre, pay strict heed to the music while you are watching the pictures. How does the music correspond with the pictures? Does it run along smoothly and "fit in," or does it jar on your nerves? If you see a man dashing along on horseback on some tragic mission, does the music convey the proper idea? Or does the music ramble along over some rag-time ditty? If the heroine has accepted the hero's proposal of marriage, what music would be appropriate? Would you regard the proper music according to a song title? Or, would you want the "motif" to harmonize with the subject on the screen? Do you think that national airs are overdone? Does your picture theatre musician play national airs on any and every pretext? Do you enjoy improvisation, or "musical faking?"

How To Win the \$5 Prize

As I told you before, "The Music Story" will do the same thing for music in picture theatres that "Realism" does for the films. It will do even more, as I shall point out shortly. Why haven't you as good a chance of winning the \$5 as anybody else? If you are musically inclined, so much the better. If you are a musician, better still. Many musicians play nothing but rag-time and admit nothing of merit outside of rag-time. Therefore, try to see what effect picture music has on different persons in the audience. Ask some of your friends what they think. Be a real detective. Even though you lack musical training, you are not necessarily barred. Most in the audience do not have musical educations. But all of them have musical ideas. Everybody has some musical idea.

The safest guide of all in determining how good or how poor the music is, may be summed up as "common sense." Common sense has ears as well as eyes. If music does not "fit in" with pictures, you know it right away. If the music jars on you, something is wrong. Or, if the music makes the picture seem commonplace instead of dramatically good, the trouble may lie in the music more than in the picture. The musician will proclaim his or her talents always—might even suggest that the trouble is with you rather than with the music. Believe the musician only on the grounds of common sense. Remember, that your hearing is a pretty safe index. The better your musical training, the safer the promptings of your hearing.

In deciding to be a "music story detective," you need not know limitless numbers of airs. You may know relatively few. But you do know TYPES of airs. Many different pieces have almost the same shade of meaning. Suppose you see a pathetic scene—the parting of mother and son. The boy is on his way to war. If the musician played, "The Girl I Left Behind Me," it would not suit. It would be too flippant. You would resent it. What would be an appropriate piece to play? From this moment, keep close watch of the picture theatre music. Note the inconsistencies. Following is a sample of the kind of letter wanted. Make the letters short—not over 100 words. Always stick to the point of your criticism. We do not wish long essays on music, but specific instances.

"Dear Music Editor:

"I recently viewed 'The Fisher Girl,' in which there is a scene of great intensity. We see a broad sweep of stormy ocean and an old man has fallen from a boat and is struggling in the water. The heroine sets out in a small boat to rescue him. She battles bravely against the storm. The pianist played, 'Sailing, Sailing, Over the Bounding Main.' It was a shock to one's nerves. The music should have been '_____' or something similar, to carry out the tragic idea."

We can now name the rules governing this contest. The letter is to contain not over 100 words; less would be better. This letter should contain (1) name of reel or feature; (2) brief description of scene; (3) music played that was not appropriate; (4) effect on yourself or others; (5) type of music that would have suited the scene. You may name some air, but the idea is to show the type of music. Also remember that it is not advisable to take just any ordinary scene. Choose scenes very tragic or tense, humorous, or pronounced in any other way. Sign your letters plainly, and tell us if you wish only initials used. Be sure to give your address. For what I regard as the best letter, Movie Pictorial agrees to pay \$5 each month. In this way I am sure that we can better the "music story" in picture theaters, and also help those who wish to apply themselves to this new adaptation of an old art. Address your letters to Music Editor, Movie Pictorial, Hartford Bldg., Chicago, Ill. You are not restricted to one letter; send as many as you wish.

Questions and Answers

So many letters arrive asking advice as to music for moving picture theaters, we have decided to conduct a Question and Answer Department, which will be run in conjunction with, and in addition to the contest. The idea of this department is to assist music lovers, picture theater players and exhibitors. This department does not necessarily select programmes. There are thousands of photographs produced yearly, and it would be difficult to give enough programmes in advance of releases to help very much. These questions and answers will cover a variety of subjects, as the following will indicate. I have selected a few letters, and you will find more in each issue, opening up a new line of discussion and education along picture theatre music lines.

Q. Should a musician change from one theme to another where there is a "flash?" For example, there is a farm scene. A mother and daughter struggling against want, face eviction. The story is very dramatic. There is a "flash," showing the wayward son and brother in a gay cafe in a city. The flash lasts perhaps two seconds. Should the music change to account for this short scene?

A. Such short interruptions of a serious strain could be more than disconcerting. The same serious strain, continued in a subdued tone—then the flash—makes it stand out in bold relief. This

plan will bring out the heart interest more clearly than would a change in music.

Q. Here is a scene where there seem to be two themes. The heroine, Bess, is shown alone, weeping. The villain, who has deserted her, is leaving with a gay coaching party. Bess is plainly the center of your sympathy. Yet she takes up only a fraction of the scene. Should the music interpret her sorrow, or reflect the gay feelings of the crowd?

A. The application of a bit of "You broke my heart to pass the time away," or some other popular song with a similar sentiment, could be used here, and as the coaching party came up to claim the entire attention, let the music drift into something fitting the gaiety of the action.

Q. There is a very exciting scene in which the police are pursuing a bandit. The robber falls, wounded. Then there is a "cut." A party of young folk are seen, happy and laughing. There is a cutback to the bandit, who has just expired. The police sergeant recognizes the fallen man as his brother. Should the music change from the tragic to the gay and then back to the tragic?

A. No. A few measures of something neutral, which is easily connected into grave or gay, might be useful here, depending on the time used in the cut.

Q. Is there a picture theater musicians' union? Must all musicians belong if they hope to find employment in the movies?

A. In many places musicians' unions are unknown. In many others, these unions do not concern themselves with picture theaters. There is no "picture theater musicians' union."

Q. How many hours daily do picture theater musicians play on the average? Is there a standard length of time, or does it vary in different theaters? Does it vary in different places?

A. Houses vary widely. Even houses doing only evening business also vary, according to location. While some will open at 6:45 and close at 11:00, others will run from 7:00 to 10:00, or 7:30 to 10:30. Weekly matinees will vary from 1 to 7 hours, and matinee hours from 1:00 to 5:00, or 2:30 to 5:00. Houses running continuously from 2:00 to 11:00 arrange to relieve the musician. A "short hour" player will work from 5:00 to 7:30, or mechanical instruments will be used. There is always a certain period set aside in each show for the rest of the musicians.

Q. What is the usual compensation for a picture theater player?

A. The number of hours a theater is open to business, the size of the house and the class of patronage it enjoys, all influence compensation. Many houses install pipe organs, and compensation runs up to \$40 a week.

Q. Do automatic instruments keep many musicians out of employment?

A. Automatic instruments are used but little merely in an automatic sense; more when operated by experienced musicians. They run automatically only at rest intervals to relieve the musician, or during meal hours.

Q. How many different classes of musical instruments are played in picture theaters?

A. The old stand-by piano and trap-drums, and in others, orchestras of three to ten pieces. "Cabrera" ran for several weeks in a down-town Chicago theater with an orchestra of twenty pieces.

Q. Can one depend on synopsis of film stories as guides to what the music should be?

A. The synopsis aids in giving a hint as to the character of the story. Synopsis are not wholly reliable, for I have known pictures to finish directly opposite to the ending indicated in the synopsis.

Q. I feel sure that I could do better than most picture theater musicians. I know music—can play well. What more is needed?

A. Playing well is very important. Knowing how to follow the pictures without rough interruptions or "breaks," takes practice and study. Picture theater music is an adaptation of music—sort of musical specialty that requires str-

Film Favorites' Fashions

IN THE November issue of Movie Pictorial we published an article by Rose Zehnle Forrest, entitled "Fashions for Films," and which was really introductory of this new department. We believe the future of this department—the growth in its field of opportunity—the fulfillment of many "wishings" on the part of our readers it will provide, warrant us in reprinting a paragraph from Miss Forrest's article:

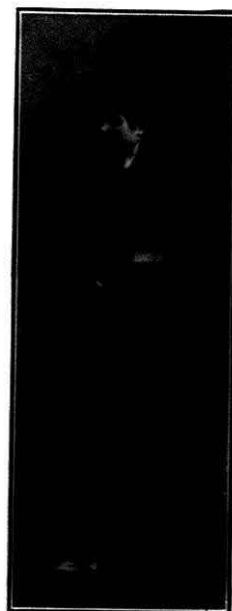
"One of the very fundamentals of moving pictures is photography—and if the camera is to register the beautiful, then the beautiful must be on parade before it. For years the film companies have done their utmost to secure actresses who are fair of features and who possess real art—and one of the mandates of the studios is that the very latest in styles must be worn where the part demands style. But the picture actress dresses not merely with a view to style—she shows style preferment; she selects the gowns, coats and hats that are best suited to her temperament, her stature, type of beauty, and likewise to the part she plays."

Now, in conducting this department,

and it will be enlarged from time to time, in fact beginning with the next issue, we are keeping in mind the "wishings" of our entire circle of readers—not just a few.

We are not going to present pictures and descriptions of only the elaborate, most expensive gowns worn by favorites of the films, but will give you this knowledge and detail concerning their *everyday wardrobes*. No doubt, many times you have seen on the screen, flit to and fro, a simple gown or suit or article of dress that has immediately appealed to you—has caused you to wish for that vision to remain still for a few moments and then slowly turn around so that you could secure a mental picture strong enough to *allow you to pattern one after it for yourself*. It is to give you this opportunity, also, to give you the color effect, that we have worked out this department.

Again, we want you to realize the opportunity we are going to open up to you—to understand the full scope of this department. We cannot reproduce in these pages *all* nor even a *goodly proportion* of the many attractive garments that appear on the



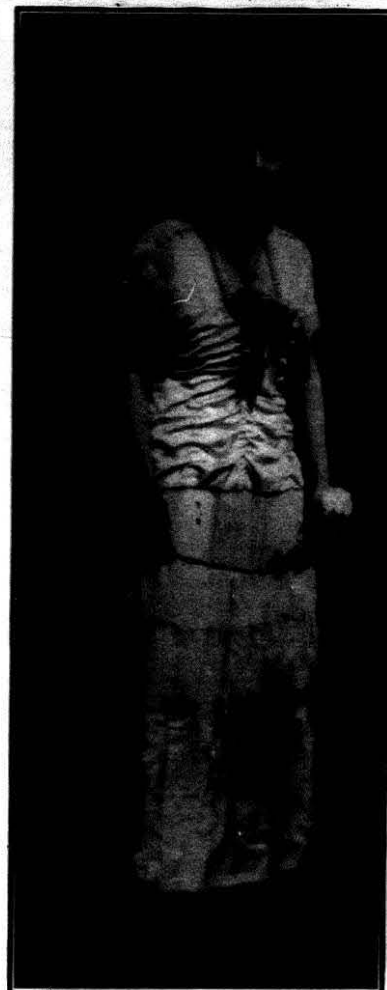
I WORE this street dress while playing the part of Olga Petroff, the spy, in the secret service drama, "The Accounting." The material is of dark green broadcloth. It is trimmed in marten fur and silver buttons. With it I wear a belt of grey leather with silver buckle. The skirt is in straight lines. The bodice of jacket is tight fitting with very full tunic attached. A high collar and long tight-fitting sleeves distinguish this simply made gown.

Dorothy Dwyer



THIS little gown, which I made myself in my leisure moments and wear in the film "The Fable of the Men at the Woman's Club," has a foundation of white net with sleeves and upper part of bodice of shadow lace. The wide girdle and band around the bottom of the skirt, which is set on the net, is of pale blue satin. Between the girdle and band are two flounces of shadow lace, the top one overlapping the lower. Around the top edge of the lower flounce are twined little chiffon rosebuds and green leaves, which I also made. These are draped across each shoulder. The dress fastens in the back with buttons made of the same blue satin. It is a very pretty and inexpensive gown.

Ruth A. Shaeffer



screen. But we are going to endeavor to provide a way for you to secure the details concerning any of them you see and want to know about.

At any time you see on the screen, a dress or suit or garment worn by a film favorite and you wish a description of it, such as we have given in connection with the illustrations on this page, just write to me (the fashion editor) giving the name of the film, the name of the film company by whom it was produced, the scene in that film in which it appeared, as well as the name of the actress who wore it and I will endeavor to secure a description of it for you. Of course, I may not always succeed but I will do my best to get it for you. Do not ask for this concerning old films—films that have been produced some time back for you can imagine it would be practically impossible for me to get descriptions of garments that have probably been

discarded long ago. Confine your requests to articles worn in plays you see from now on and to garments worn by the leads in the plays.

As stated above, we believe many of our readers see at times on the screen, articles of apparel, dresses, suits, street dresses, etc., etc., that appeal to their taste and feel the desire to possess garments just like them, but the constant movement on the screen, the lack of reproduction of color effects, prevent the obtaining of a complete and strong enough mental picture to allow the reproduction of them. But with a full written description added to your memory picture of any such garment, we believe you will be able to satisfy your wish.

Remember this department is open to our readers—we want you to feel it is your information bureau—want you to write at any time on this subject. All you need to do is to write your letter, giving the information required, as stated above, enclose with it a stamped return envelope, and mail it to

THE FASHION EDITOR.

REALISM IN THE MOVIES

A Department for the Discussion of Films Possessing or Lacking Realism

Conducted by Our Readers

Your help toward the accomplishment aimed at by this department is requested. Send in your criticisms. Do not hesitate. Join your efforts with ours. A prize of \$5.00 is given each month to the contributor of the criticism deemed most worthy, be it either for or against the film. Address all communications to the Realism editor.

IT IS not the purpose or intention of this department to be unfair to the film companies. Indeed, we are always glad to publish any retraction from a studio editor or author. Naturally, considering that there are about one thousand new photoplays shown each month, we cannot see all the films, and have no means of knowing how sincere or accurate the criticisms may be. But we assume that every person sending in a Realism, wishes to be fair—because there are many flaws in the films, and each flaw detracts from the merit of the story. As these errors are avoided, the films will become better, and the purpose of this department is to help the film companies, and not to injure them.

The manner in which photoplays are filmed has a great deal to do with these mistakes. Sometimes scenes that are shown consecutively on the screen, were filmed many days apart. But we do believe that the studios will soon pay more heed to properties and costuming, so that each actor or actress is informed exactly how to dress before each day's work, or preceding any scene. For example, in a reel there may be one set used several times. Let us say that it is the interior of an office. Perhaps when it is shown in one scene, the leading character is supposed to be in business clothes—and later on, as he returns from a ball, he is supposed to be in evening dress. However, the scenes relating to the office are taken one after another—not in the order in which they are shown on the screen. Hence, many errors of costuming creep in during the natural process of taking the pictures. But for all that, a little method injected into the business of the studios, should overcome these mistakes. Every blunder detracts the attention of the audience from the story, and what might otherwise be an excellent play is rendered ridiculous by an oversight that should be considered inexcusable.

Other Realisms arise from the unavoidable. The editor recently saw a police dog picture in the making. A German was in charge of the dogs, and one of the sensations was when one of the beasts jumped through a transom. This transom was fully seven feet above the floor, and the dog required no little coaching before he would make the jump. The German was on the farther side of the door, and in order to instill confidence in the dog, he waved his hand above the transom. The dog jumped, but the scene had to be taken all over, because the hand would have shown in the film.

The infinite care taken in the studios merits our sincerest commendation, although just a little more care would carry the "movies" to that rare goal toward which they aim—perfection!

Following are Realisms that compete for the \$5 prize of this issue, and while we are showered with letters from all over the country, we are always looking for more. Apportion yourself a "committee of one" to look for these film errors, and remember that your object is not to make the lot of the film people hard-

er, but to help them overcome those little mistakes that very often rob a picture of its glory.

One—Two—Three!

(Winner of the \$5 Prize.)

Buffalo, N. Y.

I saw a Kalem Civil war film, in which the soldiers were making couplings of cars by means of Gould automatic couplers. I was not born until 25 years after the great strife, but I distinctly remember when automatic couplers came into existence.

In "England's Menace" a telegram is sent from England (via wireless) to a battle fleet in mid-ocean, and is relayed from there to some mythical country in Europe. All three messages were in the same handwriting!

In "The Chronicles of Cleek"—supposed to have taken place in England—a typical American telephone was used throughout the series. It is well-known that there is a great difference between our 'phones and the "Are you there, miss," kind used in England.

Yours very truly,

(Signed) Lloyd W. Spearing.
457 Breckenridge St.

Were They in a Hurry?

Grand Junction, Colo.

In "Mary's Convert," where the farmer and his wife are discussing over the money the old horse sold for, the farmer places his pocket-book in his coat pocket and puts the coat on stand by the window. They sit facing each other in front of the window. Two thieves raise window, lift money from pocket. The farmer and his wife can see them unless the two old people are blind. Would it not have been better for their backs to have been turned to the window or for the thieves to have waited until the room was empty?

L. B.

Not "Neptune's Daughter."

San Antonio, Texas.

In a recent "Imp" production, a girl who has lived by the water all her life, goes rowing. Her boat, in some manner, is turned over, and she is almost drowned. It seems to me that one living on the coast would certainly learn to swim. In the same play, quite a number of people, both men and women, see the boat overturned, but not one of them offers to go to the girl's assistance. When finally King Baggot rushes up and attempts to go to her rescue, all the people try to stop him. If there was any reason at all for trying to keep him on shore while she drowned, they did not show it, nor could I see it. I am sure that anyone who saw "The Turn of the Tide" will agree with me that there was no cause for some of the things that were shown.

Yours truly,

(Signed) Zoe Gale.

We are informed that many sailors cannot swim, and that a remark-

ably large percentage of the Newfoundland fisher folk are unable to swim. Also, many a good swimmer is seized with cramps, and despite himself, will sink. We cannot explain to Miss Gale why the people attempted to keep King Baggot from rushing to the girl's rescue, unless, of course, it may have been a matter of prolonging the tense interest in the scene. We suggest, quietly—very softly—that maybe the women were afraid that if King rescued the girl, he might marry her, which would never, never do!

Reformed Crooks.

Philadelphia, Pa.

Last night I saw a picture called "The Power of the Angelus" (Domino). Part Two shows two monks walking along a beach. A small boat puts ashore, men jump out, and deliver a chalice to the two monks, then row off. As the two monks turn a bend in the road, a band of bandits jump out and hold them up. Then more monks, who had been warned, rush up to rescue the chalice. When the bandits are beginning to get the upper hand, the Father Superior comes on the scene, holding the crucifix above his head. The bandits, when they saw the crucifix, suddenly quit. Now, does anyone suppose, in real life, that any band of crooks, armed to the teeth—who are mean enough to attempt to steal a chalice, because of its gold and precious stones—would suddenly drop their plunder when they saw a crucifix? Also, later in the picture, when the Angelus is ringing, the monks stand, with bowed heads, praying. The bandits take off their hats and bow their heads also. Has anyone ever heard of bandits reforming so quickly?

Yours for Realism.

A Critic.

Religious subjects are difficult to handle on the screen. When they were presented on the stage, the dialogue often smoothed away the situation, and showed the reason. We know of numerous instances in which the censors have refused permission for a film, simply because the religious features had the appearance of being burlesqued, and therefore might offend the followers of the religion in question.

Poor Florence!

Clovis, N. M.

I would suggest that the Thana-houser people, in their production of "The Million Dollar Mystery," always spell Florence Gray's name the same, especially in the same episode. Last night I saw the seventeenth episode; in the review of the cast her name was spelled "Gray," and in Florence's note to the Countess, she spelled it "Grey." Poor girl! I wonder if she doesn't know how to spell her own name!

Yours for Realism,

"Billie."

We might add that the millionaire's name is spelled "Hargreave"

in the cast, but on the mysterious treasure-box it is spelled "Hargreaves." Perhaps this is for the same reason that a sign-painter thinks he must use a comma somewhere in his sign, even though it doesn't belong to what he is painting! In the same catalogue belongs the fellow who writes, "Keep everything in it's place." We need more old-fashioned "spellin' bees," Billie, that's what we need!

'Twas Ever Thus—'Twill Ever Be!

Muskogee, Okla.

One of the unrealistic things that I have noticed in the films, and which produces a smile from the audience when tears are in order, is the carrying around by the mother of a heavy youngster from six to ten years of age.

In the "Witch Girl," where Mary Fuller is dressed in a ragged gown, suited to her life in the woods; one can plainly see the lines of an up-to-date long corset beneath the gown. And I have noticed this same incongruity in many costumes of the sort. This is one of the admirable things about Cleo Madison's portrayal of Rose and Judith in "The Trey o' Hearts." Her clothes are suited to the occasion.

Mrs. J. D. B.

Wrecks Made to Order.

Hartford, Conn.

In the second reel of the fourteenth installment of "The Trey o' Hearts," an automobile goes down a long, steep slope. Next, it is seen coming down, two men in it. They jump to either side and run and roll out of the camera range. We next see them lying under the wrecked machine at the bottom of the slope. How did they get there?

Yours truly,

(Signed) R. S. Williams.

We Can't Explain—We're Neutral.

Louisville, Ky.

In an "Apex" film, entitled, "Called to the Front, or Europe at War," the heroine is shown rescuing her sweetheart from the Germans, and delivering him safe and sound to the English War Office. Apparently she flew across the English channel, as there is no scene showing how she crossed the channel.

In "The Girl in the Case" (Vitagraph), the cashier of a large bank robs the safe, after dark, by merely working the combination. I thought that large banks had time-locks and that the vaults could not be opened until the next day, unless explosives were used, and yet this is apparently a large bank in a great city.

(Signed) W. L. Brown.

In "Eats" (Vitagraph), two hoboes alight from a freight train and go in search of food. This train is shown apparently just pulling into a large terminal yard, but I was unable to locate the caboose attached to the rear of the train. I never saw a train just off the road that did not carry a caboose, unless something had wrecked the caboose. The back of this train is shown very plainly in the picture, and any railroad man seeing such a train cannot help being amused.

(Signed) W. L. Brown

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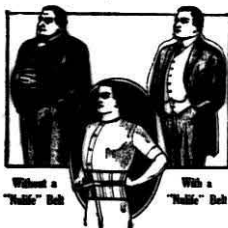
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PROF. CHAS. MUNTER
Whigt. 148) 141 West 36th St., New York City

The Fling of Fate

(Continued from page 7)

can plainly see the great grey arch of floating steel that would hem us in. No, they are not sleeping ships, merely napping. Now they are very much awake. Their anchor chains rattle fiercely, their bugles call to quarters; and now curse them! how the black smoke clouds from their big funnels!

"Our ships must all be out for Morro now pours down an avalanche of fire on the Yankee fleet and every battery joins the din—the Americanos do not reply. They are moving after us.

"The Teresa gives them a broadside as she turns the outer shoal, and her big barquette guns tear channels in the air. Now I can bear on the Indiana (five thousand yards). I raise the sights conforming with the range as I glance through the telescope. I rise on tiptoe, open my mouth, press the circuit closer. What an appalling roar, the seemingly opaque air cracks like the split of a glacier, the whole ship sways tremblingly on her keel. The great gun comes thundering back along the recoil-rail; a volume of cinder-charged powder-smoke blown in through the port, the turret is filled with the hot blinding blast. The men gasping, throw open the breech-blocks, more sulphurous, stifling fumes sift back and are drawn upward through the slits in the tower. They clean the long gleaming barrel with a stream of water from a hose; the hydraulic ram pushes in another shell. I look hopefully outward through the drifting smoke to see the effect of my shot. The colors of the Indiana are still flying, she is coming on.

"We swing around the shoal, the guns of our port battery blaze in unison. The Viscaya rocks from stem to stern, vibrating as a swaying bridge, with a tremor like some human thing. We steam roaringly along, curtained in our battle-smoke, crested with flame.

"Now the breeze lifts the veil, I can descry the Teresa. A shell from the Indiana strikes her abaft the funnels, the explosion is followed by a flash of fire. Another shell enters the ship under the barquette, plough-

ing aft. What a harvest of death she garners among those splintered bulkheads! The smoke bursts into a blaze—flaming the stricken ship turns shorewards.

"The horror of the sight fascinates me. I glance backward. The Oquendo is inclosed in a coil of fire, worse than the seventh zone of the Inferno. A cloudburst of steel bolts pierce her thick sides and seek her vitals. Now a shell rips the heavy hood from her barquette and exploding sends death shrinking down to her very keel. She turns aside, limps to the beach, and shoves her bow high upon the welcoming rocks.

"The Viscaya's helm is put about to meet the Brooklyn, muzzle to muzzle. We will ram the life out of that brave beauty. No! She veers and loops too far for our torpedo—blankets the fire of the Texas; for such slight service—thanks!

"We are back again on the old course, firing into the death-storm on our seaward quarter.

"The trim and speedy Colon is far ahead; proudly she carries the colors of Spain.

"Ah! but the Iowa and Indiana did pepper us as we passed; we must be shambles back there between the funnels. The walls and groans of our dying men fill the lull horribly between the screams and crash of savage shells that rend our superstructure.

"Still we forge ahead. Our port batteries have ceased their savage barking. The smoke fans have stopped; the turret is so thick with choking, stinking smoke I can hardly see across the compartment. Our big gun has shot herself so hot, the men blister their hands touching the breech.

"I land a shell in the Texas; she is smoking up, good! On come the Oregon and the Brooklyn, devil and the devil's dam. How they hammer us! Shots strike the turret walls with terrible thuds; touching those steel walls would mean paralysis from the fearful concussions, even, standing clear, we are numb from the frightful jarring.

"We are smoking aft—water mains have been shot away; the baleful blaze sneaks forward. A shell pierces our bow. A dull deadly new sensation racks our fighting fabric to her keel-plates. The forward magazine blows to hell—the military mast comes crashing down upon the turret—I cannot work the mechanism—many of my crew have fallen by the gun. It is silent; it has spoken its last! Nothing to do! The Viscaya's helm is hard a port; a blazing mangled hulk; I feel her sullenly grounding.

"I am blistering, roasting from heat, almost blinded by the cindery, sulphuretted air. My throat is rasping from noxious vapors. I gasp for breath. Somehow I climb down from that terrible tower and its stifled dead and stumble across the burning deck, and look down into the sea. The surf is alive with sharks. Better be eaten than burned! The insurgents are shooting at us from the shore. Rifle bullets are nothing. I am immune.

"Into the water, so cool, so pleasant—zip, zip, ricochet the bullets; so damned comfortable. Ground under foot. Wading on the beach.

"I recognize an insurgent in the faded trappings of an officer; he sees me. At last, thank God, I shall live. I have my revolver; I can still shoot.

"He is moving back among the trees. I advance. He kneels and aims at me. I am pinked; a bullet through this little book that was in my breast pocket; a sharp pain through my lung; through me.

"I stagger to a sapling, support myself; I rest my weapon on its cross branches. I shoot him through the heart. A black soul flutters in the dark—Dolores! Dolores! You are avenged!

"When I recover consciousness, a Cuban soldier kinder than his kin, gives me water, blankets me in the shade, binds up my wound. Too late! Too late! In my lingering hours I feebly scrawl these last words in my little book. In my clasp is the crucifix my mother gave me—a great light suffuses my soul with peace—Adios!"

The Secret of Paint Creek

(Continued from page 11)

an issue the problem he was already debating. Should he return to the office, and throw his energies into the composition of the most sensational news story in the recent history of the county, or should he remain at the scene of the tragedy in the hope of probing to the heart of the mystery before crowds of morbid sightseers should obliterate the trail? Or was there a trail worth following beyond the establishment of the dead man's identity and the unraveling of the missing details of what might only be the suicide of a half-crazed tramp? Clem determined finally to leave the decision with Bob McKee. As it developed, however, the reporter's course of action was determined in quite a different manner.

The Bateman farmhouse proved to be less than a quarter of a mile distant. The widow who owned it was profuse in her greetings, and conveniently deaf. The party found themselves in possession of a telephone in the kitchen and an invitation

to make themselves at home. Clem stepped aside and gave the coroner the first use of the line, consoling himself with the reflection that even should the sheriff's office tip off the news to The Argus it would require hours for that publication to obtain the information which he had already gathered. He could picture Bob's jubilation at his news. No longer could Warrentown fail to appreciate the enterprise of The Bugle. Such a scoop should mean a half a dozen advertising contracts!

Clem's roseate reflections were abruptly interrupted. The coroner was stepping back from the telephone, and returning the receiver to the hook with an expression of disgust.

"What's the matter with the sheriff's office, anyway?" he demanded. "Johnson is out of town, and they can't find his deputy. He's gone to Waverley, the stenographer says. What am I going to do now?"

"I don't see anything to do, but wait." Clem grinned, inwardly jub-

lant. The Argus office might not even hear of the tragedy until The Bugle was on the street. It was almost too good to be real!

Now to reach Bob, and relieve that harried young man's suspense. Clem stepped across to the telephone, but the hand reaching for the receiver was arrested. From the pike outside came a sudden hail, and Mrs. Bateman appeared excitedly in the doorway.

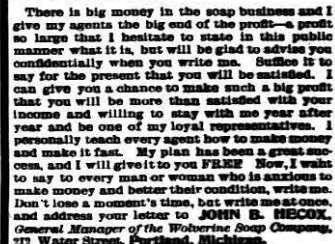
"If you want Sheriff Johnson, here he is now!"

Clem's face contracted, as the coroner, followed by Ed Hope, made a dash for the road. With an exclamation of disgust he followed them to the door, and then he, too, darted toward the gate. There could be no mistaking Sheriff Johnson's red automobile, or the two men on the front seat. One was the sheriff, and at his side, sat Kelly, the star reporter of The Argus.

Clem did not pause to speculate as to what unkind fate had brought them

(To be continued)

I'll write again soon. And you be sure to write to me, and long letters, too. Whom is the youngest Murphy girl engaged to? You said she was engaged but forgot all about the man.



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WEST COAST STUDIO JOTTINGS

NEWS OF THE PHOTOPLAYERS IN SOUTHERN CALIFORNIA

The dressing room of Eddie Lyons and Lee Moran of the Nestor comedy company at the big "U" is for all the world like a big junk shop or a second-hand (very) clothiers downtown (much). Both of these funny comedians have a habit of rummaging among these shops to collect odd bits of costumes which will help their comedy wardrobes. On a wide shelf there are piled hats of every area and hanging in a capacious wardrobe, is an assortment of clothes which would make a cannibal chief envious. Both believe in dressing their parts to make the most of themselves and both being of the same figure they easily double their wardrobes.

Out at the Bosworth studios I tumbled upon two good stories against two of the camera men there. George Hill, who turns the crank for Hobart Bosworth, came into the laboratory hot and in a hurry, and seized a glass of water and took a good pull—he danced around a while and demanded a doctor and a stomach pump, for he had taken part of a glass of the fixing bath liquid. Fortunately the result was more alarming than harmful. George says it comes of drinking water.

Dal Clawson was taking a scene on deck for the Smalleys recently and every time he looked through his sighter he found his camera off the level and spent considerable time in altering it. At last Phillips Smalley unable to contain his amusement any longer pointed out to Dal that they were on a moving ship and that the fault was with the motion and not with his camera and Clawson be-

gan to kick himself—says he was so deep in his work that he forgot where he was.

Max Asher has rejoined Allan Curtis and the Joker comedies. By the way, Allan has completed his one hundredth comedy for the Universal and was the other day presented with a loving cup by his company, said cup being made of old tin cans cunningly put together, as a reminder of the many tramp subjects he has produced.

Harold Lockwood of the Famous Players is going to be featured at the American studios at Santa Barbara. Harold is one of the best looking young leads in the business and one of the best actors, too. He is astonishingly popular and will have great opportunities at the seaside town. He will act under the direction of Thomas Ricketts who had Lockwood under him in the old Nestor days.

Stella Razeto, the vivacious little Selig star who plays under the direction of Ed. J. Le Saint, is fond of gardening and Paddy Wuffen; Paddy is a wire-haired terrier and terror who loves to go to the studio with his mistress and make friends with anyone who will throw a ball for him to retrieve. Paddy is a good bow-wow actor and is often seen in Le Saint's photoplays.

J. P. McGowan, the plucky Kalem actor-director of railroad photoplays and producer of "The Hazards of Helen" series, is now out of the hospital and on crutches. While in the hospital he had a telephone and di-

rected from his bedside and he moreover wrote his scenarios on a typewriter and all this while he was in a plaster cast!

Irving Cummings is indulging in another of his goings. He is leaving the American company. Next stop is not yet announced but is said to be the Famous Players.

Anna Little is the proud possessor of a Hupmobile and the neighbors are breathing easier now that she is able to keep out of their flower beds. Anna's mother has been quite seriously ill and the clever young actress has spent most of her spare time at the hospital.

Margarita Fischer led the Grand March at the Static Club ball in Los Angeles and Margarita looked a "puffick dream" in a simply wonderful creation. Far be it for a mere male man to try and describe it, but there were silk and brocade, with silver flowers on it and rhinestones galore, and she carried a great bunch of American beauty roses presented by the club.

The Eclair company from Arizona is now located at Hollywood in the old Nestor studios and is known as "Features Ideal." George Larkin and Dolly Larkin are prominent new members of the company.

Neva Gerber who is playing opposite Carlyle Blackwell acted with him when he was with the Kalem company. She was also leading lady with Edwin August at one time. Neva is a very charming little person.

EAST COAST STUDIO JOTTINGS

GOSSIP OF THE PLAYERS IN AND AROUND NEW YORK

Nitra Frazer, one of a company of Vitagraph Players, taking pictures at Saranac Lake, New York, under the direction of Wally Van has introduced skiing to a fellow artist. Miss Frazer is a proficient devotee of the exhilarating sport and won many prizes and medals skiing on the hills of her native country. The region around Saranac Lake is ideal for this sport and many exciting races result. Local residents of the upper-lake country and members of the winter colony who seek companionship honors have arranged a skiing tournament at which Miss Frazer is invited to compete, some of the best known experts of that section being pitted against her.

Two sparrows this week broke up the climax in the big scene of Charles Klein's "The District Attorney," which the Lubin company is making into a photoplay at the studio in Philadelphia. And not only did they break it up but they kept it broken up quite successfully despite every effort to capture them.

"The District Attorney" had been practically completed under the direction of Barry O'Neil. All that was needed to finish the play was the big climax and a few minor scenes. O'Neil had the set ready for the big scene. The players, who included Dorothy Bernard, A. H. Van Buren, Peter Lang, George Soule Spencer, Rosetta Brice, Ruth Bryan and Charles C. Brandt had rehearsed the scene three times. The two camera men were waiting the signal to crank. Everything was in readiness.

"Lights," shouted O'Neil. The

powerful lights dazzled the room. "Camera," yelled the director. Both camera men started to grind and the acting began. Then, down swooped the two sparrows, just grazing Miss Bernard's head. All the players did a small stampee thinking the sparrows were bats. O'Neil had to stop the scene. A few minutes later the players began again and once again into the scene swooped the sparrows. It was indeed a test for tempers but not nearly as great a one as when the thing happened a third time. O'Neil was forced to wait fully three-quarters of an hour while everyone in the studio, armed with various domestic weapons, helped drive out the winged interrupters.

Cissy Fitz-Gerald, one of the comedienesses of the Vitagraph company, is thinking seriously of offering a reward for the return of costly feathers the wintry winds persist in blowing from her hat. Cissy acknowledges it to be her own fault that she loses them because of her desire to flaunt a different feather every day. To do so, she will select an ostrich feather, a Bird of Paradise plume, a Numidy or an egret from her assortment and carelessly pin it on her hat. It not infrequently happens that Cissy, on a windy winter day, hurrying to catch a car or subway train, is followed by some person wildly waving a feather, valued anywhere from twenty to a hundred and fifty dollars, to attract her attention.

A strange little visitor arrived at the Pathe studio in Jersey City recently—a fourteen-year-old boy from Los Angeles, who has crossed the con-

tinental to see Pearl White. The boy had been saving his pennies for nearly a year in order to take the trip. Miss White is very proud of this demonstration on the part of this young man.

Charles C. Brandt, one of the well-known Lubin players, received the following letter from a woman in New England:

"Dear Sir: Having seen your picture on a Lubin picture, I take the liberty of writing. My husband's name is Fritz William L. Brandt. He was brought up in Bremen, Germany, and had a number of brothers and two sisters. If you are a brother or relative, why don't you go and fight for the Fatherland instead of acting in pictures. All the Brandts should be at the front, for duty calls them. Please write and explain."

After reading this, Mr. Brandt found a quiet corner in the studio and wrote the following reply:

"Dear Mrs. Brandt: I am neither brother, relative or acquaintance, but the error is not mine. My great grandfather arrived in this country about 1812, but please understand I am not a grandson of Joseph Brandt, the Indian chief whose picture hangs in Independence Hall. He belongs to another branch of the family. The only front I'm interested in at present is the front line before a motion picture camera and my Gothic style of figure is much more suited to acting than fighting. I'm sorry I cannot accommodate you, but frankly, heavy artillery always gives me a severe headache and makes me very nervous."

Questions and Answers

If you want to know anything about the players, plays or film companies, send in your question; it will be answered in this department when self-addressed, stamped envelope is not sent for reply. Full name and address must be given. No questions answered otherwise. Initials only used in this department unless you request your full name to be used.

We want you to feel that this department is your own information bureau—that you can use it freely to learn what you want to know about the players, plays and film companies. Do not consider whether or not it is any bother for us to give you the information—we will get it for you if it is possible. All you are requested to do is to write out your question or questions as briefly as you can and to write on one side of the paper only. Remember that Movie Pictorial is your magazine, its editors and contributors are keen to please you and to make Movie Pictorial interesting to you from cover to cover.

John H. Ginn, Detroit.—Please tell me who the player in the Universal Company is that looks like Charles Chaplin, of the Essanay Company that does the same kind of work.

You refer to Billie Ritchie, who is appearing in the L-KO brand of releases for the Universal.

Miss Anne, Pittsburgh, Pa.—Will you kindly inform me with what company Sydney Ayres is connected and his latest story?

Mr. Ayres is appearing in the "U" releases of the Universal company and his latest story is "Her Bargain."

Molly Mac, Sistersville, W. Va.—Who was the girl in "Old Dutch" and what company produced the play?

Miss Vivian Martin, story produced by the World Film Corporation.

Chas. Murphy, Buffalo, N. Y.—What company put out the story of "Col. Heeza Liar?"

The "Col. Heeza Liar" belongs to a series produced by the Pathe company, which has now ceased to produce, but is buying from other concerns for the time being.

Miss Alma G., Kansas City, Mo.—Can you tell me if Miss Irene Wallace is appearing in pictures and with what company?

Miss Wallace has just been engaged by the Selig company, after a rest of several months.

J. B. K., Altoona, Pa.—In the play, "The Heart of Lincoln," who took the part of Lincoln and what company produced it?

The story was written and produced by Francis Ford, for the Universal company. Mr. Ford played the part of Lincoln.

Mrs. Simons, Syracuse, N. Y.—Will you please inform me who the player was that took the part of Janie in the "Lure of the West," and where a letter would reach her?

Miss Edna Maison played the part. Her address is care of the Eclair Studio, Tucson, Arizona.

Inquirer, Philadelphia.—Where is Rosemary Theby, who used to be

with Lubin of this city and what is her latest story?

Miss Theby is with the Victor company, New York, of the Universal group; her last picture is "Cards Never Lie."

Dan Evans, Rochester, Minn.—Please tell me where a letter would reach M. MacQuarrie and what picture he last appeared in.

Address M. MacQuarrie, care of Universal company, Hollywood, Cal. His latest production is "Seven and Seventy."

Miss Minnie, New York City.—Is it true that Arnold Daly is appearing in moving pictures, and if so what ones?

Mr. Daly is playing leading roles in "The Exploits of Elaine" produced by the Pathe company.

Harry Gill, Portland, Ore.—Can you tell me who directed and who wrote the Lubin story of "The District Attorney?"

Barry O'Neill directed it, and Clay M. Greene adapted it from the play of Charles Klein.

Miss D. Davenport, Iowa.—Who was the leading lady in "The Girl and the Secret Service" and by whom was it produced?

Miss Grace Cunard was the leading woman and the play was produced by Francis Ford, of the Universal company.

Wm. MacLean, Washington, D. C.—What company produced "A Man's Temptation" and who played the leading part?

It was produced and released by the Rex company and the leading part taken by Ben Wilson.

L. O. B., Paducah, Ky.—How may one procure the addresses of the film companies?

Secure a copy of the magazine called "The Photoplay Scenario," it gives a list of names and addresses of film companies.

R. A. M., Des Moines, Ia.—Who is Ben Wilson with?

He is now with the Universal Film Co.

F. S. S., Chicago, Ill.—When will the name of the prize winner of "The Million Dollar Mystery," be announced?

We expect that the announcement of the name of the winner will be made in a few days by the newspaper that ran the story by Harold MacGrath.

Miss Reda A., Muskogee, Okla.—What film company is Harold Lockwood now with?

Harold Lockwood is reported as having just joined the American Film Co. and will shortly make his debut in a series of four-reel photoplays being filmed by this company.

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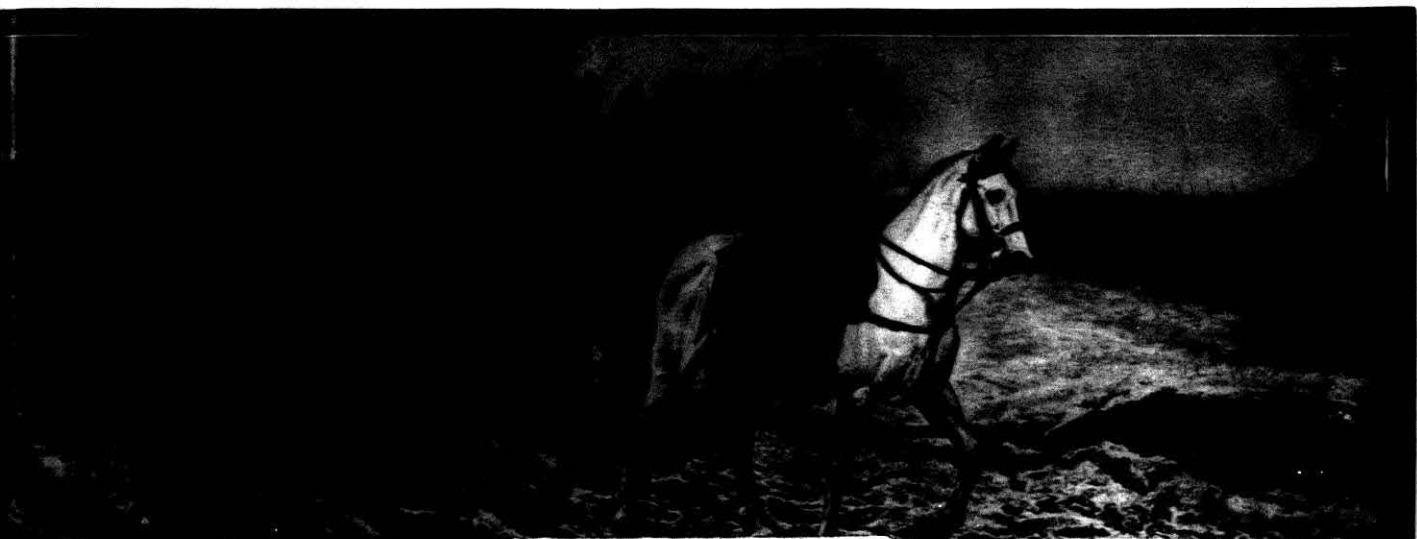
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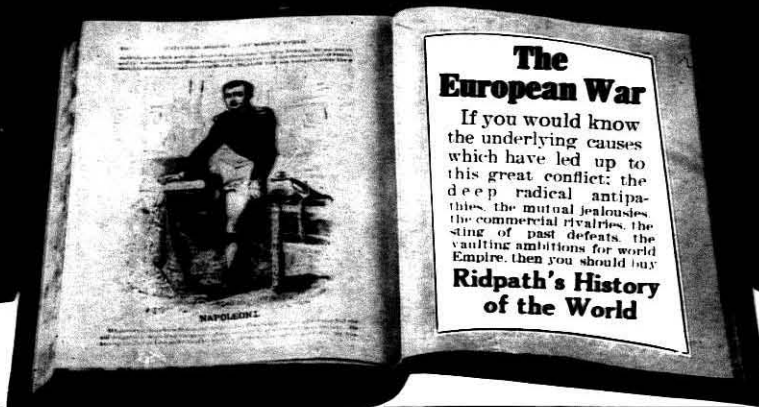
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Read This Translation

- (1) As for her who desires beauty
- (2) She is wont to anoint her limbs with oil of palm and oil of olives
- (3) There cause to flourish these ointments the skin.
- (4) As for oil of palm and oil of olives, there is not their like for revivifying, making sound and purifying the skin

Explanatory Note

This is a translation of the story of palm and olive oils written in the hieroglyphics of 3,000 years ago.

The characters and the translation are correctly shown according to the present-day knowledge of the subject.

Read hieroglyphics down, and to the right.

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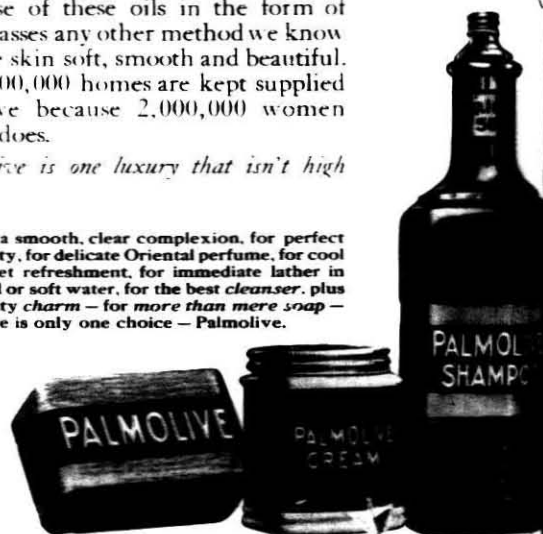
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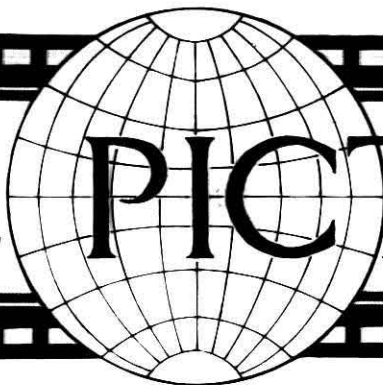
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Our Terms.—Our terms are cash with order. We sell only for cash. We open no accounts. This enables us to transact our business with practically no expense and absolutely without loss.

Our Guarantee.—We guarantee legally in writing to refund full price paid, in one year from date of sale less cost per cent. WE FURTHER AGREE to take back any diamond purchased from us in ten years from date of sale at full price paid in exchange for a larger or better diamond or any other merchandise. We further agree to take back any diamond purchased from us by mail and refund the full purchase price paid in cash providing the purchaser starts it back to us within three days from the date it has been received.

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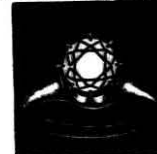
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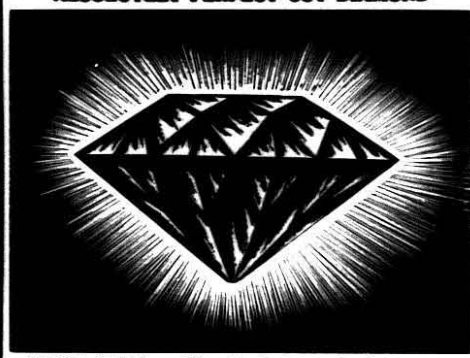
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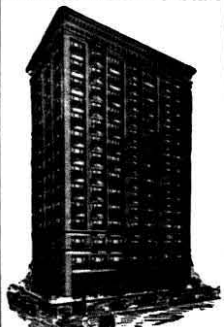
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WHY work for wages—be at the mercy of someone else—when you can build a business of your own? Many are making from \$150.00 to \$1000.00 a month selling

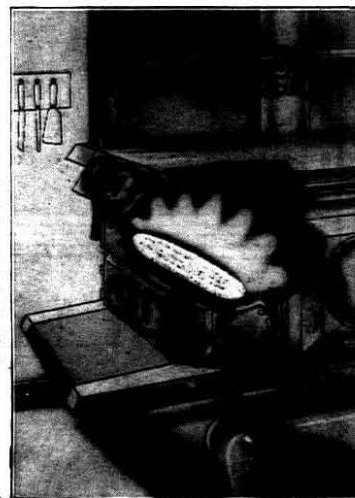
Oxo-Gas Appliances

for Lighting, Heating, Cooking. Easily demonstrated, sure sellers, because Oxo-Gas is the Safest, Best, Most Economical System Made. Universally used, burns kerosene (coal oil)—so makes its users independent of gas or electric corporations. Kerosene for sale everywhere.

Cannot explode, clog or get out of order. Furnishes a flood of clear, soft light in portable lamps or lanterns. Remakes any coal or wood cook stove instantly into an even, steady, sure cooker, turned off or on as needed. Heats a 10 x 10 room at about 1/2 a cent per hour—less than coal or wood. All this done because Oxo-Gas burns AIR, (free) with ordinary kerosene in our wonderful new Thorium burners—the

Supreme Product of This Wonderful Age in Light and Heat Economy

We could go on and fill this magazine without exhausting the truth of the merit of this wonderful system or the facts of the great money-making opportunities it has given to so many all over this land. Just consider every word and decide quickly if you are the man we want to handle this complete lighting and heating proposition. A Fixture for every purpose.

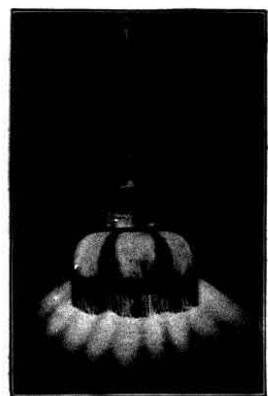


Oxo-Gas Producer for Cooking Range

Write at once for our prices to agents

The Panel Above Shows

a fair illustration of just how you can build up a big paying business selling Oxo-Gas Appliances. It is based on the experience of hundreds of our agents as proved by letters in our files. Read this extract from "A



One of many beautiful fixtures to select from. Write for the big profit to our accredited representatives.

Success in Hardware
by John A. Dickson, in the Saturday Evening Post of Nov. 23.

"I soon found possibilities in a hardware store that I had never dreamed of. For instance, I wanted an automobile; but I wanted to buy it as an investment and make it pay for itself. One day I saw advertised a kerosene lamp that burned gas from kerosene through a mantle, just as city gas is burned. It made the gas from the kerosene as it burned. It was said to give an eighty-candle-power light at a very low cost. It looked like just the thing for farmers if it could be properly demonstrated to them; but you can't effectively demonstrate a light in a store in the daytime and farmers are not in town much at night. The only way to demonstrate this lamp was in the farmer's home at night.

"This looked like my chance for an automobile. I got one of the lamps and found it worked well, was simple to operate, and offered a good profit. I secured an exclusive agency for it and bought my suit. Every few days that fall I would load the lamps with the lamps, which came packed in separate cartons. Then I'd get out into the country. At each farmhouse I'd set up one of the lamps, fill it with kerosene, and show the farmer's wife how to light it, and ask her to use it instead of the old lamps until I called for it. I also gave her some statistics about defective eyesight in farmers' homes due to poor lighting. 'You can imagine that when night came the whole family was interested in lighting that lamp; and when they found the room flooded with a beautiful white light you couldn't have taken that lamp away by force. I could cover thirty or forty miles of country day after day, and within a radius of fifty miles of Des Moines I've sold lamps to nearly every farmer who had't some other system of lighting. Many of them bought two; some, three I paid for my car, all right, and made acquaintances and won customers that I should worship and cherish.' Remember, we don't only furnish you with this lamp, but heating and cooking systems also.

Twenty of her friends.

Neighbors phoning agent to call.

Agent buys automobile to handle Oxo-Gas business.

Disposing the profits of a growing business.

Do You Want to Make Money?

Are you the live, ambitious man we want to represent us in your locality? Do you want to have the exclusive sales of the fixtures for which the big oil companies furnish the fuel?

What would it mean to you if Standard Oil took you into partnership—gave you the exclusive right to sell **all their** fixtures? That's just what we offer you—an exclusive agency—a monopoly of the best line made. Don't you want to get in on this? If you do you will act at once—before you lay this paper down, as territory is being assigned daily.

Show us you are an earnest, live worker—a man whom we can afford to have represent our nation-wide business—and we will show you how to get some of this exclusive territory. We can sell this territory for large sums, but we only want **workers**. We take all the risk as we **know** what a good thing we have, just as you will **know** or anyone else **knows** who ever tries any of our line of fixtures. If you want to be the Gloria man in your neighborhood, or become a big general agent, fill out and mail this coupon at once. Don't send a cent; show us you have a few dollars and mean business, as we can't correspond with curiosity seekers, but not one cent leaves your control until you have tried the complete outfit and it proves to your entire satisfaction every point we claim. Does this mean you?

Using this Coupon May Be the Turning Point in Your Life

GLORIA LIGHT CO., Washington Blvd., Chicago, Ill. Dept. J

Gentlemen: Without any obligation on my part, except my duty to investigate an opportunity, please send me full free information on your proposition.

Name

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Remarks:

Gloria Light Company

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FUTURE FILM FEATURES

They
await
the
arrival



of the
late
coming
guest



"Come on — let's get married!"

"You are unworthy of a love other
than the one you now claim."

"WHEN WE WERE 21"

PRODUCED BY
THE FAMOUS PLAYERS FILM COMPANY

CAST

Richard Audaine—*The Imp*
Dick Carew—*His Guardian*
Mrs. Ericson
Phyllis
Peggy
The Firefly

William Elliott
Charles Waldron
Mrs. Gordon
Helen Luttrell
Winifred Allen
Marie Empress
Arthur Hoops
Charles Coleman
George Bachus

The Trinity

SYNOPSIS

Young Richard Audaine is so full of life and sheer devilry he is called "The Imp" by his admiring guardian, Dick Carew and "The Trinity"—Carew's three life-long friends.

Mrs. Ericson, a relative of one of "The Trinity" and her two pretty daughters, Phyllis and Peggy, help to make a home for Carew and "The Imp." Carew, himself, loves Phyllis, the elder sister, but he feels that "The Imp" has chosen wisely when it is learned that these two young people are engaged, so he hides his sore heart under congratulations. Back at college, "The Imp" soon forgets the quiet Phyllis for the fascinations of a dancer known as "The Firefly," and he falls a victim to her wiles.

Phyllis does not pine during the absence of young Richard, for she truly loves his guardian, but believing her engagement to "The Imp," Carew's wish, keeps her secret love to herself. It happens that the younger sister, Peggy, adores "The Imp" and treasures every careless smile that handsome youth has carelessly given. When the youth returns from college Carew and "The Trinity" prepare a birthday feast in honor to his majority. Just after the four men drink a toast to "The days when we were twenty-one" young Richard, the absentee guest, staggers in hopelessly drunk. The horrified "Trinity" conceal him from his guardian, who has gone for cigars, hurrying the helpless "Imp" to bed. But the roystering blade has gotten into more serious trouble, for following a chivalrous impulse, he married the dangerous "Firefly" and is now at his wits end to keep Phyllis, Carew and "The Trinity" from learning his plight. A note reveals the secret of the marriage to "The Firefly."

The remainder of the exciting comedy-drama is devoted to "The Imp's" fearful awakening from his love-dream, his impulse to murder, his reformation, his reconciliation with the guardian he has estranged, and a final adjustment of all the tangled love affairs, in which Carew and Phyllis, "The Imp" and Peggy find their true mates.

Absolute forgiveness
and the "Imp" promises
to be good

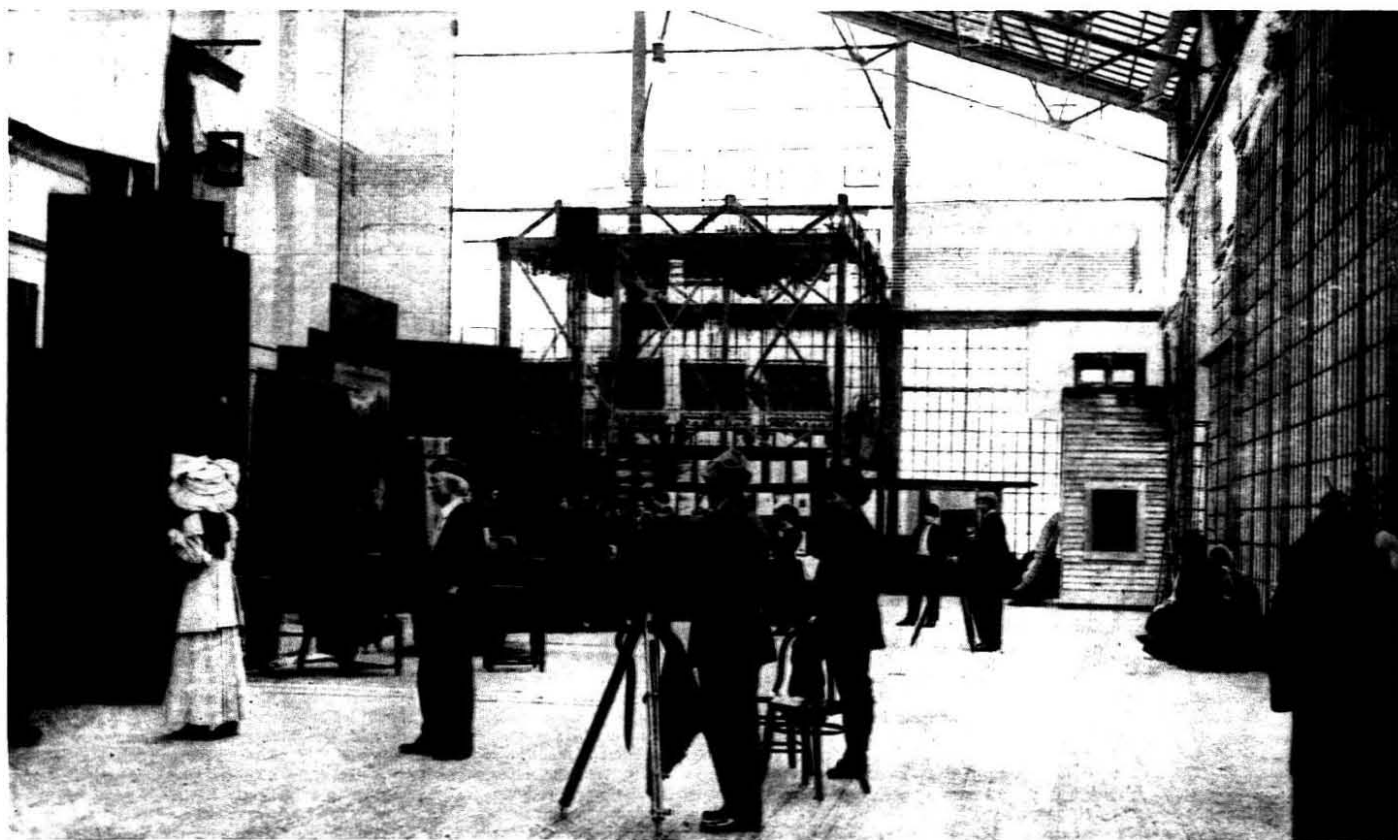
Carew and "The
Trinity" plead with
him to be a man



A lost love
—a wiser
man—a new
love in the
lurking and
again the
beginning
—the
engagement



MOVIE PICTORIAL



UNDER THE SKYLIGHT

BY GEORGE L. COX



HE verse cut deep in the entrance hall of a home in Frankfort, Germany, might fittingly be carved above the portal to any of our present day motion picture studios as a silent tribute to their universal Brotherhood.

These abodes of a comparatively new art form, contain extraordinary settings for the most wonderful educational, industrial and pictorial panoramas to be found in the world today.

Visualizing one in particular, we are impressed with the magnitude of the enterprise and the tremendous activities housed therein. The studio proper is a mammoth glass-roofed structure measuring three hundred and fifty feet in length by two hundred in width. Across this vast area humming with the combined labors of a thousand actors, scenic artists, carpenters, producers and camera men, we catch fleeting glimpses of the artists at work.

To the conservative, staid business man of affairs the sight is not likely to encourage earnest support. To him it will ever be a tinselled realm of small consequence, an unattractive hedge of painted men and women strutting about in a silly make-believe world, strangely detached and inferior to his own. To those of the theater, it is the land of heart's desire, something far removed from the work-a-day crowd; a

"Hail, Guest; we ask not what thou art.
If Friend, we greet thee hand and heart;
If Stranger, such no longer be;
If Foe, our love shall conquer thee."

sphere to be envied and sought after, because, they understand and dwell amid the heights of an ethereal cloud-land peopled with exquisite images of their own creation.

To the uninitiated, something new and interesting awaits. Leading up from a broad flight of cement steps one enters the studio proper. Here may be seen in proximity perhaps a dozen different scene-sets, no two having any connection with the other. Directors, manuscript in hand, like generals in an army marshalling their forces for action. Property men arranging draperies and furniture, scenic-artists industriously engaged, camera men getting their "line-ups," actors and actresses rehearsing their lines and going over intricate pieces of business, each apparently engrossed in their endeavor, yet, collectively work together in absolute harmony.

The "Boss," or owner, of the plant enters—not a quiver of additional excitement on the part of his employees. They have nothing to fear and they know it, they are not dumb-driven cattle afraid to look up as the "King" approaches; here, indeed, is a splendid example of real social democracy! A man among men, genial and whole-souled with a smile and word of encouragement to those that cross his path irrespective of their station.—Truly a rarity in this commercial age.

A fussy little fat man carrying himself importantly scurries hurriedly across the floor scowling ferociously, a half-chewed unlit cigar in his mouth, rebellion in his heart, a well thumbed scenario between his chubby fingers, and a worldly striving for effect which is not to be ignored by the satellites who cringe at his slightest mental upheaval. Christopher Columbus Wilson, the aforesaid mentioned party, a strange composite creature of varying whims. Big of frame and broad of girth, swept the narrow limitations of his domain like an avalanche, and, yet at times under the thin layer of external veneer, the soul of the man came to the surface expressing tenderness which might have done justice to a mother's heart.

"What's biting his royal knobs this morning?" cheerily chirped Doc, one of the assistant "props." "Say kid, what's wrong with you're belfry, ain't it?"

you're wise to his game? He's piped the Boss, that's all, he's in for a killin'!" came the willing rejoinder from a knight of the paint-brush who happened to overhear the remark. "Cut it out and get busy, get busy!"

In stentorian tones Wilson assumed command: "Everybody concerned in scene 32 kindly come this way," he announced like a superior ruffian bent on mischief. The scene referred to lent itself admirably to his grandiose methods of stage procedure. A wonderful old Italian garden of medieval period, embellished with bright banners, flaring flags, curiously wrought antique lanterns, old urns, low marble benches and great banks of foliage flanking every side. In the background, faithfully represented was a stately palace with porticos and little balconies, where the musicians were stationed tuning their instruments beneath a striped canopy, flower bedecked.

Wilson was invariably successful with massive productions, calling for the services of hundreds of people, such as the scenario in this case demanded, and the pity was that he knew it. As deeds are weighed in studios as well as actions, much was to be forgiven, because much was given in return in the way of dollars and cents, a fact not overlooked by the auditing department where the debit and credit side of the ledger was an open Bible for guidance, irrevocably measuring the standard of the smallest or greatest genius that ever graced the payroll.

Today Wilson gloried in a superb cast, the pick of the best regular Stock members (much to the chagrin of other directors who had to get along with lesser luminaries), and a well drilled force of experienced supernumeraries, to say nothing of the Boss for extra measure in the capacity of private audience. Wilson surveyed the assemblage with one sweeping glance: "Attention everybody! Musicians, take your places. Ladies, less talking please! Mrs. Ryan, you are supposed to be the Marchioness of Bologna, this is the ancestral mansion, and you, as hostess, are discovered in the place of honor under the balcony prepared to welcome your guests. Is that clear?"

"Excuse me just a minute, Governor," the property man apologized. "I've got to work in here. Johnny and me can't get that darned old fountain to work just right."

Johnny crawled around on his hands and knees, interrupted the rehearsal quite unconcerned while adjusting a long stretch of rubber garden hose, half concealed by grass mats.

"Hi! there! Blooch, turn on the juice. I want to see if she's working now."

Wilson, momentarily distracted from his original point of attack, looked daggers.

"Ah, quit yer kiddin', Governor, take 'er easy, it'll be all the same a hundred years from now."

"Say, little one," the "Governor" replied in a slightly chilled voice, "did you come to repair a leak or recite an impromptu soliloquy? If so, we will all sit down and listen."

Johnny, unabashed, went on with his work. Suddenly graceful streams of water shot skyward from the golden images surmounting the fountain and the scene resumed.

"Mrs. Ryan, get ready to receive your guests. Ladies, kindly remember that you are members of the nobility and selected from the best society. Try to act as much like the '400' as you can. Forget for the time being that all the 'wops' you know in this country are either spaghetti chefs, saloon-keepers or banana-vendors. People of the Latin races are emotionally inclined, temperamental, laughter-loving, gay-hearted and impulsive. I don't want you to act like cold blooded American citizens chasing the elusive and almighty dollar. From now on and until this picture is finished I want you to be real true Latins; eat Italian, dream Italian, in short, live Italian. Now, is that clear to everybody? Musicians start playing. Miss

Elsendrach, that is your cue to enter, bow very low to the Marchioness, then slowly and with stately step take your position with some of the court ladies to one side down stage until it is

time for you to dance.—Unknowingly, you have been followed here by your ardent and hated nemesis, Fernandez, a regular Don Juan sort of a fellow who is not in the running because you love another named Levardo. He is stalwart, young and handsome, a regular Yale athlete, but poor as Job's turkey and father after giving him the double O, has informed you there is nothing doing.—Do you get me?"

Miss Elsendrach, a young dark eyed gazelle of a girl, alive to her finger tips, sprang into view like a frightened fawn and pouted roughly back at him. "Yes, thank you, Mr. Wilson, I get you."

"Now then, let's proceed: Flower girls and dancing maidens! As Miss Elsendrach finishes her dance, they form a semi-circle immediately back of her. Wave the festooned floral branches that you carry, forming an arch under which she passes. This is where we start to build our climax. With all eyes turned toward the beautiful dancer, everybody applauding and chatting, Fernandez enters unexpectedly. He presses a little nearer, ravishing you with his eyes, fascinating and intoxicating you with the pent up fury of his love. You cover your eyes, try to get away, stagger as if to fall, clutching at the urn to your left for support, bewildered, not knowing which way to turn. Levardo enters, rushes to your assistance, encircles your body with his strong right arm, facing Fernandez defiantly. This position I want held a second as we have a cut-in speech to go in there, after which Levardo bears you triumphantly away amid great excitement. Now, is that clear to everybody?"

A tall blond in a borrowed brocaded court gown, patted her pompadour and shifted her one hundred and eighty pounds avoirdupois to a more comfortable position just in time to be reprimanded for massaging a wad of gum.—"Miss Whatever-your-name-is, the tall one in the rear next to Miss Allspice, stop working your jaws overtime. When this play was supposed to have taken place such abominations were unknown!—Violent Stevens, fix the placket of your skirt. It gaps in the back when you turn to the camera! Now everybody, let's rehearse! Then we'll try to make it! Come on, wake up! Give me a little pep! Marchioness commence, please! Musicians, start playing!"

"Everybody look off stage; wave your handkerchiefs, clap your hands. Move faster. The action drags. There, that's better. Charley Roberts, can that 'Coffin Nail'! The next man that comes into this studio with a lighted cigaret will be fired for good. And that goes, too!—On Miss Elsendrach. Bow to the Marchioness. Slowly down front.—Music cue—start your dance. Scatter your veils like a vaporous cloud about you. There, that's better. That's what I want!—Mrs. Ryan, more to the left. Don't look at me. Your face is partly hidden in shadow. Now, flower girls, remember what I told you! Dancing girls! Live up; form your circle. Fernandez on! See her! Hold it! Hold it! Don't move. Stagger, Miss Elsendrach. Act as if you're going to faint. Levardo on! This scene is yours, go to it. Grab her. Flash defiance at Fernandez. Exit! More excitement, everybody talking, watching them off. Hold your places. Well, folks, that's not so bad for a first performance, is it?"

"Miss Elsendrach, you are a little too self-conscious, it spoils your work. You're not supposed to know anything about Fernandez being here, until after your dance. Be natural and don't look like a scared Hottentot! Fernandez, fix your wig and pull up your tights!"

"Levardo, your work lacks conviction, stop posing, be natural, don't act like a comic-opera soubrette strutting about waiting for a solo number to hog the show! The camera will get you all right.—Musicians when the Marchioness screams, stop playing, become interested in the scene, lean over the railing, look down, ask questions of one another.

"How's your line up, Eddie?"

"All set, Governor, we'd better take it before the light gets any worse. A cloud is settling and we'll be in shadow before long. It's contrasty already." "Positions everybody! Remember what I've told you. Get ready! Start your action. GO!"

Slowly, majestically, the scene swung into place and Wilson presented an interesting study in human emotions as he minutely followed the action of every creature before him, stop-watch in hand. Shouting orders, his critically trained, all seeing eyes following every thread of the delicate web unfolding under his masterful direction. Now he was working like a Trojan, beads of perspiration trickling down his flushed, eager, anxious, excited face. He shouted, threatened, implored, cajoled, gesticulated and cursed all in one breath, his very heart beating a wild tattoo to the incessant grinding of the camera.

The old Marchioness held court austere with regal bearing; the flower girls danced in easy rhythm

while they scattered their choicest blooms to the breeze. The scene was a marvel of poise, technique and brilliant execution and when it was completed, Wilson turned happily to the operator.

"How many feet did she run, Eddie?"

"One hundred and five, Governor."

"Here too, Son," he nodded, glancing at his watch, "and it's going to be a peach."

Eddie jotted down the scene and amount of film used in his daily report card. Then he opened the door of his camera case. His face went white. He looked at Wilson.

"It's a make-over," he said simply, "the machine 'kicked'. I told them boobs down in the machine-shop not to let this old shoe-shining outfit go out on another job until it was carefully overhauled. The sprocket wheel is worn off and don't take up as it should. Gee! That's rotten luck," he added half apologetically, noticing Wilson's crestfallen expression, a fine mist filming the director's eyes where only a moment before a thousand brilliant fires gleamed with all the vigor of early youth. He stood gazing out of the weather begrimed glass wall, plainly distressed. Then he wheeled about facing the mob, his powerful jaws clicked together like a steel trap as if ashamed of his display of momentary weakness. Every eye was intently focused on him.

"Look out, fellows," ventured Charley Roberts, the incorrigible. "Hell's a brewing, the artistic temperament must be appeased, somebody will get it in the neck before the day's over with, mark my words."

"Oh, cut it out, Chick. He ain't near as bad as you try to make out. It's a wonder he ain't bugs entirely with such a bunch of rummies on his hands."

"Oh, slush! Speak for yourself, Cutey. That's what he's getting paid for. You've got to be more or less nutty before you can become a producer, and the only good ones in the business are the ones who were such rotten actors they couldn't hold a job down at that any longer, so they were elevated to the dippy class."

"Well, Chick, if you're wise you'll tend to your knitting. Bo-leave me; a bird in the hand is worth two in the bush, and you don't find any bushes blooming in January along little old Broadway as Georgia Cohan would interpolate."

These and sundry remarks were passed ad lib, in sotto voice, among the rank and file while Eddie was reloading his machine.

"All right, Governor," he said at last, closing the door with a gentle bang to emphasize his contempt of all machines in general.

"Let her flicker. Come, folks, once more, please."

Wilson's old fighting spirit had returned. He was ready for the fray with increased energy. "Get ready! Start your action! GO!"

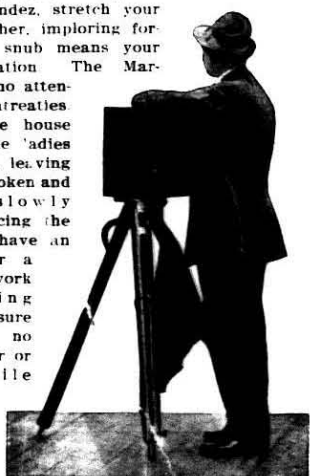
Once more the scene was enacted with even more brilliancy, dash and finish than characterized the first attempt.

"STOP!" he yelled lustily when it was over with, amid faint murmurings of the most heartless, witty conversation in Christendom. "What's the verdict? Did she kick again?"

"Not so you could notice it," Eddie answered. "Tell them to hold their positions. I want a still of this scene."

Wilson placed the principals down in the foreground and the picture was snapped.

"Everybody on in the next scene excepting Miss Elsendrach and Levardo. CLEAR! Mrs. Ryan, take a step or two towards Fernandez; pause and order him from the grounds. The idea is to humiliate him before your guests whom he has outraged by his behavior. I want this to register strong. Fernandez, stretch your hands toward her, imploring forgiveness; her snub means your social annihilation. The Marchioness pays no attention to your entreaties. She enters the house followed by the ladies of her retinue, leaving you dejected, broken and alone. Come slowly down stage facing the camera. You have an opportunity for a great piece of work here, glancing about to make sure that there is no one to overhear or see. You smile craftily. Your brain has evolved a means for revenge.



While you meditate, a trusted henchman enters. You beckon him to your side, tell him to—"

"Well, what's wrong now, Eddie?" Wilson inquired jocularly as fragments of picturesque sentences addressed in the first person reached his ears.

"Oh, nothing much; I lost my view-finder, that's all!"

"Well, why so excited? If it was a snake it would bite you. There it is under the radiator."

"All right, Old Top, much obliged."

"Now, then, once more, let's rehearse before our young friend here at my right loses the camera. Fernandez, show surprise; act as you imagine an Italian of royal blood would under the circumstances. On Henchman! See him, Fernandez. Call him to you; glance furtively about to be sure that you are unobserved."

Fernandez faithfully portrayed the action as instructed down to the minutest detail, then stood quite

still chatting volubly with his companion.

"Well, what's wrong! Going to keep up that gabfest all day! Got stage fright! Gone on a strike, or what's the idea?" Wilson flung out sarcastically. "You're supposed to act in this scene, if it's not inconvenient you any."

Fernandez's eyes dilated and fell, an angry flush of color crimsoned his make-up a deeper hue. Unflinchingly, he returned look for look, repression written in his every movement. Then slowly in even calm measured tones he flung back: "You will pardon me, Mr. Wilson, for reminding you that under the circumstances your remarks are ill-timed and unnecessary. I lay no claim to clairvoyance and without that gift I am unable to follow you further. Your instructions to me were interrupted by another's misfortune. Therefore, until such time that you inform me what to do, I must remain where we left off."

The old Marchioness turned her head to smile, and would have willingly paid a dollar for the privilege of unrestrained mirth as the occasion demanded had she dared. Fernandez was an old member of the regular stock company, reliable and worthy in every respect and for a long time had been regarded as one of Wilson's favorites, as far as that application could fit his vagaries of mind from one day's end to the other. He was as fickle as a chorus girl and as vain. There could be no doubt that Wilson was offended though down deep in his heart he loved a fighter, and a man who would stand up for his rights. He resented being publicly reprimanded and for the second the blood rushed to his head, while irregular swollen veins stood out in strong relief like whipcords against the pallor of his cheeks.

"I beg your pardon," he placated condescendingly, wishing to avoid further hostilities. "I guess it's my

(Continued on page 24)

SOMETHING NEW UNDER THE SUN

A PICTORIAL VOYAGEUR REPORTER—Grace Darling

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HE American newspaper reporter leads the vanguard for emancipated woman—a position attained not through any gallantry toward the sex or catering to feminine weakness, for she has survived the "double-cross" and the "scribe"

in earning a place among the "top-notchers" for pen cleverness—since the days that Nelly Bly circumnavigated the globe with a small hand-bag, the news-seeking sisterhood has been persistent and progressive in chronicling the day's doings.

The latest type news-notcher is the moving picture reporter, originated and invested by Grace Darling, who is making the rounds of the continent as the representative of the Hearst-Selig News Pictorial. From the standpoint of enthusiastic and unprejudiced youth, she is looking over the ways of the world news and the works of man. From locations that may have grown monotonous and creations that may appear commonplace—vital interpretative sense gives them a new and vivacious interest in delightful affiliation with the new art-form—moving pictures.

And in order that the readers of Movie Pictorial might share a closer insight into the procedure of this newest auxiliary of filmdom, Miss Darling was invited to relate somewhat of her trip from New York to the city at the Golden Gate.

Special Correspondence for the
MOVIE PICTORIAL

San Francisco, California.

"Just as soon as I finish this, I am going to meet the venerable Ishi, the last of the California

Indians, my final memory of the wonderful experiences I have had since I left New York to give impressions for the Hearst-Selig News Pictorial.

"You must know there is a difference between the newspaper reporter and the new idea expressed in the 'movie reporter.' The former is compelled to chronicle many things unpleasant, while the latter is fortunate in only having agreeable experiences, interpreting with an accompaniment of the moving picture camera, scenes of beauty or the more agreeable phases of life.

"Everything has seemed very wonderful to me since the day only a few weeks ago when I left New York City with a letter from Mayor Mitchel of New York for Mayor Rolph of San Francisco, and a letter from Governor Whitman for Governor Johnson of California. The mayor was very nice to me. He smiled sweetly, signed the letter and handed it to me, wished me *bon voyage* and sent his private secretary and the New York City Fire Commissioner to the steamship pier to see me off. Governor Whitman was just as courteous and helped me into my automobile when I left the Capitol at Albany.

"But the real excitement did not start until after the steamship Almirante had left New York for Colon. On our second day out we sighted an Italian steamer flying a flag of distress, sent a lifeboat to the steamer and learned that she had been drifting about for several days without coal. She had no wireless and



Grace Darling and Ishi, the Last of the California Indians

had been unable to summon assistance. We sent an aerogram to New York for her, and were told that a United States Revenue Cutter would be sent to her aid. All of our passengers were very much excited about it. We crowded the railing and clamored about the moving picture operator while he made pictures of our lifeboat leaving and returning.

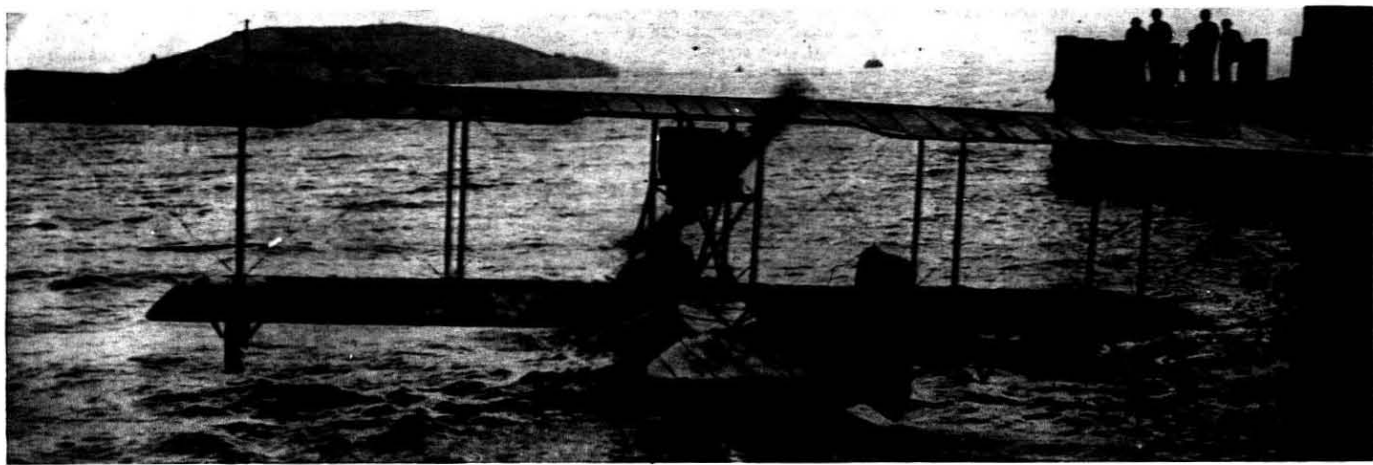
"Kingston, Jamaica, was our first stop. There I was allowed to land and was received by the Governor and taken for a ride through Jamaica in his automobile. Then we continued our journey to Colon, where we arrived in the early morning. I was so anxious to land that I wanted to get into some kind of a boat and go ashore at once, but the officers of the Almirante assured me that there were certain formalities to be gone through with first. We were finally permitted to go ashore. I was delighted with the town, with its quaint houses and peculiar narrow, twisting streets.

"The hotel arrangements were excellent and when the time came to leave I almost regretted the necessity I passed through the Canal on the steamship Great Northern, but before boarding, went for a tour of inspection of some of the great locks. All of the technical workings of the wonderful and massive mechanism were explained to me, but I fear that I

did not understand it very well. I was shown over Miraflores Locks, Gatun Dam, Gatun Lake, and the village of Gatun. I found this small but vitally important village and its surroundings, including the soldiers' quarters, especially interesting. At the headquarters of the

Grace Darling
and Colonel
Harding in
Front of the
Administration
Building at
Panama





"Then Came the Most Wonderful Experience of All, We Flew Over the Bay with the City and Exposition Grounds Lying in the Distance. It was Wonderful"

Canal Zone Government. I was introduced to Col. Harding, the Acting Governor of the Zone. I was much disappointed in not being able to meet Col. Goethals, of whom I had read so much, but I was told the Governor of the Zone was in Washington. Col. Harding escorted me about the Administration building and afterwards posed with me on the steps of the building.

"On the way back I rode in an 'electric mule,' one of those peculiar little electric locomotives that haul the great liners through the Canal. The engineer took me into his cab and we rode over continual inclines something like the 'thrillers' at summer amusement parks, only these 'mules' are not tricky and don't travel very fast. The engineer said that if they did they would be thrown off the track, and that when they are hauling a steamer through the Canal they naturally have to move slowly.

"Then I boarded the Great Northern and met Norman E. Mack, former Democratic State Chairman of New York, and Ex-Governor Glynn of New York (members of the New York Commission for the Panama-Pacific Exposition). They were going to make the trip through the Canal to San Francisco and I found them wonderfully agreeable company. Governor Glynn and Mrs. Glynn, and Mr. and Mrs. Mack and their daughter attended the luncheon given me on my arrival at San Francisco.

"The first stop made by the Great Northern was at San Diego. I landed for a brief time, and visited the Panama-California Exposition and was shown about by the President of the Exposition. From San Diego I went to Los Angeles, but stayed only a short while, continuing my trip to 'Frisco.

Soon after the Great Northern had passed the Golden Gate, we were met by the Committee Boat, with Mayor Rolph and a lot of prominent persons on board. I climbed down a ladder to the Committee Boat, was introduced to Mayor Rolph, Mrs. Rolph and several justices of the Supreme Court, Appellate Court and Superior Court, who composed the committee. After I had handed Mayor Rolph my letter, and he had read it and I was presented to the members of the committee, Silas Christofferson, who had been flying over our heads in his hydro-aeroplane, alighted gracefully on the water beside our boat and transferred me to his machine.

"Then came the most wonderful experience of all. We flew over the bay, with the city and exposition grounds lying in the distance. It was wonderful. Somehow I didn't feel a bit afraid. The gentle swaying of the aeroplane was pleasant, and even when it took a sudden dip once or twice I only lost my breath for a moment. After the flight I got into Mayor Rolph's automobile, and followed by a dozen other machines, we went to the Hotel St. Francis where luncheon was served and speeches were made.

"And there are dozens of things for me to do. Do you wonder that I find being a moving picture reporter delightful? I don't think any writer could do justice to the wonderful California scenery — but the moving picture camera can, despite the fact that you will lose the glorious color tints.

GRACE DARLING."

crossed the continent and been an interested and interesting sojourner in Chicago. The railway journey was uneventful, so she rested for more adventurous experiences after her adventurous days in Panama and along the Pacific Coast, among the new and magically beautiful architectural creations in Fair and Exposition.

The representative of Movie Pictorial found



"Whenever We Hesitate the Crowd Gathers"

Grace Darling as befitting her name, a blonde type, with clear cut features, svelte-lissome figure — a regular Nell Brinkley girl — pictorially impressive.

Until she made her Pacific Coast trip, she had never journeyed west of Albany, so she had ample chances for surprise with every mile of progress.

"What experience has impressed you the most?" ventured an interviewer.

"This is so sudden!" responded the young lady, raising her hand to her brow, showing a Cornell fraternity ring quite unconsciously. "You see I have seen so many wonderful things since I left dear old New York, it is hard to name the big sensations in a minute." She thought for a moment and responded: "Well, I believe my trip in a hydro-aeroplane over San Francisco Bay was one of them, and playing with the leopards and tigers in Selig's Zoo in Los Angeles was the next!" She smiled at the thought of the daring adventures.

"I have been in Chicago five days and have enjoyed every waking moment, and I marvel at the spirit of the city that is so brisk it is infectious — believe me!

"Yes, I have been shopping in

wonderful stores and have had some time navigating squally, wonderful streets with a camera-man grinding on my trail. I did so want to stop and look at the well dressed women; but whenever we hesitated the crowd gathered. Do you know I had to be rescued by the police? The crowd was so pressing when I came out of the Court of Domestic Relations, they just had to carry me."

"You have been in court, then?" queried the scribe.

"Worse than that. Why I've been in jail! It was this way: when I visited the Selig Studio,

I met Mr. Selig for the first time at the big plant on the North Side. He very kindly remarked I was too attractive to be at large, and all at once walked me through a barred door; and they made a 'movie' of me behind the bars before I knew it. Then he kindly released me on my own recognizance. He is some joker!

"Curiously enough, I was invited to sit with the judge in the Court of Domestic Relations, and the first case I was asked to pass upon was that of a moving-picture actress.

"It's all in a day's work," smilingly remarked Miss Darling as she was summoned to lecture on her travels at a picture theater.

"It's all in a day's work!" — Yes, variety is the keynote of the work of

the Pictorial Voyageur Reporter, or "Movie Reporter," as this latest auxiliary of filmdom will come to be familiarly known. And ever in the day's work will be the unremitting companionship of the clicking moving picture camera.



"I've Been in Jail. It Was this Way. When I Visited the Selig Studio, I Met Mr. Selig for the First Time. He Very Kindly Remarked I Was Too Attractive to Be at Large; and He Walked Me Through a Barred Door, and They Made a 'Movie' of Me"

Since the close of this letter, Grace Darling has

A VISIT TO THE FAVORITE PLAYERS STUDIO

BY
Dick Melbourne

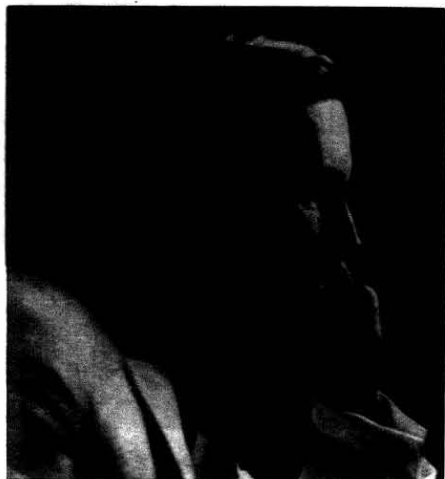


Photo by Witzel, L. A.

They form a sharp contrast, Blackwell and Taylor, the former tall, slim, alert, dark eyed and black haired; the latter strong of face with the "Irish" showing in the keen eyes and the long upper lip, big boned and built for strength and tenacity.

This is the commencement of a Series on the Studios. Each issue of Movie Pictorial will contain a "visit" to one of the prominent moving picture studios. The stories will bring you closer to the players and their associates, carry you into their work-day lives, acquaint you with the daily "Spinning of Webs" of various human film stories by these groups of remarkable people that comprise the artist organization within the studios.



Photo by Mojonnier, L. A.

"I HAVE got to have room," said Carlyle Blackwell, as I remarked upon the fact that he had two dressing rooms made into one. "I hate to be cramped," and as I sat by his oil stove, for it was very early in the morning and the rains had left the atmosphere damp, I surveyed the rows of clothes neatly hung behind canvas curtains, hats galore and shoes a plenty. Carlyle Blackwell is a proverbial, good and careful dresser and just what his tailor bills come to per month, he would not tell me.—"I do not keep count," he argued, "when I want a new suit I go and get one and I aim to dress all my parts correctly. I am a strong advocate for good clothes on the screen and when anyone tells you that cheap suits register as well as tailored clothes, you can tell him emphatically he is incorrect in his surmise."

It is care with details and conscientiousness in his acting and dressing which have made Carlyle Blackwell the undoubted favorite he is today, and false economy either in dress, or in the mounting of a picture has stopped many an actor's career or a concern's progress at a certain unwise point.

The director, William D. Taylor, was preparing for an interior scene in the production of "The High Hand," and I noted that he superintended everything to the smallest detail, himself. They form a sharp contrast, Taylor and Blackwell, the latter slim, alert, dark eyed and black haired, the former strong of face with the "Irish" showing in the keen eyes and the long upper lip, big boned and built for strength and tenacity. Taylor was formerly one of the finest actors on the legitimate stage and on the screen and created quite a sensation with his "Captain Alvarez," the six reeler put on by the Vitagraph Company. They make a splendid alliance, and during their pleasant association, Carlyle Blackwell has done better work than ever before, and Taylor has never done anything so good as his direction of "The High Hand," and "The Last Chapter."

"Daddy" Springer has surpassed himself in the furnishings of the beautiful set and Daddy deserves a word to himself for he is quite a character. He is devoted to Blackwell, and when the latter went East with the Famous Players to act in "The Spitfire," Springer worked for another firm, but he told Carlyle that the moment he heard he was coming back, he would quit, and he did. He was waiting for his late boss at the station and

there was never any question in his mind that he would do anything else but work for the newly formed Favorite Players Company, and he is part and parcel of it. Springer has a persuasive way with him and can coax anything from a broom handle to a sarcophagus from a peasant or a millionaire, a barn or a museum. They know he will always return what he borrows in good condition and woe betide the property man or artist who puts so much as a scratch on any article he brings into the studio.

The scene being ready, Blackwell and the others appearing in it, were duly called. Douglas Gerrard was one of them and Douglas is another Irishman with the tell-tale lip and black curly hair, and oh, the ready tongue of him, he has an answer ready for one all the time, and he can argue the leg off an iron pot. With it all, he is a brilliant actor and an excellent foil to Blackwell, and he is always scrupulously dressed and is terribly worried if he finds a hair on his coat or a crease out of place. Gerrard did good work for the Kalem and Majestic Companies, and was well known on the legitimate stage before he essayed picture acting. Johnny Sheehan was ready

for his part, ANOTHER Irishman and another witty one too. Johnny has a curious drawl and tells so many funny stories that he has to be admonished and subdued at times—subdued for about two minutes. He is a character actor and an artist at make-up and a valuable member of the company. Billy Brunton is another stand-by, and if William had only been born with a few more inches atop of him, he would be a big figure on the pantomimic stage, and he is regarded as one of the best screen actors, as it is.

There was but one girl, and a little one at that, Neva Gerber is so small and so pretty that she looks almost out of place with all the men, and she has the only woman's part of consequence in the present photoplay. Neva has worked with Carlyle before, during the time he was a member of the Kalem Company, with whom he made such a name for himself, and Neva was also with Edwin August and acted opposite her present director when he was acting and producing for the Balboa Company at Long Beach.

To get away from the Irish element somewhat, the company have a clever little Englishman to turn the crank of the camera, for Homer Scott has earned his place by his truly wonderful photography and his past record. Scott was imprisoned in Mexico for some time and only escaped death by a miracle. He is fond of adventure and would risk it all again, only there is a Mrs. Scott who objects and thinks that her hubby takes risks enough with the ordinary motion picture concern, so Scott lives in an apartment house and works faithfully and well and gets much credit for his camera ingenuity.

Then there is Henry Kernan, who assists his director and who also takes papas and merchants and parts which he does with due dignity and aplomb. Harry is a useful man, having been architect in days gone by.

The work at the Favorite Players studio goes along very smoothly. Taylor knows just what he wants and has the ability to get it without too much effort; he has experienced artists who do not need too much directing, and in Carlyle Blackwell he has about the easiest acting star in the game. Blackwell is highly intelligent and grasps any situation readily, and is never above helping a less resourceful actor who plays with him. The company is just a happy family. To those who think that this acting is mere play, I would say that every member of the cast ate breakfast before seven o'clock in order to be made up and



There Is But One Girl, and a Little One at That. Neva Gerber Is So Small and So Pretty That She Looks Almost Out of Place with All the Men.

(Continued on page 26)

The Secret of Paint Creek

SECOND INSTALLMENT

SYNOPSIS OF PRECEDING CHAPTERS

Clem Peyton, editor, and Bob McKee, business manager, owners of the Warrentown Bugle, face failure — one good "Scoop" would put them again in the race with their rival, The Argus. Doc Mowry, the Coroner, happens in. Having failed to reach the Sheriff, he tips them off that he is on his way to the scene of a sinister tragedy. Clem rises avidly to the occasion, accompanies the Coroner to the scene and is thereby first newsman on the trail. At the distant Hope Farm, the body of a man is found hanging from the limb of a huge oak — a green arrow chalked across the bosom of the shirt. Clem takes in the situation from every angle and secretly makes startling discoveries. The Coroner, with Clem, never for an instant being separated from him, again tries, from a nearby house, to reach the Sheriff on the telephone, but at this juncture the Sheriff drives up, accompanied by the star reporter of The Argus. Clem's disappointment is banished on learning they have just come from Waverly, where the bank was robbed of forty thousand dollars just twenty hours before and they know nothing yet of the closer tragedy.

Chapter Five THE TRAIL LEADS TO THE BUNGALOW

THE most exacting reader must admit that the Fates had provided Clem Peyton a lively morning of it, to say the least, and had given him a program full enough of surprises to satisfy even his exacting newspaper craving. Indeed, the young man was obliged to confess ruefully to himself that his brain was becoming slightly dizzy, and that events were moving with a rapidity, becoming almost uncomfortable. But the end was not yet.

Clem was so buried in his rioting thoughts that the girl who had appeared behind him addressed him twice before her voice penetrated his consciousness.

"If you don't care to speak to me, Clem Peyton, you don't have to."

Clem turned with a start, and guiltily doffed his hat, as he recognized Dell Murray, one of the leaders of the younger social set of Warrentown. "Why, Miss Murray! You must excuse me! I was —"

"Not expecting to see me here?" laughed the girl as she approached. "And yet I have been here nearly two weeks. Mrs. Bateman is my aunt."

"I was wondering the other day where you had gone," said Clem, beginning to recover himself, and wishing heartily that she was almost anywhere else at that particular moment. And yet at any other time, it must be confessed, he would have welcomed her appearance.

"Indeed?" laughed Miss Murray. "You don't look overly glad to see me! Oh, you needn't deny it! That photograph in your hand must possess an unusual attraction. Who is she?"

"It isn't a she!" said Clem rather ungraciously. With a sudden impulse he held the picture of Jerry Reynolds over to her.

It was a careless action, quite without connected thought. Certainly Clem was entirely unprepared for the result. Miss Murray glanced at the photograph with a laughing curiosity, which was succeeded the next moment by an incredulous gasp. She raised her eyes in a stare of inquiry, and then quickly lowered them. Clem's first thought was that she had been startled by the recognition of the convict garb, but he was to see that he was mistaken.

"Where did you get this picture?" she asked. "It is one that Sheriff Johnson brought from Waverly. Why?"

"Who is the man?" There was something deeper than mere curiosity in the query. Clem caught the under note in her voice with a puzzled frown.

"The photograph is supposed to be a likeness of one Jerry Reynolds, escaped convict, yegg, bank looter, and all round bad man. I am not assuming, though, that your circle of friends includes him!"

MISS MURRAY was again staring at the picture as though fascinated by the grim face it revealed.

"I say!" Clem took a step toward her. "You don't mean to tell me that you recognize the man, by any chance?"

The girl gave a strained laugh. "I—I don't know. It seems too absurd, ridiculous. I must be mistaken, of course!"

"Let me be the judge of that," said Clem quickly. "Perhaps I had better." The girl hesitated. "You'll promise not to laugh at me?"

"Of course not!"

"Then — if you are acquainted around here, you know where the Morrell bungalow is?"

"Up Paint Creek about half a mile,"

said Clem, recalling suddenly the mention of the name by Curliiss Hope in the inquiry into the tragedy.

Miss Murray nodded. "The Morrells rented their place for the season to a man by the name of Wilkins, a stranger in this section. I think he is an inventor of some kind. At any rate he has fitted up the garage as a workshop, and seldom leaves it, I guess. He lives alone with his niece and a housekeeper. And, and — I know it is utterly ridiculous, and all that. But I may as well finish since I have gone this far. The family receives few visitors, but among the number is a man, whom they meet in Warrentown and drive out here in their car. Once or twice I met him with the girl. Clem Peyton, that man and your escaped convict might almost be the same person!"

Miss Murray saw that she had aroused an intense interest, if not conviction, and that, at least, there was no disposition on Clem's part to make light of her statement.

"ANOTHER curious fact is this," she went on, lowering her voice almost unconsciously. "Early last evening I was almost positive that I saw the Wilkins' guest passing along the pike here on foot, and yet somehow his appearance seemed oddly different. In the first place he was dressed almost like a tramp. In the second place he was wearing a heavy mustache, and I am almost positive that I saw him the day before without one!"

Clem was silent for so long following the girl's unexpected information that she gazed at him uneasily.

"What you have told me may be very important and very serious," he told her at last. He was assuming that she had heard nothing as yet of the gruesome discovery on the creek bank, nor of the news of Sheriff Johnson. He saw that her uneasiness was being increased by his attitude, and he tried to conceal his gravity as he stepped again toward the house.

"I am going to use your telephone, if I may," he said with attempted lightness.

"Oh, certainly!" But I was hoping that you would explain to me," rejoined Miss Murray in obvious disappointment.

"I'll do that later, fully," assured Clem, as he disappeared toward the kitchen door. He was intent now on reaching The Bugle office without further delay. In a dim way he realized that he was groping in a tangle of events much more far reaching than any local tragedy. The fact could not be concealed any longer that, regardless of the truth or falsity of his first imaginative deductions, he was on the edge of a mystery more serious than he had dared to dream. The discovery on the creek bank was only a beginning. Fate, or Chance, or whatever one chose to call it, had selected the quiet, peaceful countryside of Warren county as the stage for a drama, which he was only beginning as yet to sense without attempting to understand. He could imagine that within another twelve hours the newspapers and police departments of the large cities of the state would be awaiting news from Warren county with an ex-

citement equal to his own. He grinned exultantly as he reflected that up to date he alone held the tangled threads of events and the first suggestion of anything approaching an explanation of the riddles. It was up to him and The Bugle to make the most of the opportunity.

His voice was crisp with excitement when the telephone exchange at Warrentown connected him with The Bugle office, and he caught Bob McKee's answering tones over the wire. Clem held the line so long that twice the voice of the Exchange girl broke in impatiently. But he was determined to place Bob in possession of his information even although it meant a tie-up of the wire to do so. It was a harder task than he had foreseen. It was much more difficult for McKee to grasp the relative proportion of events four miles away than for an observer on the scene of action, and afterwards Bob admitted frankly that his credulity had been given the severest test of his life.

CLEM could not complain, however, that his excitement failed to awaken an answering response, or that his partner did not show proper enthusiasm for his efforts. Clem could hardly have found a more sympathetic or appreciative listener, and his suggestion as to his next course of action received a prompt endorsement.

"It seems to me that I ought to camp here the rest of the day," he said dubiously, "that is, if you can manage —"

"Oh, I'll manage!" answered Bob cheerily. "I think you are right. Go to it — just as far as you like! By the way, don't you think I had better have the Anderson garage send you out a car?"

"Good idea! I'll watch for it. I am afraid I am giving you the hard share of the work just now, old man, but —"

"Don't worry about that! I'm almost beginning to hope again for the first time in six months! If you can get at the heart of this Jerry Reynolds mystery, or whatever it is, we'll have the dear public on their knees!"

Clem dug his hands into his pockets as he returned to the yard. Bob's last words had somehow emphasized the real difficulties of the task he had undertaken. He was obliged to admit that the whole problem was seeming more hopeless even than at first after the curt summary of events he had given over the telephone, and that it was more chance than skill which had enabled him to progress as far as he had done — always providing, of course, that he was on the right trail after all.

A GLANCE down the road failed to reveal any signs of the sheriff or the coroner returning. Of course, it was just possible that part of the number, at least, were going back to town in Dr. Mowry's car without coming back to the farmhouse, and that Kelly might be among the number.

Clem found Miss Murray seated on the porch with a book. "Are you ready to make good your promise?" she asked with a half pout.

Clem submitted with what grace he could muster, consoling himself with the reflection that he would be obliged to wait anyway for the promised automobile from town. Although he was a young man with an appreciative eye always open for feminine beauty, and had never been suspected of dodging a pretty girl

in his journalistic career, Miss Murray had the unpleasant sensation in the half hour that followed that she was engaging rather less than a quarter of his attention. It was not until their conversation veered again to the tenants of the Morrell bungalow and their mysterious visitor that Clem really awakened from his preoccupation. He had purposely refrained from giving his companion anything but the more obvious details of the morning's events, with the natural secretiveness of a reporter on a big story keeping back his deductions and opinions. For instance, he dwelt as lightly as possible on the theory that the dead man on the creek bank was Jerry Reynolds, the escaped bank burglar. It was Miss Murray who returned to this phase

"IF YOU are really right, Clem, what about the part the girl is playing in it all?"
 "Girl? What girl?"
 "Why, the girl at the bungalow, of course, Stupid!" Clem flushed. "By the way, did you mention her name?"

"I don't believe I did. It is Faith Morrison. A rather pretty name, I think, and a rather pretty girl."

For a moment Clem sat drawing at his pipe thoughtfully. The idea, of course, was whimsical, and fantastic. There are limits even to the long arm of coincidence, but —

"Just what kind of a girl is this — Miss Morrison?" he asked carelessly.

Della Murray glanced at him suspiciously, but he was looking down the road.

"Why, I don't know that I can describe her," she said contemptuously. "She is very fond of the outdoors, the woods and the country, you know, a rather unconventional young lady. I should say, from the descriptions I have heard. She is always rambling about in all sorts of places. Seems absolutely fearless. Generally wears a flannel shirtwaist, short skirt, and high boots. As for the rest of the description, she is as tanned as an Indian, seldom wears a hat of any kind, has rather large brown eyes, brown hair —"

"And lots of it!" said Clem abruptly.
 Della Murray caught his arm, and looked up into his face. "I believe you know her, Clem Payton, and have been leading up to her all the time! So she is the attraction around here?"

Clem flushed uncomfortably. Della was more nearly correct than she might have thought. He realized suddenly that the girl he had surprised on the creek bank had been lurking in the back of his mind ever since, and that he was finding an unusual fascination in the memory of that vanishing face he had glimpsed in that single stare of bewilderment. Or was it the mystery the girl had suggested?

Curiously enough, there was not the slightest doubt in his mind that he had found her again.

Chapter Six

SOME EVENTS AT BEACH HILL

SHOUTS from the pike intervened to save Clem Payton from further cross-examination of Della Murray. And she was a young woman who generally obtained what she wanted — from the masculine sex.

The sheriff and his companions were returning, and at his first glance Clem saw that the party had divided. Leaving the girl on the veranda he stepped down to the gate. Sheriff Johnson was accompanied only by Ed Hope and his son. The official's first words announced that the coroner had returned to town to make arrangements with an undertaker for the removal of the body, taking Kelly with him.

It was plain that Clem's guess as to the identity of the dead man was as yet not suspected by the others. He wondered somewhat at the fact until he recalled that the suggestion of a false mustache had probably not appealed to the coroner as forcibly as it had to himself. Dr. Mowry was trained to see only that which was directly before his eyes.

"What do you make of it all, Sheriff?" Clem asked curiously. Mr. Johnson expectorated solemnly.

"Of course, the fellow killed himself. It's my theory that he was crazy."

"Maybe so," conceded Clem with the idea of drawing out all the official information possible. "You don't suppose there is any connection between this affair and the Jerry Reynolds case, do you?"

"What connection could there be?" retorted Mr. Johnson impatiently, climbing into his car. "By the way, you might mention the rewards that are offered by the Waverley banks for Jerry or his pals, when you work up your account in The Bugle. We want to give that part of it all the publicity possible. The bank in Waverley has put up two thousand dollars on its own account, and the county commissioners have added a thousand more. I am going to try to have the commissioners of this county do something in the same line, if the gang is rounded up here. With the rewards from the other banks that have been held up by the gang this summer, there is a cool eleven thousand dollars up! How is that? I reckon the folks around here will open their eyes when they hear about it, eh?"

Clem drew out his notebook. "I'd like to get that just right, Sheriff. Do those amounts mean the arrest of the criminals, or the recovery of the loot, or both?"

"Most of the money means for the recovery of the plunder, and the arrest of the burglars. About half of it, though, is for the apprehension of Jerry Reynolds, himself — and that means dead or alive!"

The Sheriff waved a hand condescendingly. "I'll see you later! I guess this is some busy day for you and Kelly!"

Clem watched him depart with a tingling of his pulse. Eleven thousand dollars! Ye gods! A reward of eleven thousand dollars! It was with an effort that he brought himself back to earth. The sum offered for the rounding up of the Reynolds gang might have been twice as much without affecting him, in all probability. He was letting his imagination get the better of his logic again.

CLEM knocked out his pipe and refilled it. From down the road came the chugging of a motor, and a moment later the automobile from the Warrentown garage, dispatched by Bob McKee, drew up at Clem's hall. The reporter climbed in by the driver, and waved a jaunty farewell to Della Murray and the two Hopes.

"I'll see you all again before the day is over," he called.

"I'll be looking for you," answered Della.
 "Where to?" asked the chauffeur, surveying his fare curiously. It was apparent that the man had already heard rumors of the tragedy.

"Drop me about a quarter of a mile or so this side of the Morrell bungalow." Clem settled himself in the seat, disregarding the chauffeur's inquiring glances, and evident desire to talk, and smoked scowlingly as the car sped down the yellow ribbon of the pike.

What was he expecting to find at the Morrell bungalow? What excuse could he give for a visit? Certainly he could not go bursting in on a peaceable, retiring stranger and an inoffensive young woman, and announce that he was insane enough to suspect them of a possible connection with a notorious bank burglar, and a possible murder? They would undoubtedly have him ejected from the premises with just indignation. When the car slowed to a pause by the road, and the driver jerked out the information that the Morrell place was just around the bend, Clem was still in a complete quandary as to just what he was expecting, or hoping to do.

Ordering the man to wait, with the cheerful news that he might be back in ten minutes, or might not return for an hour, he climbed a rail fence, and disappeared through a fringe of trees beyond.

The trees and underbrush were so thick and close as to make passage extremely difficult at points. Clem found his whole attention for the next few minutes occupied with the task of picking a way through the leafy barrier before him. One could almost fancy that the tangle of shrubbery had been neglected purposely. Certainly a more effective screening from the road could not have been provided.

Quite abruptly Clem found himself through the thicket, and saw with surprise that the ground from this point on had been carefully cleared away. The reporter was perhaps twenty yards from a low, square, cement building, directly ahead, from which a circular driveway led to a rather fancifully designed bungalow, set in a clump of century-old beeches. From a distance he could catch the faint murmur of water, and as he moved cautiously to his right he saw that the beeches marked the crest of a rugged cliff, descending in almost a sheer drop to the edge of Paint Creek. From the upper windows of the bungalow, one might have dropped a stone

straight into the water fifty feet below. Clem had approached the place from the rear. The pike evidently curved in such a way as to leave the front veranda of the house a clear view of the road.

The reporter stood digesting the details of the scene one by one, and again conscious that he had embarked on something of a fool's errand. The place was apparently deserted. At least, he saw no signs of occupants. Should he boldly approach the house, and introduce himself as a reporter, asking frankly if the family had seen a mysterious stranger in the neighborhood recently? Or should he abandon the whole venture and return to the automobile?

IT WAS at this point that he became gradually aware that the murmur of tumbling water in the distance was curiously broken and irregular. At times it died down almost completely, to be suddenly increased again at spasmodic intervals. His glance, circling to the garage, explained the mystery. From a chimney, set in its flat roof, a thin blue curl of smoke was rising. The murmur, which he had associated only with the creek was caused as much by a subdued whir of machinery from the building as by the water below. He could see now that the hidden machinery, whatever its nature or purpose, was being shut off at intervals, and then started again. Della Murray's information that the new tenant of the bungalow had fitted up the garage as a workshop recurred to him. Was it possible to obtain a nearer view of the building without being ordered from the premises as a trespasser?

He decided at once that an approach from the direction in which he now faced the garage was out of the question. With a vague idea of reaching the building from the other side, he began a detour wide enough to bring him to the creek some distance below in the hope of finding a more convenient approach as he ascended the stream.

With the legs of his trousers covered with bristles and his left hand torn by a barbed wire in negotiating an intervening fence, he managed finally to gain the stream perhaps an eighth of a mile below, slipping and stumbling down the face of the cliff, which was much less abrupt, however, than in the immediate vicinity of the bungalow, sinking gradually until, at the point where the dead man had been discovered, it practically vanished.

Hardly pausing to regain his scattered breath, Clem began his return trip. Paint Creek in this neighborhood at least was a deeper and more pretentious stream than he had found it below. Whatever it might be in other sections, it was clear that a fairly large motor boat would find no difficulty in navigating the limpid water here. Remembering the information that the Morrells owned such a craft, Clem found himself searching for a boathouse as he again neared the vicinity of the bungalow above. He was not disappointed in his quest.

AT THE base of the cliff a rustic little box of a building suddenly appeared before him, erected out over the water. Two rowboats and an open motor-boat were moored to a small stone wharf adjoined it. From the wharf, a series of steps, constructed evidently at considerable expense and labor, wound up the face of the cliff. Clem saw at once that the boathouse was deserted, and when he tried its door he found that it was locked. The boats were fastened to the wharf by padlocked chains.

He paused, again uncertain as to how to proceed. He drew back, gazing longingly up the cliff steps. As he did so, something in the bushes caught his roving glance. With a little cry he reached into the tangled foliage.

The object which had drawn his attention, was a rather dilapidated straw hat, with its crown dented as by the imprint of a boot. He turned it over curiously. On a soiled band, sewed inside the crown, was the name of a retail clothing store in Cincinnati, Ohio.

Clem straightened with a rather forced laugh. Of course, the hat might be the missing headgear of the dead man on the oak tree! And again it probably bore no connection, whatever, with the tragedy. It was just such a hat as the man might have worn. It was certainly on a par with the remainder of his costume. Granting that there was a connection between the stranger and the bungalow

(Continued on page 24)

FUTURE FILM FEATURES



Miriam
Nesbitt
As

Odanah
Durand

Killed Against Orders

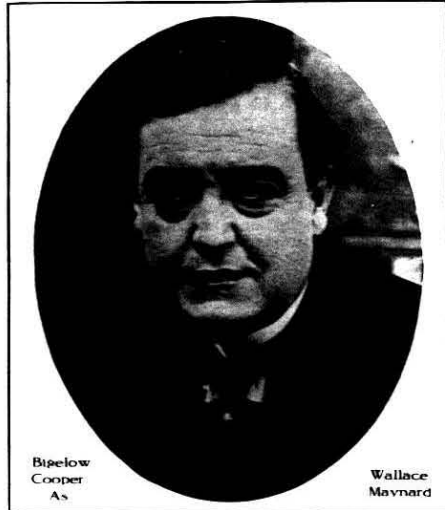
By Mary Rider

Edison Feature In Three Parts

CAST

Odanah Durand MIRIAM NESBITT
Her father Robert Brower
District Attorney Maynard Bigelow Cooper
Lawyer Marsh Robert Kegerreis
Charles Stone, store detective Allan Crollius
Henry Wayne Warren Cook
Bully, a crook Charles McGee

As rain falls upon the just and the unjust, so evil deeds leave their stain upon civilization; but, cannot sacrificial love in large measure eradicate sin? Occasionally the psychology of crime has striking revelation through the photoplay, and "Killed Against Orders" furnishes an unusual example.



Bigelow
Cooper
As

Wallace
Maynard

Odanah Durand is the accomplished and idolized daughter of a man who is known to the world as a connoisseur of art, but is in reality a thief, a genius

in wicked accomplishment, yet a thief just the same. The daughter comes to a realizing sense of this, when her father gives her a package of jewels containing her own bracelet, stolen from her when she was a guest at the house of a friend. She loves and is beloved by District Attorney Maynard whose burning ambition is to win honors prosecuting criminals. A great sense of fear enters

Odanah's heart and she begs her father for her sake to give up his perilous and sinful vocation, and he promises in all sincerity. The desperate band

he directs will not, however, permit his abdication, and she, learning of their determination to rob the home of a millionaire friend, hastens to warn the family.

The millionaire is killed and her presence on the premises leads the district attorney to suspect the elder Durand. His overpowering ambition leads him to trick Odanah to offer evidence, presumably to save her father, but he is convicted and sentenced to serve life imprisonment.

In her great grief her eyes are opened and, embittered, she scorns the man who used her



To Save Her Father, She Tells the Whole Story to Maynard



Embittered, Odanah Repudiates the Man She Loved

against her father, abjures her former friends and associates and becomes an enemy of society. She is also a genius in her new position, doubly dangerous

by reason of her beauty and cleverness. Eventually she encounters Maynard face to face in a celebrated shoplifting case. He is smitten with remorse for his former course which drove her to her present plight, and now is quite overcome by his great love for her. Odanah has not forgotten, nor has she forgiven, despite her own love that she has suppressed through wonderful self-possession.

In the end, sacrifice by Maynard, proving his love, brings about reunion and "all's well that ends well."

Every crime has its consequence--- somebody suffers. In this case the law was vindicated and love was triumphant.

THIS PRODUCTION WILL BE RELEASED, MARCH 29

Falsely Arrested for Shoplifting, Her Plan Progresses



After Hours of Confinement, Is Released on Bail



GEORGE KLEINE

A MASTERFUL PERSONALITY IN MOTOGRAPHY

BY CHARLES E. NIXON

A COSMOPOLITE is George Kleine who occupies a unique position as the first American to import foreign films

and consequently is one of the real pioneers in the motion picture industry. Born in America of German parentage, he has always done a large business with France and Italy as well as Germany. Yet far from being a negative person he is at present neutral, as he has friends and commercial associates in all artistic centers, and is as well known abroad as he is at home. Well set up, compact in body, big in brain, of genial disposition, dignified but democratic, indented to hard work, yet luxury-loving, George Kleine is known by his associates even in his jocular moods to keep up a thinking. His career has taught him reliance, and while his face is rounded for smiles, there is a squareness of jaw indicative of determination. Tactful to a degree, he will not hesitate to take up a contest against big odds, and he has triumphed signally when hope has seemed forlorn. Quick in arriving at conclusions, once his mind well set, his pertinacity is proverbial.

George Kleine, the Bismarck of the feature film business, was born and educated in New York City. His father was one of the pioneers of Gotham in the making of lenses, microscopes and electrical machines, so his familiarity with the basics of the business which led to moving pictures was born in him. Both he and his brother served apprenticeship in their father's shop and worked out a number of devices in electrical lines. In 1882 he was graduated with the degree of A. B. in the City College of New York, but his father, severely practical, advised him at once to forget collegiate honors, and get busy. He passed the Civil Service examination and entered the office of the Collector of the Port of New York, where he remained for five years. While he was advanced from year to year, the government service did not present an alluring futurity stake for an ambitious young man, so he concluded to take the advice of Horace Greeley and "go West." He located in Chicago and commenced keeping books for "Manasse, the optician," which proved more or less trying; but he stuck it out for three years and then started in for himself. His practical knowledge and enterprise served him well, for the Kleine Optical Company was incorporated in 1897, and was soon recognized as the biggest importer in Chicago. Projecting apparatus attracted his attention and he purchased the best the foreign field could offer, and became interested in American inventions in this line; one of his early investments being a machine that was made in Waukegan. This was advanced the same year that Jenkins' Phantoscope was invented.

Individuals and Opportunities

The demands on time in this busy progressive age are so exacting that moving pictures have a unique psychological advantage over other forms of amusement and possess an intimate interest, inspiring a vast following. It is a new art-form—compact, expeditious and inexpensive—and it stands to reason that it must be interesting and meritorious to sustain its phenomenal popularity. Aside from its pervasive power as an entertaining factor in great business centers, it has acquired such a peculiar status as a community recreation that in outlying districts, far, lone places of earth, it is now esteemed almost as a necessity—for it came first as an innocuous product, was lightly regarded, but as it widened its scope, its importance strengthened, it grew so rapidly that the mystery of it astonished, and started a flood of fiction concerning its progenitors. This fostered a widespread delusion that the so-called "moving picture magnates" made millions merely by accident. It is opined when the true history of the motographic industry is written, it will reveal that its leading lights, if fortunate in being associated with a new departure that has yielded remarkable returns, were in reality very keen, far-sighted business men who sensed the strength of an opportunity and stayed by it strenuously through manifold adversity, to win fortune.

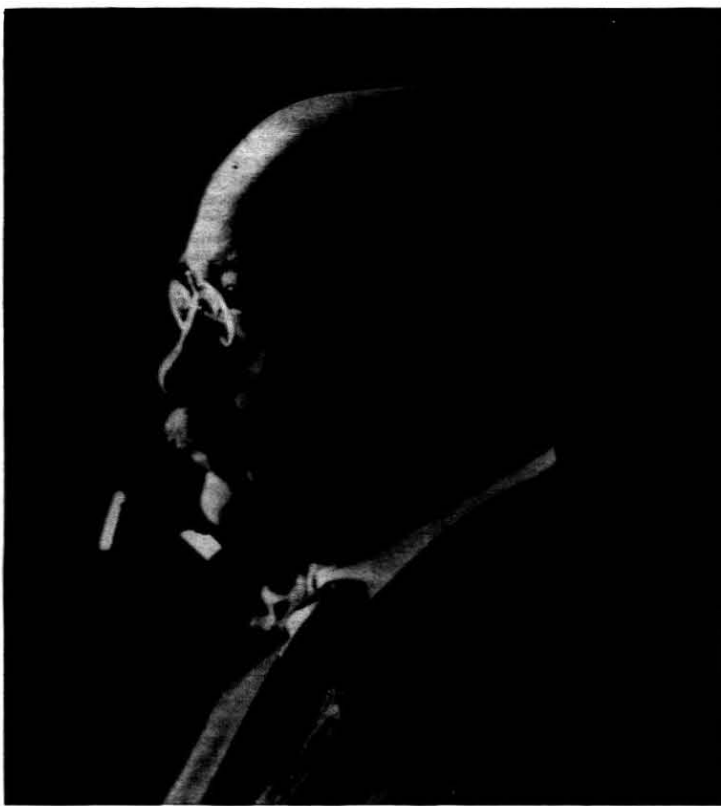
Up to this time the still picture magnified through the stereopticon was a favorite feature with lecturers. This was first confined to churches and schools, and then John L. Stoddard began to exploit the entertainment in a big way, which has since been followed by Burton Holmes, Dwight Elmendorf and others.

Manufacturing Company. This was indeed a celebrated case, but the event is so comparatively close that time needs perspective to emphasize its true importance as a beacon light in history.

At this time George Kleine held exclusive agencies in the United States for L. Gaumont, London and Paris, Eclipse, of Paris; Charles Urban Trading Company, and Warwick, of London, Carlo Rossi & Co., and Ambrosio, of Turin, Italy; Theophile Pathe, of Paris, and was a big jobber in films of American manufacture, so that the personal relations of the head of the house with all were intimate and agreeable. With the exception of the film rental departments conducted by the Vitagraph Company, Lubin and Kleine, the business of manufacturers and importers consisted in the sale of films to rental exchanges. The men in control of these were in many cases negligible in moral and financial calibre, so that trade conditions were growing increasingly unsatisfactory.

Early in 1908 the United Film Service Protective Association was formed and was afterwards changed to the Film Service Association. In the latter part of the same year the Motion Picture Patents Company was formed, and then the loose practice of releasing films by manufacturers at irregular intervals was changed to regular release dates weekly with a fixed number of reels and subjects. The relations under the new deal proved so satisfactory that it led to the organization of the General Film Company in April, 1910, when the licensed exchanges were purchased and conducted under the plan that is still in vogue. In all of these moves George Kleine was a very important and magnetic moving factor.

Mr. Kleine recently remarked to the representative of MOVIE PICTORIAL: "My various activities in the film business in 1896 and for some years after that consisted in handling the product of various manufacturers. The world's manufacturers were then limited in number, and the early issues were comparatively few, really rare. It was considered a full program."



His Career Has Taught Him Reliance. While His Face Is Rounded for Smiles, There is a Squareness of Jaw Indicative of Determination

The peripatetic phase of the business took on a new growth with the picture-projecting machines of Edison, Lubin and the Biograph. In 1898 the Selig Polyscope came into public service.

The diuturnity had been serving to build up a big interest, that attracted the showmen's attention and then the vaudeville theaters began to use films in a

in the period of 1896 to 1898 to have five, six or seven fifty-foot subjects. In those days it required, or rather it was the practice, to print many more individual unit pictures on one foot of film than now and to cover a certain period of time, it required many individual pictures and more units of film footage than later. At the present this is standardized to about sixteen individual pictures to fill one foot of film, for second of production. In 1896, under the old Edison system, it was the practice to photograph and to project as many as forty and even forty-five pictures to the second.

"The experimental period extended back to about 1887, but 1896 marked the real beginning of the commercialization, in that the projecting machine could be leased, but was not for sale. It was about the summer of 1896 that one could first buy a moving picture machine outright. The only machines which could be purchased were the Vitascope, leased by the Edison Company, and the Cinematograph.

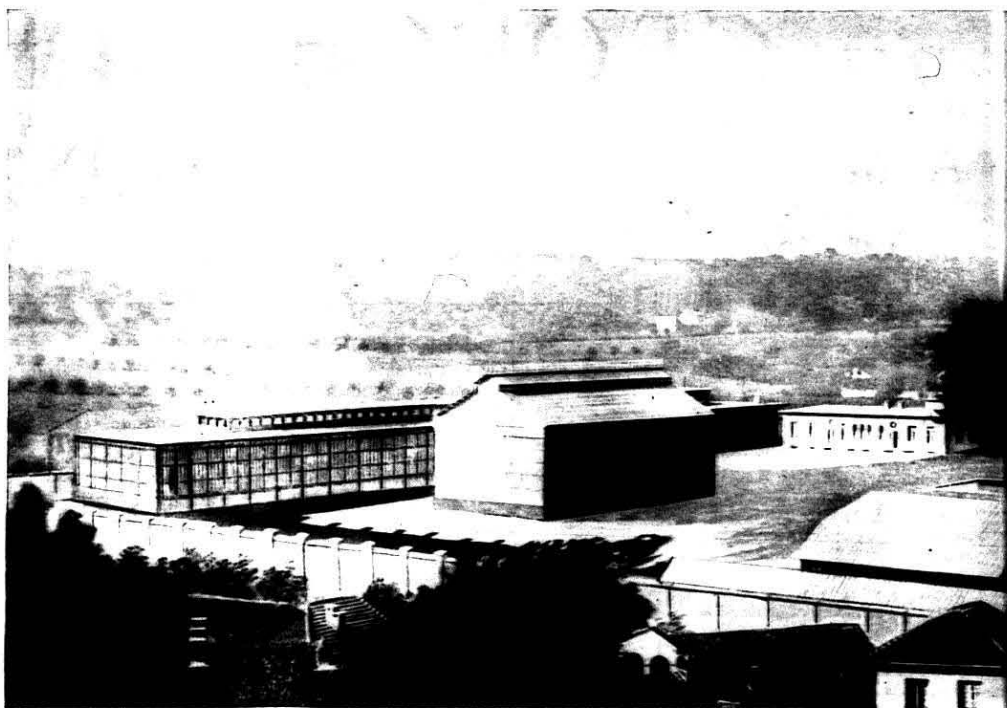
"As before remarked, the program of 1896 consisted of a limited number of fifty-foot pictures. By actual test I can recall that fifty-foot pictures consumed only thirty to thirty-five seconds in the production. If a program had seven fifty-foot pictures, the entire program consumed only three and a half minutes, or four minutes, there being slight variations. During this time from 1896 until about 1901, there were so few films issued, comparatively few subjects pictured and the footage was so small, that part of the business was much less important than the machine business. The whole commercial enterprise was undergoing a slump — it reached a valley in its evolution and became exceedingly quiet. This was undoubtedly due to the lack of progress that had been made in films up to that time. Then came the production of a longer film — running up to 250 feet — which induced a desirable change in the character of the subjects, and finally recreated the market.

"The moving picture underwent evolution as to subject in this way. The earliest subjects were reproductions of natural scenery and events that were natural as opposed to dramatic things (that were posed in the camera). Up to that time (1901) there was very little posing and consequently there was practically no manufacturing of dramatic subjects. The camera would take a railroad train, a cavalry charge, or some simple thing.

"I RECALL, for instance, a film of Lumiere which was considered in its way a wonderfully posed picture. Yet it was a very simple thing, only fifty feet in length. "The beginning of the epoch-making film was the 'Trip to the Moon,' about 900 feet in length, made by George Melies in Paris, after which, strides were more rapid, changing to leaps in advance. This novelty was staged for the camera and consisted of scenes of an imaginary trip to the moon — a Fantastic, full of what we call 'trick-pictures,' and it marked the commencement of what may be called the restoration of the business. It aroused unusual public interest, and led immediately to the making of films of similar importance. About 1903 the Edison Company issued a film (which was about 425 feet in length) that was a very striking subject called 'The Life of an American Fireman.' Shortly after, that establishment increased their leap with a film 740 feet in length called 'The Great Train Robbery.'

"In 1904 the French firm of Pathe-Freres themselves entered the American market with their own line of films (I earlier had their agency) which in quality were equal to or better than those of any other manufacturer of that day. Then, to pass on, the Vitaphone Company started to manufacture films in 1905. I should include the Selig Polyscope Company and the Lubin Manufacturing Company as having been in business before 1900, say about 1897, but, their products, like the few other manufacturers of that day, consisted largely of fifty-foot films.

"Toward the end of 1905 and the beginning of 1906, what may be called the present phase of the business started, that is to say the *theater-phase*. Before that time the showing of motion pictures was largely confined to traveling lecturers, at whose head were men like Stoddard, who retired in the very early days. He never utilized moving pictures (but his successor, Burton Holmes, however, uses them extensively). There was quite a large number of itinerant showmen who carried moving picture films and lantern slides and strangely enough, a number of ministers of churches who had stereopticons, eventually added moving pictures to their



The Long Building

Studio

Developing and Printing Building
Grand Canal in Centre: Germany
Just Below

This Wonderful Demesne Surrounded by Eighteen Foot Walls, Comprises Ten Acres, Superbly La

outfit. These men remained customers of the manufacturers up to the beginning of the present phase of the business, the *theater-phase*. This purely amusement phase — beginning with the end of 1905 — reached a high momentum towards the end of 1907; and, the present times speak for themselves. During these years I bought from and sold the products of practically all of the manufacturers, at least all of the good manufacturers of films, of standing in this country; and had previously acquired the exclusive American agencies for substantially all of the important European manufacturers whose numbers had increased materially.

"'Quo Vadis' being the first of the really long films — films of length, offered a problem as to the most effective way in which it could be handled. The motion picture theaters that were our customers were much afraid of a long film, accordingly I decided to market it, if possible, through the larger theaters (the regular dramatic houses) that did not ordinarily show films. This venture was most successful, and casting about for manufacturers who were competent to make films of equal length and value, I decided to make an arrangement with the Cines Company at Rome to make for me a pretentious film, one of co-merit with 'Quo Vadis.' They could not, however, take on the business, because of their contract with buyers and agents in other countries to whom they would be obligated to deliver this film, so I could not have retained the exclusive world ownership. In casting about in another direction it then occurred to me that 'The Last Days of Pompeii' would make an excellent film, and I selected the Ambrosio Company of Turin, as the most available of foreign factories to manufacture it."

"LOOKING back, it seems miraculous," continued Mr. Kleine, "that the film business did not have more serious setbacks in the earlier stages of its career, through fire, as its film boxes were exposed and often carelessly handled. The length of films varied from 50 to 200 feet and these lengths continued unsatisfactory and arbitrary for a long time. The first large foreign film I can recall was Pathe's 'Life of Christ,' 2,100 feet. I believe the first 2,000-foot film made here was Selig's 'Damon and Pythias,' and 'The Coming of Columbus' was his first three-reel master venture. Now the three-reel film is a weekly release with many manufacturers, and the six and nine-reel specials are not infrequent. 'Quo Vadis' was a starter in the eight-reel class and it is still going the rounds profitably. Its successors, 'The Last Days of Pompeii,' 'Antony and Cleopatra,' 'Spartacus,' 'Julius Caesar,' are all important importations of the six-reel class.

"My unique venture in 'Du Barry' was to take an American company abroad and produce the play in the

environment of the original action — this required months time and resulted in a large financial outlay also caused a case at law in which the star, Mrs. Carter, sought to restrain my production by injunction. This might furnish interesting reading, showing vagaries of temperament," remarked Mr. Kleine, as he showed a bulky legal report of 664 pages illustrating the proceedings.

Mr. Kleine having had a vast variety of experience in the motion picture business from the producing part, took a side line in erecting the Candler Theater in New York a year ago. It is

The Proscenium Arch of the Candler Theatre and
Remarkable Lighting



California Woods

Villa

Winter Garden
Between Trees

Swiss Cottage
Adjoining Winter Garden

Being a Spacious Villa, Four Centuries Old, Surrounded by a Beautiful Grove of Ancient Trees

most beautiful and up-to-date structure in that city any theaters, imposing in its architectural design, in decorative details. It is surprising in its capacity, and its completely appointed stage (33 x 88) is ample for ordinary play production. A spacious hall, walled with superbly figured marbles, leads to a elegantly appointed auditorium—unobstructed in of sight, acoustically perfect. The picture of the podium arch and the ceiling shows not only architectural projections beautifully carved, but, remarkable lighting devices to illuminate the satiny spaces of the which has a charm of color to complement the

Architectural Projections Beautifully Carved and
Late Rich Satiny Spaces


rich decorative detail. This chaste and elegant thespian temple shows another artistic angle of a big business man's aesthetic nature. To those who have been privileged to meet him in his lovely home, amid rare paintings, objets de vertu gleaned from many fields of travel, elegant etchings (he having the finest collection of dry-points in Chicago), and his beloved books, have had an insight into the finer nature of one who has battled in the ranks of the aborigines of motion pictures for the highest standards in business and in the highest ideals in selection of subject and artistic production.

In the fall of 1913 George Kleine and his European business associates, Sig. Stevani and Sig. Gondolfi (starting the Photodrama Products Co., of Turin), purchased an old walled estate about five miles from the city of Turin. This beautiful demesne surrounded by eighteen foot walls comprised ten acres, superbly laid out, its crux being a spacious villa, four centuries old, surrounded by a beautiful grove of ancient trees. These grounds are delightfully diversified, comprising a lake, many varieties of shrubbery and flowering plants, and lovely vistas showing the distant foothills and mountains shadowy in the far background. Avenues of stately trees planted in cross effect and formal gardens, enhance the natural view, while there are excellent examples of Swiss chalet, characteristic German and French buildings, giving substantiality to truth of architectural effect for pictorial purpose. The administration building is the ancient villa; and the plant follows the modern unit system throughout its arrangement.

The first building erected was a studio of medium (ideal) size, 100 x 40 feet with glass sides, in which has been installed an American heating and ventilating plant, assuring warmth in winter and coolness in summer. Close by is the building of developing and printing, while a large depot for properties, together with a well equipped carpenter shop and a spacious scenic department are located across the plaza. No attempt is made to print the films here—the scientific experimental station and the development of negatives is the sufficient need in this plant; for the positives can be printed far more expeditiously elsewhere. This unique, artistic reservation, with its lovely groves of ancient trees, its wealth of flowering plants, its luxuriance of shrubbery, its fairy lake, bordered with whispering myrtle, furnish inspiration of environment that is really rare on every hand.

THE architectural planning and equipment of this remarkable plant is thoroughly modern, including rest places and dressing rooms for an army of people (a detail generally disregarded in European picture plants), a large restaurant and many modern conveniences for artists and auxiliaries. These are comprised

in a structure known as the Long Building (310 feet in length), which nestles along the shadow of the north wall of the enclosure. It hardly need be remarked that the mechanical and optical equipment of this establishment is second to none—it is a unique and complete settlement, sufficient unto itself, isolated; yet, in easy reach of the thriving city of Turin.

THE war in Europe naturally unsettled affairs in this most modern and complete producing plant and the program laid out by Mr. Kleine and his partners. Mr. Kleine, however, is not the sort of a man to lose any sleep in disappointment over any halt in his enterprise, nor did he allow this to put a quietus on his plans for production. He promptly made an arrangement with Cohan & Harris to film their comedy successes, and leased the old New York plant of the Biograph. He engaged the best acting talent available, and soon launched "Officer 666," which has won significant success. Now "The Commuters" is on the way—so the Kleine progress keeps up despite the disasters of world war.

As a successful power in business, Mr. Kleine lets his yesterdays look backward with a smile, and favoring his clients, reviews effects rather than causes. It is well known, however, that the foreign film in the beginning, played the big part in the motion picture business up to a certain point, and then commenced a recession as American genius took it up and advanced it so cleverly, impressively, and enthusiastically, it soon outdistanced the foreign short film in the race for popularity, both in originality of idea and clear convincing acting freed from super-

fluous gesture. The curious idea of humor in the early comedies, the overplay in action, the everlasting chase soon lagged superfluous in the taste of American picture patrons and the home-made product took precedence in the short film releases. In the realm of beautiful colored pictures, in the so-called educational, the foreign film supremacy is still undeniable.

It is said that the theatrical stage moves in seven-year cycles just as a man changes in his own physical remaking, so, if the "costume play," erected upon the fabric of melodrama, a basic of the stage, is not in current favor, it is bound to come again, and is still a big power to be reckoned with pictorially. Although the Latin temperament takes to the universal language of pantomime, it has been justly censured for ways and rapidity of expression, so that it is not now so highly appreciated here in the silent drama as it was earlier. It is, however, tempering itself to the taste of moderation in methods. Speaking of Latin temperament, it would be difficult to cite a more perfect type of picture-play actress, graced by nature and gifted artistic accomplishment that Lyda Borelli, the distinguished mistress of her art.

Certain territory of southern Europe, where every rood of ground is historic and all conditions of environment lend to picturesqueness from architectural creations showing the invested glories of the centuries to the most carefully cultivated conditions of landscape gardening, is most alluring for the surroundings of picture making. Another advantage economical as well as artistic is the possibility of securing supernumeraries readily amenable to discipline and picturesque types. Armies can be readily mobilized, and are remarkably pliant to the directions of the producer for big effects and climaxes in crowds.

It is submitted this sort of sterling human document effectively dissipates the sensational stories that the moving picture business is merely filled with "lucky accidents," etc. When it is recalled that this now great business was a new departure, entirely without precedent, requiring every detail involved in manufacture and production, as well as the marketing to be worked out laboriously, it is not strange that economies of making and selling were not at first perfected. If this wonderful artistic and commercial enterprise had not been well systemized, it would not have survived the trials it has experienced, and it now has a right to be reckoned as more stable than any other amusement enterprise on earth. It has been sufficient unto itself to make a path that has grown to be a world's thoroughfare in interest, peopled with a vast variety of forces and interests to make its wholesome results cumulative, profitable and variously impressive.

Editor's Note.—This inaugurates a series of sketches of the leading lights of the moving-picture business.

FRANCIS X. BUSHMAN

At Home with His Books and Birds

BY KATHARINE S. BROWN



Francis Bushman—hero-person, involved! What after all is a deep-dyed villain, intent only upon following out orders, compared to fate and favored circumstances? * * *

Came cantering adown the street on a coal black charger, Francis Bushman, debonair, leading man with Essanay. He was something to look upon, indeed, and I was so busy looking that I almost forgot to take fate by the horns or the forelock or whatever it is you are supposed to grab on such occasions. I came to and had just time to dash around a corner and see him turn into a driveway. I skirted—literally—around the house to the stables where Mr. Bushman had just given over his mount to the groom. He was lingering there feeding the horse lumps of sugar.

I introduced myself, and told him of my difficulties and my almost foiled attempt to gain an interview. He laughed. "Well, it is my rule, but then you know the old saw about breaking 'rules.' It evidently had been a pleasant ride for he was most cordial and in the greatest boyish good humor.

"So you saw me on 'Nubian King' and followed me? Isn't that just the exactly right name for a 'coal black charger'?"

I admitted that I had.

"Well, you shall assuredly have the 'interview at home' but won't you come with me first to see my dogs? I visit them every day."

WOULD I? I went with this big handsome man to the kennels, where two great dogs leaped on him and pawed him from head to foot.

"Down, you rascals!" he shouted, and he tumbled them over with a swift thrust, but they were up and at him in a twinkling. "They expect this," he said, "and are disappointed when they don't get their play—ten minutes at least."

Here was Francis Bushman at home indeed, playing with his dogs like a boy, wrestling with them until he was well out of breath. Then he took me into the house and left me in his study while he changed his riding togs for dinner clothes.

Here was an opportunity! His own study—in his home. You don't win after all, Mr. Villain—not by quite a lot! Here were rows and rows of books. The walls were literally and actually lined with them. Here were shelves of books of the day and here books of yesterday, and there philosophy and there history, and there ah!—row upon row of Greek and Latin classics—and over here prose and poetical works from almost every nation under the sun. Face down on his desk—what do you think?—Aristotle's "Poetics!" In a special set-off shelf were the works of Sophocles and other Greek dramatists. Greek drama!—piles of it. Would you believe it—a photoplay actor with the time—and the inclination—to read Greek tragedies.

Just here re-enter Mr. Bushman, the perfect original of the perfect hero of countless "Essanay" pictures. A more faultless figure can't be imagined and some way he "fit in" exactly as well here in the study of his modern home as he always does as the central figure of a charming romance.

I waved Aristotle's "Poetics" at him!

"How ever do you get time to do it and what do you do it for?"

"I get time because I take it," he smiled, "and I do it because it helps me in my work."

"But what have Greek classics to do with the modern photoplay?" I inquired.

"Ah, now you have me right where I feel strongest," he said. "There is nothing more closely allied than the Greek drama and the photoplay, as we are now developing it."

I was all attention, of course, for I positively had not expected to learn so all-of-a-sudden, so much about the near-kin of Sophocles and Essanay!

"You see, the same principles that governed the Greek drama govern the photoplay."

"I suppose so," I assented, "but I had never thought of it. Tell me about it, please." He was all alert, eager, alive with his subject—and so fascinating as he spoke, the familiar facial expression of his handsome features and his rich voice held me. It is a flowing, even voice that is delightful to listen to. *I list-med!*

"Remember, I am not speaking of the old-time 'movies' nor even of 'motion pictures'—but of the 'photoplay', the skillful dramatization of a story with a well rounded plot—the very highest type of pictures now screened."

I was getting it, every word of it, but at the same time I couldn't help thinking of some dozen or so movie fans I know who would have felt unbounded delight at the privilege of hearing Francis Bushman dissert thus. Again, I felt a fiendish grin rise up and gloat at that gaunt villain. He went on. "The photo-drama is, in fact, much nearer the Greek ideal than the modern drama of the stage is."

"I can think of half a dozen people who would delight in debating that point with you," I ventured.

He smiled. "I have no doubt of it. I can too. But they'd lose the debate, really. The facts are all with my side of the argument and I am ready to prove every one of them," continued the alert Mr. Bushman—"the basis of the Greek drama is action—life—real life—but not realism as it is sordidly conveyed to the mind of an audience in the drama of the legitimate theater today. Now, a true, real life is the primal element in the photoplay of value—the genuine photo-drama!"

"But enough of this," he interrupted himself. "I know you didn't come for a dissertation on Greek drama."

I begged him to go on. "I came for anything you'll talk about—do please tell me more about your views on this—let's finish it!"

He was pleased—"but I could talk about this indefinitely, you know. And I can't expect everyone to be willing to ride my hobby with me. You will stop me won't you, if I bore you?"

Fancy that! "Oh yes, yes," I ejaculated—"if!"

"Well, the Greeks held that the delineation of character was secondary to the plot structure, that the character not only helps create the incident of the story but that the story literally and perfectly naturally, developed character. The character evolved, in other words, directly as a result of the plot and from the action. Now on the stage they do it just the other way."

"Usually," I assented.

"In the photoplay there is no possible way of delineation of character except through action." He made a quick consummating resuming sort of gesture that was very effective! Then he laughed—a whole-some, infectious laugh. "You see?"

"I DO, indeed." I'd caught some of his fine spirit of enjoyment of the comparison of the thing.

"In the photo-drama, we aim at the same vital principle the Greeks did exactly. We aim to touch humanity as they did—as all true art does. We aim to touch a fundamental point of human interest. In unraveling a problem, in mystery, in surprise, we touch something to which the public as a whole, and as individuals—every man of them—can respond. It can be interested and held because it witnesses its own experience or a possible experience." He rose quickly. "You didn't stop me and here I am, talking on and on!"

"But," I protested, "I was only to stop you in case I was bored."

"Come," he said, "we are going to put up Aristotle and Sophocles and Euripides and all the rest of them

SCENE—the Essanay studios where I had applied all aflutter for the home address of Mr. Bushman. I stood staunchly facing a tall gaunt man with the face of a photoplay villain with attitude adamantine.

"I'm sorry," he said politely. He was very polite and it added to the suave villain effect.

"I can't give it to you."

"Why not," I persisted. "Don't you know it?" He smiled at me pityingly.

"Well then can't you get it if you don't know it?"

He ceased to smile. He looked like some kind of a pale menace, but he was more polite and dignified than ever.

"Really, I'd like to oblige you but—well Mr. Bushman will be glad to see you here, where he transacts all of his business. He insists on having just a little time to himself at home." He bowed as though the interview was closed.

"That's very inhospitable of him, don't you think?"

"Not at all. It's necessary." He is a very busy man, you know."

"Yes, I know!" I could think of no better or further argument, so I said just by way of continuing and not closing the interview. "But I want to see Mr. Bushman in his home."

The tall, pale, gaunt guardian straightened up. He glared at me out of his villain eyes. He took a photoplay villain attitude and he said—"It can't be done!"

I stared at him in a perfectly leisurely way inventing his villain points.

"Well, what else?" he said.

"Well, this—I was comparing you with my 'boss' who sent me after this 'interview in his home' and trying to decide which of you is meaner looking, and which I am most afraid of!"

"Well?"

"You win," I said. "My 'boss' is perfectly sweet looking beside you. Goodbye!" I departed.

Ah ha! It served him right. The villain always is in the end when there's a lovely leading man—

for the present and I am going to give you a real surprise."

He was so pleased over his surprise for me, how could I help being?

"No one knows very much about this except my closest friends and they all pamper me in it." He was leading me out from his study. We went through a sunny hallway and then at a turn into a great room. The room was a sudden breath of summer, all soft with the air of sunlight, breezing over palms and ferns. They were everywhere and I felt rather than saw or heard at first, that birds were there. It was delightful! Then I saw cage after cage and the birds in them all began to flutter and chirp their welcome and whir their little wings against their cages as Francis Bushman entered. I could only gasp an "ah!" of real pleasure.

"Isn't it wonderful?" he said. He was keenly enjoying it all. "Aren't they beauties?"

"How many, many of them?" I asked.

"Over a hundred," he said, "and I keep getting them myself and my friends, as I said, you know, realize that birds are my greatest hobby—my pleasantest weakness!"—he laughed—"and so they help it along." The birds began to chirp and some to sing. He turned to me: "How do you like my aviary—my surprise?"

"I can think of no words to express my pleasure except Madam Butterfly's 'this is the most beautiful of all!'"

"Isn't it," he admitted.

He opened some of the cages and with a glad little song, the feathered friends came and fluttered about him. They cooed over him, buried themselves in the cool green of the thick walls of ferns and palms and had the happiest time of their adorable little lives for a few minutes. One darted at me! I stepped back on something soft in the subdued light under a

palm. At first I thought it was a thick rug. To my horror—it writhed out from under me without a sound. I fairly leaped forward.

"What is it? A snake?" I cried. Mr. Bushman laughed and switched on the light.

"No!—it isn't a snake!—that's only 'Dragoman!'"

"Oh," I gasped, much relieved I assure you, for never since Eve took a dislike to serpents has any one ever lived who loathed snakes as does this humble scribe.

"I don't like snakes either," admitted Mr. Bushman, for my condolence. I felt that I should apologize to "Dragoman" and turned to do it.

Dragoman was a great Dane and he stood stretching himself and staring at me reproachfully. Mr. Bushman patted him affectionately. "It's all right, old fellow." Reassured Dragoman returned to the shade of the sheltering palm as he took another

(Continued on page 26)

Reality and Shadow

IRENE FENWICK



HE latest and most notable enlistment for the photographic stage is Irene Fenwick, who has been engaged by George Kleine as leading lady for his eastern stock company. The good judgment in the selection has been amply justified, as the young lady heretofore associated with theatrical enterprises, has since the announcement of her new alliance been fairly besieged with offers of engagements. Many actresses have been tried and found wanting when it came to the searching eye of the camera, so that picture producers are film-shy even of famous stage favorites, until they have been photographed in action.

Irene Fenwick is svelte, blue-eyed, and possesses mobility of feature, that equips her charmingly for magnetic visualization in the photoplay. Like the radiant Lillian Russell, whose beauty defies the wrinkling touch of time; that winsome woman of film-dom, Miriam Nesbitt, and that charming ingenue in a class by herself, Blanche Sweet, Irene Fenwick is a product of Chicago. She is proud of the city of her nativity, joys in the fact that she made her first stage appearance there, and in that place won praise in her first acting part. She was a slip of a girl in her teens when she joined the chorus of "Peggy from Paris" at the Studebaker Theater, and it seemed a "long, long way" from the cloistered Notre Dame where she was educated, to the bright lights and the merry music of the stage. But, it did not turn her pretty head, and only whetted her serious ambitions, that have since been abundantly realized.

In discussing the inspiration of her success she gave her mother the credit. "You see, Mother was only sixteen when I was born, and family cares engrossed her so early in life—so she really had no chance to follow the great dramatic aptitude she possessed—but gave it to me as a heritage." Miss Fenwick coyly admitted she had a chance to retire and become a millionairess in Philadelphia; but, she put the temptation behind her, preferring instead, the engrossing cares of her chosen profession.

She explained her surprise over the curious change of her name. "You see it was this way. Fortunately, I was very successful in a tour of the provincial cities of England under the direction of Charles Frohman, and he always sort of jumped when my name (Frizelle) was pronounced—it seemed to jar his nerves. When I returned to New York I was greeted at the Frohman offices as 'Miss Fenwick.' I asked Mr. Frohman the reason for it and he said it was more befitting the dignity of dramatic portrayal that he then had in mind for me. He told me that Ann Fenwick was a famous English court beauty, and that suggested the name to him." This recalls the fact that Daniel Frohman changed Maud Light's name to Margaret Livingston as better sounding for stage



Photo by White, New York

service, at the same time glorifying her native town and state—Bloomington, Ill.

The voracious press agent has exploited Miss Fenwick for establishing "A School for Correct Walking," which brought joy to the paraders along "The Great White Way", but, did not win financially. She is also credited with being particularly ingenious in dress devices. As for herself, she takes her art as most serious and engrossing, and forgivingly smiles at the pranks of the merry-makers who dilate upon mere sensational talking points.

Irene Fenwick is now the star of the "Song of Songs," a play which has been breaking records at

ARTIST IN DUALITY

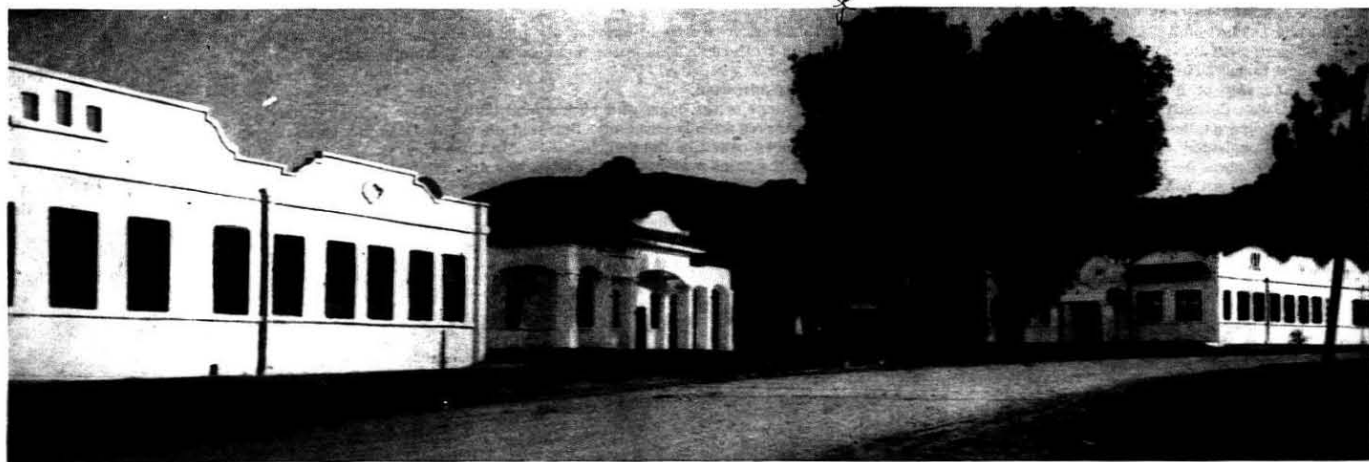
the Eltinge Theater, New York. An unusual angle of her engagement in moving picture work is that it will in no way interfere with her stage career. While playing in New York, she will be simultaneously engaged in film work in the Kleine Studios on East Fourteenth Street. Miss Fenwick, therefore, will continue to be seen in the Thespian life in Manhattan, and at the same time in alluring shadow in film everywhere. In this way she enjoys double distinction, and her stage reputation will be preserved and her pictorial position enhanced.

Following her success in small parts in "Peggy from Paris," "The Office Boy," and "Just One of the Boys," she was given the first really serious opportunity of her career in the role of Sylvia Futrove, the leading feminine part in "The Brass Bottle." In this she scored an instant hit and the following season appeared in "The Speckled Band," a detective story by A. Conan Doyle. "The Importance of Being Earnest," that clever skit by Oscar Wilde, was her next success and in this she toured the principal cities of England. Then she was Kiki in the French farce, "The Zebra." It is an interesting fact that Hamilton Revelle, who plays De Cosse Brissac in the Kleine photoplay "Du Barry," appeared with her in this production. Miss Fenwick's next triumph was the role of Beatrice Lind in "The Million," that delightful farce which proved to be one of the most popular comedies. Following came what many are inclined to regard as the best work of her career, that of the Princess Irma in "Hawthorne of the U. S. A.," with Douglass Fairbanks. In this she eclipsed her previous portrayals, as the pensive, dutiful, loving princess was eminently to her liking, well adapted to her histrionic capabilities. "Hawthorne of the U. S. A." proved an exceptionally popular play and Miss Fenwick has been seen in it in the principal cities of the United States.

It is, however, her present work in "The Song of Songs" that has raised Miss Fenwick over night into the realms of stardom. In this she has proven herself an actress of remarkable powers and significant promise. The role of Lilly Kardos calls for a rare quality of acting ability, and the expression of emotion even more subtle than vested in the confines of word and gesture.

And so with the wealth of her stage successes, into film comes this magnetic little actress, into this wider and bigger field of pleasure giving work. And all of us who sit within the shadow while the screen reflects the portrayal of the silent drama, can look forward to delight in Miss Fenwick's presentations. Already, she is busily engaged at the Kleine Studios in New York where Director Fitzmaurice is filming that cleverest of Forbe's comedies, "The Commuters." Already elaborate plans are on train to feature this artist in duality in some of the well known stage successes in which she has played—a herald of pleasures to come for patrons of moving picture theaters.

UNIVERSAL CITY



People pour through the main gates every morning in busses, automobiles, and on motorcycles. Every night, the same crowds pass through the gates again.

THE golden land and glorious climate of California has been the home of many wonders since those days of discovery when the flood of hardy Argonauts poured westward. Many cities have risen miraculously about her mines and then vanished with the lost leads of gold, and their inhabitants passed on leaving them a mere memory that the touch of time soon obliterated.

The charm of sunshine and picturesque environment have made southern California the very land of heart's desire for the habitat of the moving picture. Millions of dollars have been invested in motographic plants, and vast numbers of people concerned with the making of moving pictures, have located in that section to serve the demands of the new art form. The latest and most elaborate social, artistic and practical settlement in this direction is a wonder creation known as Universal City.

From March the first up to the fifteenth there will be an increase in travel from east to west, and indeed, from north to south, for on that self-same fifteenth, Universal City will have its grand opening, and I who know how the heads of the big "I" can conduct such a ceremonial, promise that it will be an event, or rather a series of events which will never be effaced from the memory of all who are fortunate enough to be able to attend. Dear, Oh dear! it does not seem possible that the wonder city could have been attained in so short a period.

I came to Los Angeles on March the first, 1912, and applied at the Nestor studios for a job and got it—I needed it too. At that time the Nestor concern boasted of two companies and occupied a plot of ground which is opposite the Hollywood studios and which is now rented by "Features Ideal." An old roadhouse had been converted into offices, and there was a small stage. As the months went on the roadhouse was added to and the stage enlarged and small laboratories were built and operated. Then came the amalgamation of several independent companies into the organization known as the Universal, and buildings sprang up in all

directions, and one company after another was added, so that everyone was treading on everyone else's toes. A full block was taken opposite the old studios with an amazing number of buildings, laboratories, dressing rooms, and with the largest stage in the universe. In addition there was a ranch of hundreds of acres with more stages and buildings.

The need of concentration became absolute and the germ of the Wonder City came into being, and the active brain of Isadore Bernstein, the western general manager, found work to his liking, and if ever a man had cause to be proud of his labors, surely he is that man for he has labored night and day on plans and specifications and his multifarious duties at the studios have been added to, for he has overseen everything and his finger has been in every pie.

Result—Universal City, the biggest thing of its kind in the world, a sort of seventh wonder, a colossal industry of a most interesting nature. Universal City is located some four miles from Hollywood on the high road to Lankershim, to Santa Barbara and San Francisco. After passing Cahuenga Pass there is a sharp turn in the road, and the main buildings of Universal City appear glistening in their white dresses in the sun.

TO GIVE an idea of the real importance of this concern I would point out that Universal City is the only incorporated town which is devoted exclusively to the Motion Picture Industry; it has its own local government, its own police and fire-departments, a huge menagerie, sixteen miles of sewage, its own water supply from artesian wells furnishing 300,000 gallons per diem, an electric lighting system, a lake and many other novel and picturesque features.

One of the most interesting things about this place is that all of the buildings are so constructed that they can be changed almost at will for the requirements of picture making; they can be altered over night and then resume their normal aspect when the scenes are taken. It is the same with the bridges and with everything else which has been erected aside from the stages. Here, today, you

can walk across a Japanese arch bridge, a Roman paved or Cantilever bridge, a Venetian bridge, an American trestle, and an English causeway, or Japanese pontoon bridge, tomorrow, all this could be turned around, changed as by the magic of leger demain, and in the same place, you would find your footsteps leading you through and over other constructed wonders.

IT HAS been called a "Chameleon City," for it can be changed in three days to conform to any style of architecture of any nation in the world. The twenty producers can remodel Universal City almost in the twinkling of an eye to resemble any of the metropolitan cities of America or Europe. Its interior can be transformed into an Athens, a Rome, a Paris, a London, or a New York, with their various characteristics, in so short a time it will take your breath away and cause you to gasp in astonishment.

Visitors on the fifteenth will see sixteen companies at work in different parts of the seven hundred and fifty acres which comprise the domain of the company. They will see a great war picture and an exciting wild animal photoplay being made among other things, and will rub shoulders with some of the greatest actors and actresses in the business.

Every convenience will be provided for the visitor. How often has the patron of a moving picture theater, seated in the shadow watching the portrayal on the screen and marvelling at the action as it passed in quiet, unhurried, yet ever-steady, forward procession, felt the impulse of a desire to see the moving picture in its making—to satisfy an oft repeated conjecture as to the marvelous manner in which it must be created? And again surprise and innovation meet us in the heralding of this Wonder City. "Welcome"

All the cages are roomy and comfortable

Even the cats and dogs



Vastly interesting are the dressing rooms of the artists; convenience and comfort has been studied, every room has hot and cold water and other conveniences



WONDER TOWN OF THE WEST

By RICHARD WILLIS



The drying drums hum and the electric light plant throbs, and shadowy figures pass in and out—for Universal City is never at rest

is the announcement blazed forth, and welcome it surely will be. In addition to seeing the technical departments, where the visitor will be shown just how films are made, he or she can visit the Japanese gardens, the open air gymnasium, the wonderful lake in the very center of the city, or can rest by the side of the reservoir, which is located on one of the hill-tops.

A menagerie is always entertaining, and especially so when it contains as many wild animals as does the one at Universal City. Here are elephants, lions, tigers, camels, and indeed, almost every wild animal down to the domestic dog for even the cats and dogs have not been overlooked. The cages are roomy and comfortable, and the section devoted to the animals is parked.

VASTLY interesting to outside visitors will be the dressing rooms of the artists, convenience and comfort has been studied and every room has its hot and cold water and other conveniences. The artists are proud of their quarters.

The dressing rooms, as you approach them look like small terraces with innumerable doors and windows. Each actor has furnished his room according to his or her taste—some of them are very elaborate, and some very business-like. One girl has her room furnished in oriental style, and a character man has rigged up blocks in order that he can make all his own wigs and beards, another looks like a delicate and dainty bedroom, another has a desk, and so forth—each according to his or her particular liking and idea of workaday comfort.

It is pleasing to know that the inhabitants of this unique city will eventually have their own club rooms, a swimming tank, billiard rooms and an

athletic track, and that the management is considerate enough to think of these things and so bring themselves into close touch with their employees which means added interest and that friendly feeling which means so much to everyone who is human.

UNIVERSAL City has a truly beautiful situation and environment; it is in the foothills which guard the approach to mountains of considerable altitude, and is cut up into valleys and flats, but the mountains are ever dominant. The fertile valley of San Fernando stretches for many miles, on either hand backed by mountains which even at this writing are snow capped. The Los Angeles river flows through the estate and adds many lovely spots invaluable to the makers of artistic pictures.

I am not going into detail concerning the vastness of the stages, or the completeness of the many buildings, the wonder of the indoor lighting system, by which the company can work all night if it wants to, or, the many other remarkable things which will be written and rewritten, but confine myself to the "human" side of this adjective breaking city. To me one of the most remarkable things about the concern is that it gives employment to some two thousand people in one way or another, these figures being claimed by the management. A large number of these appear in the pictures and have to be clothed and fed and a visit at noon to the large and well appointed restaurant gives a very intimate view of the costumes of almost every nation under the sun, for the actors have no time to remove their "make-up" for lunch. Apart from the two thousand mentioned and who are on regular salary there are always hundreds of extra men and women who fill in for crowds and gatherings.

Standing in the cupola where Isadore Bernstein almost resides one can see a regiment of soldiers attacking the Indians; an Italian street; a Chinese settlement; a road in London Town; the gates of Lucknow, together with interior scenes being taken on the two stages, each one of which is ca-

pable of housing a scene for every company employed. One can see people costumed to match the scenes, and it is all a marvelous mass of ever varying color, of movement and of life. These people pour through the main gates every morning in busses, in automobiles and on motorcycles, and a line of jitney busses does a thriving business, and every evening, after the days work is done and another daily installment of this great company's vast chapter of varied pictorial story is closed, the same crowds pass through the gates again, but the movement never stills, for the drying drums hum and the electric light plant throbs and shadowy figures pass in and out—for Universal City is never at rest.

THINK of it, every day there are two thousand people regularly employed, and as often augmented by two thousand extra people, the majority of these eat and drink at the restaurant and not a few live on the grounds. Many of them earn large salaries and have comfortable homes and a large percentage are married and are bringing up families. They are a fine lot of people too for the most part, well educated and generous to a fault, often highly strung and always lovable.

I look back three years almost to a day, when I came to Los Angeles—a memory of the motion picture making plant equipment as it then existed, registers itself in my mind's eye. And in contrasting that vision with the immensity of this one moving picture plant of today, the scope of it, the power of it, the vast treasures stored within its walls, I feel the thrill and marvel that must permeate one's senses when such a forcible, impressionable reminder of the wonderful growth of this world's great industry is brought home to one's understanding.

Where there ran a lane road through fields and foothills a very short time ago there is now a city, a fascinating play-acting city on a gigantic scale where men and women work hard at their play to give pleasure to millions in all parts of the globe, and the silence is broken by an endless hum, the hum of a great industry.



Have not been overlooked

The section devoted to the animals is parked

The vastness of the stages, the completeness of the buildings, the wonder of the indoor lighting, crowd fast upon one's sensibilities



On The Editorial Screen

MOVIE PICTORIAL

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LLOYD KENYON JONES, EDITOR

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Movie Pictorial a Home Magazine

The volume of correspondence in appreciation of the new issue of MOVIE PICTORIAL, i. e., the February issue, if far more complimentary than critical, is indeed highly gratifying in that it endorses the policy of a moving picture periodical, not too technical yet authoritative, not sensational yet essaying the truly vital and interesting in the happy, artistic and wholesome side of the new art, motography, that is to-day, giving more joy and more entertainment to the world than any other form of amusement. The endeavor is to make MOVIE PICTORIAL a worthy home journal of flimdom that will inform and illuminate, so that you and yours may have a closer acquaintanceship with its players, its producers, its workers, its playwrights, and its vastly diversified products that are making such a pronounced impression upon the age as a medium of entertainment and education. The clearer knowledge derived from a more intimate association with those who merely show in shadow and also of those who, while not shown in the result, yet, contribute importantly to the character of it, lends to an enhancement of the pleasure in viewing the substance of this fine art makes it brighter, better and more permanent which admittedly is good for all concerned.

The term "Home Magazine" is used advisedly, for moving pictures constitute the only form of art in the world that submits to censorship cheerfully, challenging its most rigid investigation and setting forth an entertainment in which fiction has an even higher aim than fact. The rulings of the Censor Board are sometimes surprising, occasionally exasperating and certainly expensive for the progenitors of this form of amusement, but they submit uncomplainingly to this dictation of the public policy for keeping this manner of entertainment sweet and wholesome, worthy of the advanced civilization that America represents. This safeguarding amusement for the impressionable young, and conforming to the tenets of good taste in ministering to those older grown, indicates a home alliance and influence unusual in the realm of amusements, that is eminently worthy of sincere respect and signal support -- and MOVIE PICTORIAL is cultivating just such amenities.

Foresight, Faith and Fame!

In the birth of any new idea must necessarily be invention -- and how much we, of the world to-day, owe to the dogged patience and tenacity of purpose of inventive minds! Old indeed, and oft repeated, is the story of the eternal application of human beings to the evolution of an intuitive inspiration along the line of improvement of humanity's condition in one form or another. But fiction often sets forth, and true it is, fact has borne out fiction in many instances, that the inventor has evolved the idea for another, the producer, to reap the harvest the idea made possible! In many minds, no doubt, this application has applied to the Moving Picture Industry. But undoubtedly, a study of the necessary steps in evolving the moving picture "idea" to that point when it has reached a commercial success and permitted "the harvest," will convince the investigator that forbearance, hard thought, courage, along with the expenditure of large sums of money in experimentation in devious ways, have been the forerunners of the commercial success of those who to-day represent solidity and highest efficiency in the conducting of this industry. It may be remarked that some of these successes have been made in a shorter time than generally is the case in mercantile life, but it may also be remarked that the evolution of the industry has called for the same speed in their work necessary for accomplishment. With a desire to enlighten those readers interested in this phase of Moving Pictures, MOVIE PICTORIAL has inaugurated the series of sketches of the "big men" -- the successful men in the Moving Picture Industry -- the first one being published in this issue -- George Kleine.

A Word for the Players

Glamor, -- yes, that word enfolds film portrayal in many minds. It cannot be wondered at either. The wonderful "ease" with which the silent drama passes "unhurried and with ever-steady procession" on the screen, the very absence of constructive noise to remind one of mental and physical effort, the ever-changing surroundings of the players and the general inclination to the beautiful or sumptuous, all capped with the ever-present sunshine atmosphere, are associated characteristics that are bound to create this wholesome glamor. And with that mental condition, the tendency is to overlook or not understand that the basic element, the very foundation of moving picture creation, is work -- hard, hard work. It is one of the unmistakable wonders of the carefully prepared and artistically carried out photoplay, in its finished state, that the elemental effort in its production is not markedly evidenced to the viewer -- in fact the "restfulness" of the enjoyment of viewing it, is preeminent. To resume the point in mind -- we all place a greater valuation on anything that we know has required close application of mental and physical effort, as against that the creation of which has not required it. In our appreciation of moving

pictures we should not fail to recognize the mental and physical effort that has been expended, which we are prone to overlook by reason of the aforesaid glamor.

Thomas Santschi, one of the bright and particular stars of the Selig Polyscope Company, has covered this quite pithily.

"There are three things that are necessary to good picture acting," said Mr. Santschi: "The first is two eyes; the second is ten fingers; the third is that wonderful, indescribable, God-given something known as personality."

"Nine fingers are not enough; the motion picture actor or actress should possess the required ten. If one finger is missing, that fact will loom largely on the animated screen and will be immediately noticed by the audience. The two hands and the ten fingers are prime requisites in the art of the silent drama. Every movement of the hands, or the fingers, yes, even the movement of one finger, can be made meaningful.

"And what power in two good eyes! Why, eyes are everything in motion picture acting. All expression is subservient to them, and properly controlled, they can bring fame and fortune to the man or woman fortunate in possessing a good-sized, well-working pair.

"Do you think personality counts for so much in the pictures?"

"Do I? Yes. It counts more in motion pictures than on the stage. You've got to get through the canvas screen and personality is the only thing that will carry you through. Good acting behind the camera is much the same as good acting for the stage, but deprived of voice, you are depending entirely upon pantomime. That means you must accentuate gestures and expressions and concentrate your mind on every move.

"And then the art of the silent drama requires thought, you must think more than if you were on the stage. You must project your thought without the aid of voice and projecting thought means thought concentration. Take any simple action, going to open a door, for instance, you must think first. Then the eyes will show it and that is the soul's mirror.

"The action should never be hurried. The first thing the director tells you is to act more slowly than you do on the stage. I have employed the same methods in motion pictures that I always have, because I never have been hurried. It is possible to get the effect of apparent quickness by deliberation. Avoid needless movements, even the repose of the ten fingers is a wonderful thing. You must act more slowly in the silent drama because the camera absorbs action.

"In silent drama get the thought first and then you will have mental background for what you accomplish."

The Music Story

THE MUSICAL INTERPRETATION OF MOVING PICTURES

EDITOR'S NOTE: This Department was commenced in the October issue. It is for our readers, an arena for discussion of musical topics as they apply to the exhibition of moving pictures. Every reader having ideas along this line, criticisms or suggestions, will confer a favor on the editor of this department by writing to her. Different views, different discussions and new practical ideas will appear in each issue of MOVIE PICTORIAL.

A SHORT time ago I viewed the Twenty-third, or final Episode of "The Million Dollar Mystery." This was in one of the highest class and most popular moving picture theaters in Chicago. During the wedding scene, the musician played "The Anvil Chorus" from "Il Trovatore." Whether he had confused it in his mind with one of the wedding marches, or thought that it was a clever idea, I could not say. I did hear numerous remarks regarding it. It was an unpardonable incongruity. It was like rasping a file over one's nerves. I heard this same musician a great many times and ordinarily his music harmonizes with the pictures.

Following are some of the letters that have been received from music lovers:

It's a Long, Long Way to Harmony
Kenton, Ohio.

Dear Music Editor:

We recently had the beautiful colored Pathe film entitled "More Than Queen." In a particularly pathetic scene (the Queen's little son thrown from his horse), the physician is bending over his bedside. The mother in her mute agony awaits his verdict. Just at this tense moment, imagine my horror and surprise when our pianist rapidly began playing "Tipperary," and several equally rattle-brained youths in the audience started singing it. The scene was utterly ruined.

I had instructed her to play softly either "The Rosary," or "Hearts and Flowers," and to play "Tipperary" when the soldiers were marching. She reversed my orders and ruined the picture.

(MRS.) L. B. STEVENSON.

This reminds me of some friends of mine who were sending out some circulars. They had worked on these circulars very patiently and had decided to have certain lines in red and the balance in black. Plates were made by the printers, but when it came to the press work, the order was reversed. Naturally, the effect of the printing was lost.

It is very easy to see from the description given in the above letter that the "Tipperary" episode made ridiculous what should have been very solemn. Mrs. Stevenson's musical instructions were excellent and entirely in keeping with the theme.

Overdoing Popular Stuff
Birmingham, Ala.

Dear Music Editor:

"Tess of the Storm Country" has been shown in one of the theaters of this city.

The music, which consisted of a piano and an attached keyboard of an organ, played ordinary popular songs, which was not in harmony with the picture shown.

I think that "Anitra's Dance," by Grieg—also "In the Hall of the Gnome King," by the same author, would furnish the right effect to the picture. There's charm, wilderness and beauty mixed, as Mary Pickford, the actress of same, represents.

I have noticed "Idlio," by Lack, being played for "It's No Laughing Matter," and is not suitable at all for it. They could have played instead, "Humoresque," by Dvorak, or Paderewski's "Minuet," or even ragtime, if there was lack of better stuff.

HENRY GRUSIN.

The above letter written by Mr. Grusin, bears out a point that I have referred to in the past on this page. A great many players think that the titles of popular songs must necessarily fit in with the theme of the picture story. While some of the titles of popular airs are in harmony with their music, this is usually the exception rather than the rule.

By Mabel Bishop Wilson

In one of the recent song hits, the words "soldier" and "shoulder" are supposed to rhyme. The word "supreme" and "fifteen" are also used as a counter-foil on a rhyme. Even the broadest poetic license would not countenance such errors, and yet they are mild compared with the dissimilarity between many of the titles and the music.

There is nothing more disconcerting than to view a picture having a mystic air when the music is all light ragtime stuff. Children may not notice the difference, but certainly the majority of grown-ups must feel the difference. Music of that nature keeps the audience from getting the best out of a picture. It is not necessary to define the rasping clash between picture and music. One feels it. Many a good photoplay is harmed or ruined by the musical accompaniment. Many a poor photoplay is made acceptable by the accompaniment.

"Tangoing" a Tragedy

St. Louis, Mo.

Dear Music Editor:

"Mother Love," a heart drama in two chapters of three parts each. The deacon denies his young wife her babe, and drives her out. Angered that she finds friends, he sends her a box of white crepe, with the message: "Same as are used when babies die." The anguish of the mother is terrible. The orchestra played tango and ragtime music throughout the picture. It was very disconcerting. A pathetic song or tragic air would have been appropriate.

K. H.

The letter by K. H. again brings out this point that we cannot present too frequently. There is a place for ragtime. There is a place for all music. Like everything else, it should remain in its place.

Winner of the \$5 Prize

Movie Pictorial will award the \$5 prize to Mrs. L. B. Stevenson. The reason her offering has been selected as the best is because she had previously chosen the music that was to be played to the Pathe film. She has given a very definite and clearly defined example of what can happen if orders are not carried out. No matter what excuse the musician herself might give, that excuse could make no difference in this award.

I admit that a musician, like anybody else, may commit mistakes. The person who is playing continuously may become confused. This is particularly true when one is ill. At the same time the people in the audience are not paying their money to tolerate these inexcusable mistakes of those who are to entertain them.

The Musician Is an Actor

I think that it is a well recognized principle that a theater musician should be considered as an auxiliary actor. All those who contribute to the success of a play are auxiliaries to it. On the legitimate stage, any mistake of the property man may ruin the performance.

I recall an instance when a stock company was playing Shakespearean drama in Milwaukee. The particular play was "Romeo and Juliet." Juliet was on her balcony which was back of a high, iron fence. The ornate gate of this fence was locked. Romeo came along with his guitar. The stage setting was very pretty. There was always a thrill of expectancy while Romeo climbed over the fence and into the yard. On this particular night, when he was on top of the fence, he fell, and he and the fence were precipitated to the stage. From that moment on the audience refused to accept the play as serious, and the curtain was finally rung down. The property man, the stage manager, the electrician and the musician were all auxiliaries.

The photoplay theater is a theater just the same as the legitimate playhouse even though its dramas are shown upon the screen instead of behind the footlights. The musician, therefore, is really more

important than he or she would be in a regular theater.

The musician owes a certain debt to the audience. Trying to palm anything off as appropriate music will not do. There must be a definite idea. Every picture theater musician should strive for perfection. There is certainly enough choice in the matter of musical selections to meet with the individual desires of any player. To go to the extreme is inexcusable. To make glaring errors is unpardonable.

Questions and Answers

The average picture play will contain anywhere from thirty to possibly eighty scenes to each reel. The projecting machine throws sixteen separate pictures, on the average, on the screen each second, or nine hundred and sixty separate pictures a minute. A single reel contains about one thousand feet, and the time required to project it is about sixteen or seventeen minutes. Thirty scenes would mean a change of scene about every thirty seconds on the average. Flashes, cut-backs and titles will last only a few seconds each. Too frequent change of music, therefore, would not be advisable.

Following are some of the questions and answers that will prove of interest not only to the persons who sent the questions in, but also to all others interested in picture play music.

Q. Where a title or sub-title is thrown upon the screen, and the same scene continues after as shown before, should there be any change in the music?

A. Although titles and sub-titles are usually supposed to precede scenes, there are very frequently inserts, such as a letter or a telegram. The same strain should be continued although the tone may be subdued throughout the showing of the insert. While it is an interruption in one sense of the word, we must remember that in long scenes the insert is simply making the meaning of the scene more clear. It is possible that an insert or a title breaking into a scene might change the entire theme of the scheme, and necessarily the accompaniment. By way of illustration let us say that the scene shows a party of young folks laughing and playing and singing and dancing. A telegram is received by one of the party, and when that telegram is flashed upon the screen in the form of an insert, it states that the young man's mother has just died. The scene is then continued, but instead of gaiety there is a hush. Some are horrified and others are expressing their sympathy. But if the scene continued the same as before, and if the insert did not interrupt the harmony of the scene, then the music would remain as it had been.

Q. I should like to know how you would play a scene in which there is a fade-in—perhaps just showing the face of a young man's sweetheart. That scene fades out and then another fades in, showing him with the girl on some outing. That scene fades out and next fades in showing a grave, which is presumably her grave. Would there be change of music with each fade-in and fade-out?

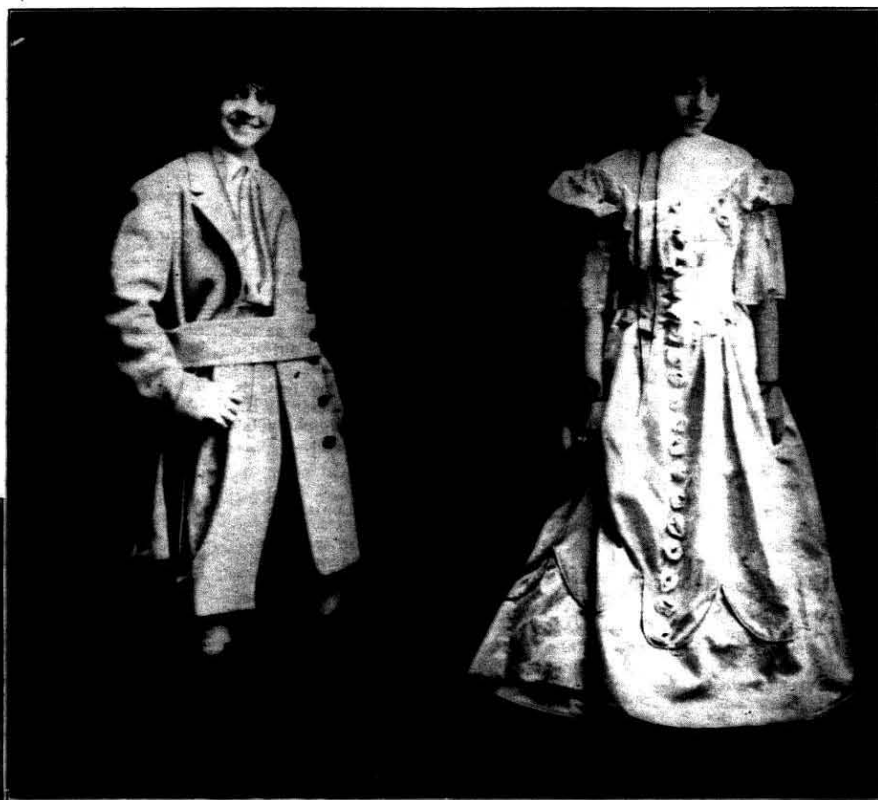
A. The young man presumably is in a meditative mood. He is dreaming of the past. These various scenes are in harmony with his attitude and mental state. The same strain might be subdued with a more pathetic fade-in, but would not necessarily have to change.

Q. I should like to know how you would play a picture that begins with the scene in a club-room where one of the clubmen starts to tell a story to his friends. There is a fade-out of the club scene and a fade-in of the scenes concerned with the story. This inside story may be entirely different from what has preceded it, and it may pass long through a great many scenes.

A. The fade-in, in which the telling of the story is shown by having it acted out, is just the same as any change of scene. The music would necessarily have to follow the theme of that new story. Finally, when the scene returned to the club, the music would be altered to fit in with the atmosphere of the club as well as with the mental effect the story had produced upon the listeners.

Film Favorites' Fashions

HAVING in mind the wonderful variety of handsome gowns and other feminine apparel worn by Miss Snow in "The Million Dollar Mystery," and which so impressed us all with her versatility in the art of costuming, I asked this leading lady of The Thanhouser Film Corporation to give the readers of the Film Favorite's Fashion Department, an opportunity to learn more about some of the costumes worn by her in later plays. I left it to Miss Snow to make the selection, letting her intuition choose the costumes that moving picture patrons of the fair sex would like to know



etc., that appeal to their taste and feel the desire to possess garments just like them, but the constant movement on the screen, the lack of reproduction of color effects, prevent the obtaining of a complete and strong enough mental picture to allow the reproduction of them.

At any time you see on the screen, a dress or suit or garment worn by a film favorite and you wish a description of it, such as we have given in connection with the illustrations on this page, just write to me (the fashion editor) giving the name of the film, the name of the film company by whom it was produced, the scene in



Photos by Robinson, New Rochelle, N. Y.

This very latest automobile outfit is of heavy tailored goods of a very light blue color. Dark colors are not fashionable. The coat is a box pattern, very warm and comfortable. The trousers are practically riding breeches without the leather inside the knees. Either boots or shoes and puttees are correct. A flannel shirt should be worn and most any sporty hat. The one above is blue beaver, mannish style.

This evening gown is of Nile green heavy silk, full skirt and bodice. Colonial style. The skirt is wired to make it stand out. The skirt and bodice are trimmed with dainty pink roses. The flaps on the bodice are edged with a tiny gold braid. White stockings, black slippers and a very narrow velvet ribbon around neck and wrists add greatly to this gown. The hair should be dressed to correspond with the period.

Marguerite Snow



about. And one cannot but be impressed with Miss Snow's aptitude for originating new, striking, modish apparel. The dress and automobile outfit shown here, were worn by her in the fifteenth and sixteenth episodes of "Zudora, or The Twenty Million Dollar Mystery."

To Miss Ruth Stonehouse's exceeding generosity and willingness to go to trouble on our account, we are indebted for pictures and descriptions of two very charming spring hats.

Not only does Miss Stonehouse wear these hats in her parts for the screen, but uses them as part of her apparel outside the studio.

In the February issue of MOVIE PICTORIAL, it was stated that we believe many of our readers see at times in the screen, articles of apparel, dresses, suits, street dresses, etc.,



This hat is made of Black Belgian split straw. Crown and upper part of brim covered with white corded silk. Two white straw pompons stick out at angles on the crown. Large mesh veil with heavy dots all around edge.



This hat for afternoon or evening wear, is made of White Bengaline Silk with velvet pansies applied around the crown. A lovers' knot of purple stovepipe ribbon is fetchingly perked upon the crown.

Ruth A. Stonehouse

that film in which it appeared, as well as the name of the actress who wore it and I will endeavor to secure a description of it for you. Of course, I may not always succeed, but I will do my best to get it for you. Do not ask for this concerning old films — films that have been produced some time back — for you can imagine it would be practically impossible for me to get descriptions of garments that have probably been discarded long ago.

Remember, this department is open to our readers—we want you to feel it is your information bureau—want you to write at any time on this subject. All you need to do is to write your letter, giving the information required, as stated above, enclose with it a stamped return envelope, and mail it to

THE FASHION EDITOR.

REALISM IN THE MOVIES

A Department for the Discussion of Films Possessing or Lacking Realism

Conducted by Our Readers

IN TAKING notice of the errors that are displayed in films, one should bear in mind the enormous activity of moving picture production. This is not stated with any view to discourage you in any way in hunting for flaws and recording your criticisms—but instead, it is to impress you with sincerity of purpose in this work, and to urge you to keep it up. And do not think that only criticisms of faults are wanted—your expression of appreciation of a film that has so impressed you, is wanted at any time. That "popular" criticism is desired is plainly indicated in the following extract from a letter by a correspondent in Houston, Texas. It should encourage us all in our endeavors to aid the earnest workers in the moving picture industry.

"Recently, I received a letter from one of the most prominent actor-directors, asking me to watch his productions with as much care as possible and write a candid criticism without sparing the rod, as he was very anxious to please the public above all, and for this purpose needed their opinion. Of course, the regular reviewers are prone to advertise in stead of finding fault where fault there is, consequently the independent voice of the people will offer many useful suggestions for the guidance of such actors and directors with such aims as the one mentioned above.

"If all Moving Picture magazines would follow your highly commendable overture to the paying public to express their opinion, independent of paid film producers' patronage, these latter could learn a good many things from those patrons that sustain their industry by their steady attendance to the theaters."

A Winsome Trio

(Winner of the \$5.00 prize)

Glen Falls, N. Y.

A short time ago, I saw an Association picture in which an Englishman had received an Egyptian mummy. The Englishman opened the mummy case and found in it a note written by the mummy just before his death, to be buried with him. The mummy must have been able to look ahead as the note was written in English.

In a recent Biograph release, "Dwellers in Glass Houses," the leading lady had beautiful golden hair, but she ought to remember to wear the same amount in all the scenes especially when she wears it in two braids down her back. It made the audience laugh to see the braids a foot longer in succeeding scenes.

In the "Exploits of Elanor" in the first episode, the crook wants to rob the safe and, as he doesn't know the combination, he uses Thermit as the quickest way to get in the safe. Thermit is a combination of chemicals which when placed together generate 5,000 degrees of heat and simply melt their way through a steel plate. The Thermit makes a hole of about four inches in diameter in the top of the safe. The crook then reaches down in the hole and pulls out papers from the safe. The papers are perfectly white. The Thermit generating 5,000 degrees of heat inside the safe has not even charred the papers. The Thermit goes through the top of the safe quickly and becomes of it. If it goes through the top, why not through the bottom of the safe and through the floor setting fire to the house? Very truly,

H. W.

Points Well Taken

New York, N. Y.

Two glaring inconsistencies which showed gross carelessness as to detail on the part of the producer and which marred completely an otherwise acceptable photoplay were noticed by the writer recently at the Savoy Theater, New York City, during the running of the two part Domino (New

Your help toward the accomplishment aimed at by this department is requested. Send in your criticisms. Do not hesitate. Join your efforts with ours. A prize of \$5.00 is given each month to the contributor of the criticism deemed most worthy, be it either for or against the film. Address all communications to the Realism editor.

York Motion Picture Corporation), entitled "The Man at the Key." The story deals with railroad life and features as its "big" scene a train-wreck, which is averted by the quick wit of a former telegraph operator in the employ of the company. The time supposed to be night, the action calls for the flagging of the fast mail. Yet in broad daylight, where the shadows caused by the bright sun can be plainly seen, the man runs out and waving a lantern, stops the train. The simple neglect of not tinting these scenes for night effect absolutely spoiled the situation and brought a laugh from the discerning ones in the audience.

Further on in this same production of "The Man at the Key," a telegraph office is shown with a group of operators standing about the table. A lapse of eight years occur and these same operators, man for man, are shown, and not one of them has changed his shirt. To say the least, it was not hygienic, much less realistic. This lack of attention to the small things in the film absolutely destroyed the realism of the action and reduced the photoplay to the level of the indifferently produced "movie."

Renee Foster

"Dugouts" and Disarmament

Greenville, Ohio

In "The Desperado," Jim was supposed to sleep in a "dugout" after he had escaped from the Sheriff. The "dugout" was only a shanty set out in a field. The director never lived in a "cave" country, or he would have known what a "dugout" was. After Jim escaped from the "dugout," he crossed the ford where one of the sheriff's men was "laying" for him, and instead of being cautious, he seemed to court danger, then when he had kicked the man over he was in such a hurry to make his "getaway" that he did not stop long enough to even disarm the man before he rode away.

Madge Kellogg

A Magic Mirror

Nashville, Tenn.

Last week I saw the Lasky (I think it was) production of "The Goose Girl" and in the scene where the prince is disguising himself, he looks at himself in a mirror standing well away from it, and yet the audience sees both his image in the mirror and the prince himself. If he actually sees himself, as he pretends to be doing, his reflection could not be seen by the audience at all.

I have noticed this same thing in other films also.

Paul C. Klyce

Someone Missed

New Orleans, La.

The other night I saw a moving picture called "The Life of Buffalo Bill," produced by Swain Brothers, of New York. A scene in the first reel showed the camp of the Cheyenne Indians. The Indians were doing their war dance. There was one tent on which was written in large letters the word "Chief." If these were uncivilized Indians how did they know how to write the English language?

In the second reel there was a scene showing Buffalo Bill riding towards camp, the wind happened to blow his hat off, but he did not stop to pick it up, but when the picture showed him arriving in camp he had his hat on. There was a general laugh from the audience at this.

R. T. McBride

Legerdemain?

Hamburg, Ia.

At a recent number of "The Perils of Pauline," Pauline is shown placed in an old boiler near the ocean where the tide will rise and drown her. She is rescued by cutting a hole in the top of the boiler with an Oxy-Acetylene welding or cutting machine. Now we are not criticizing the handling of the machine, or the rescue. We are familiar with having this apparatus and the film showed a man removing the iron plate cut out and holding it in his hands and later a man sitting down on the edge of the boiler from where the water had been removed. These men did not have gloves on, nor was there anything to indicate that they wore asbestos clothes, and anyone familiar at all with the handling of this machine

knows that not only the plate but the iron surrounding it would be hot (HOT) and too hot to handle or sit on for some time. There was nothing to indicate but that they handled and sat on this right away for they were in a hurry to get her out to keep her from drowning. This one feature spoiled the realism of this film for a number of us.

C. E. Miner

Was He Unconscious?

Galveston, Texas.

In one of the series of the "Hazards of Helen," entitled "The Open Lighthouse," the leading man in the role of the railroad detective is handcuffed to one of the iron steps of the ladder which goes up the sides of freight cars. The train starts, causing him to hang by his hands with his feet dragging on the ground.

Helen sees him just as the train starts, and runs and jumps on the ladder to which he is handcuffed. She then takes the key to the handcuffs from his pocket, unlocks them, thus causing him to drop to the ground. By this time the train has had ample time to be moving at least 15 to 20 miles an hour and Helen jumps from it and lands on her feet with her back to the engine and the direction in which the train is moving. Now any one knows if you jump off of any moving object like a train or street car and not face the way it is moving you can't help but fall unless it is going about two miles an hour. But as soon as Helen touched the ground she ran to the man on the ground just as though she had never been on the train at all, but had been standing still on the ground. And if you say the train had not been moving fast enough to affect her balance when she jumped, then why was the leading man not walking or running with the train but being dragged? A train going fast enough to drag a man who was in a position to run with it if it were going slow was going fast enough to throw one jumping off of it backwards.

Geo. P. Thrall

A Sleep Producer?

Kansas City, Mo.

Were you ever knocked flat on your back by a blow straight from the shoulder? If so, do you remember what you did with your arms when you came in contact with the blow? A young man in a Biograph picture entitled "The House of Horror," upon being struck down calmly placed his hands under the back of his head before losing consciousness. If he lost consciousness he was composing himself for a nap.

In a Lubin picture entitled, "When Honor Wakes," a man cuts all labels from his clothing before committing suicide. But he must have been agitated to a very great degree for he cut one from his coat and put it in one of the pockets of his trousers.

N. W.

Some Sound Suggestions

Galveston, Texas.

In a picture called "England's Menace," two children discover the secret code of numbers used by the same numbers are not used for the same letter, for example, one letter "a" would be 256, then again the same letter would be 45.

In a picture entitled "The Master Key," Wilkerson, the villain, with a band of Mexicans, attacks the mine. The troops come upon the scene and take them prisoners, yet Wilkerson is allowed to keep his old office free from guards. And also, how is it that the Mexicans can steal the key from Ruth if they are captives and how can Wilkerson leave the mine at this time of trouble?

In another recent picture, a man entered a lumber yard office and when he came out a sign was painted on the corner of the building. It was not there when he entered so this shows that the picture was taken two different times.

There are many many pictures where the actors lose their hats in one scene and have them on in the next, and also actors coming out of the water with dry clothes on. I know that these things are done for the comfort of the players, but it takes some of the realism from the picture.

G. Peck.

Too Many Guests!

Ivanville, Ill.

I saw a Vitagraph play called "A Madcap Adventure." A big dance was in full swing in a small room. One half of the floor was hardwood, the other half was cement.

O. E. Long

Another Robinson Crusoe?

St. Louis, Mo.

In "Haunted Hearts," a two-act Gold Seal drama, Jack and Nathan, love a girl, while yachting, she desires a flower from a high barren island. The rivals swim to the island, Jack gets the flower, but falls and is disabled. Nathan steals the flower, leaves Jack helpless, reports his death and marries the girl. A year later, finding his wife unconscious, holding Jack's picture, he goes in search of Jack. Nearing the island, with no sign of water or vegetation, except a small plot around the one flower Jack has recovered and saves Nathan's life after his boat capsized.

Isn't it wonderful how Jack survived on this barren island? K. H.

Very Good Criticisms

Chattanooga, Tenn.

In "Tillie's Punctured Romance," I noticed two things that were a decided shock to "Realism." Tillie's uncle went mountain climbing and, judging by the costumes, scenery, etc., he was among the Alps. After his accident, the guide rushed into the Inn and the keeper telephoned to the uncle's home, using a foreign phone (with mouth-piece and receiver in one). He was answered at the other end of the line by the butler who used an American telephone. Since when has it been possible to talk across the Atlantic over a telephone? Are they using foreign telephones in America?

In the same picture Charlie Chaplin rushes in the kitchen of the restaurant while Tillie (Marie Dressler) is scrubbing the floor. He proposes, both are splashed with water and are very untidy looking, she accepts and they rush out to get a minister. On the outside he appears in a clean and spotless suit and Tillie's white apron looked perfectly clean and fresh.

I am keeping up with "The Runaway June," and at every installment I hear numerous remarks about the decided mistake made in the manner in which June has disposed of her watch. In the first picture June sells her watch to a woman who, in turn, sells it to Mr. Blye. Every time June's mind goes back, as it does in every scene, she sees herself selling it to the conductor and Mr. Blye buying it from him. June sold the watch to a woman, Mr. Blye purchased it from the same woman without June's knowledge. How was June to know that her watch was in Mr. Blye's possession?

Just one more—in the "Honeymooners," in one scene, when dinner was announced the bride left the drawing-room in a coat suit and immediately entered the dining-room in a beffuffed and flowered dress of silk.

(Mrs.) J. A. Hogan.

It's Hard to Say

Wellesley, Mass.

In the fourteenth episode of the "Troy O' Hearts," the motorcycle on which Alan Law and Rose are escaping plunges over a steep hill. Alan and Rose are received apparently a few bruises and some dirt. Along comes the pursuing automobile with Marrophat and the secretary and plunges over the very same hill. Both (in the story) are killed? How can you account for it? T. H. B.

You Are Right

New Orleans, La.

Saw a Universal Film with Mary Fuller. Her beau sends her some flowers with a note of proposal, but her girl chum gets the flowers from the boy who had brought same to house, and reads the note. She immediately burns the envelope addressed to Mary, but not the box, in which the flowers are sent, and shows note to Mary. Why not burn box as well as envelope, as it was addressed exactly the same way? The second picture is bad in my belief as the "Guardian Angel" (Mary Fuller) appears to Chas. Ogle too many times, and if a man would see so many visions, he might as well not work and just let the angel tell him where to get the "Iron Men."

Laurence Deckbar.

UNDER THE SKYLIGHT

(Continued from page 7)

mistake this time. The "business" is covertly . . . whisper instructions to your man, then both exit, well pleased with the plan in mind. In a short cut-in scene, immediately following this one, you are both discovered riding along a dusty road, discussing plans for the abduction of the girl who has spurned your love. Fernandez points toward an old castle in the distance indicating that is where she lives. Reining your horses to a nearby tree stump you dismount, resolved to lie in wait until darkness settles over the hillsides.

"Now then Maria Rosa dominates the story. Maria like Levardo is poor but honest, the daughter of humble peasants. She has dared to gaze upon and give her love in keeping to the charming Fernandez. He alone has ever been the idol of her dreams. A babe nestles against her bosom, a child without a father, tribute to your perfidy. Like a broken toy you have done with and cast aside, scorning her protestations of undying love. Slowly she trudges down the road, heartbroken. She catches the murmur of low voices wafted on the still air. One in particular stabs her heart afresh. Closer and closer she presses, with no other thought than that of loneliness for the man who has deserted her. Dazed and horror-stricken she learns that you love another, the lady in the castle on the hilltop, whom Maria knows only by sight and respects in reverential awe as she does the Virgin Mary.

"In that one sacred pause of time, reason departs and madness seizes her. She will be revenged. Revenge has ever been a despised woman's surest weapon, as if by a miracle all the bitter longing, the agony and shame of years vanish. She is happy. She could shout for very joy. Her brain is alive with the crafty cunning of her race. Ah! what if the child should awake and its innocent prattle betray her nearness? Without stopping she moves swiftly across fields, and through valleys, succored by a new strength born of revenge, twilight envelops the world with a haze of deep shadows. On and on she forges until at last she reaches the

journey's end. Rushing past the old lodge keeper, she chances upon the lovers enjoying a tete-a-tete. Breathlessly she apprises them of Fernandez's schemes. She wishes to depart but they detain her in recognition of the services she has rendered them.

"It is hastily decided that Maria and Levardo shall hide nearby, while the girl strolls unconcernedly about the grounds apparently unafraid. Their vigil is of short duration. Presently the interlopers appear. As you are about to carry off the girl, Maria and Levardo appear, frustrating your well laid plans. Levardo overpowers you, allowing your man to make his escape. Frantically you plead with Maria for mercy in your behalf, thinking that you can easily win her over, but, she has found you out and only laughs as they lead you away to von Bastille, to end your days in exile, with the laughter of Maria ringing in your ears — fiendish and mocking that will remain with you to the end of time. To the end, Fernandez, remember that, to the end."

"Now you understand? Is that clear, Fernandez,—to the end?"

Wilson leaned over excited, thrilled, exultant, almost exhausted. He had been unconsciously acting Maria Rosa's part, scene for scene, line for line. Prompted by ulterior motives which even the densest might fathom, Fernandez remained motionless staring at him like a guard on duty, his lip slightly curled with a supercilious smile. Wilson glanced about almost wistfully, and then asked very gently as though speaking more to himself. "How was that for an old stager, not so bad was it? I'd show you artist fellows something if I was young again. Well, let's get busy. Positions, please."

Over and over they rehearsed the lines and situations until it met with his approval. Fernandez with added vigor, and smarting under the subtle rebuke, never played better. Conscious that he had committed an irretrievable sin in crossing Wilson, he was eager to make good. He felt instinctively that whatever slight degree of comradeship had existed between them in the past was now for

ever hopelessly dead. Wilson's words kept recurring to him unpleasantly like an ill omen. "Remember that, Fernandez, to the end," and now for the first time he caught their full meaning. He, too, in an unguarded moment had been trapped, goaded on to self-destruction and the future looked very bleak. In the three short years spent within the confines of the walls of the studio, he had witnessed the rise and fall of many brilliant men and women, lorded over by this relentless tyrant, whose word was law, denying one the right to think or act naturally unless he approved. Momentarily lost in idle reverie, his gaze strayed over to Wilson rummaging through pages of manuscript, and for some unknown reason he pitied the man, as a person detached and alone.

"Places, please," shouted Wilson.—"Get ready. Start your action. GO! We're going to take it this time without any more delay."

The steady even click of the camera grinding with automaticlike precision, the pent up feeling of intensity surcharging the atmosphere, the short sharp orders given by Wilson watching the scene like a hawk, keyed the onlookers to a sense of foreboding evil.

"Thank you," he said finally when the scene was photographed. At this moment Miss Eisendrath and the Marchioness advanced toward Wilson craving a moment's interview which was pleasantly accorded.

"May we go to luncheon?" they asked in chorus, "we're in the next scene and it's now 12.15."

"What's that you say, 12.15? I thought it was around ten bells. Sure! Run along! Don't eat too much, Mrs. Ryan, you're getting pretty stout even now for grand dame parts!" He laughed at his own sally and excused the other members, admonishing them to be back sharply at one o'clock. The mob straggled in twos and threes.

Fernandez alone lagged behind. Wilson calculated that he would, and eagerly awaited developments.

By way of introduction, Fernandez strolled over to the operator's station smiling nonchalantly at Wilson

"Well, Governor, we've been a merry little party this morning, haven't we? I know I acted rotten, and I'm sorry, awfully sorry, for what occurred. I want to apologize."

Wilson looked up hesitatingly, for a second taken completely off guard. "That's all right, my boy, forget it! We both got rattled and lost our heads. I'm just as sorry as you are that it happened, because I had counted on you. I thought you were different from the rest."

Fernandez looked at him puzzled. Could it be that this rough old warrior with the shaggy eyebrows, and bull-dog disposition really cared or was it merely another expression of his chameleonlike composition? Perhaps, after all, the old ties of friendship, frail as they had been, might be welded together again and made to weather another storm. Neither spoke of this hope, because they were men and void of sentiment. With a little friendly nod of his head, Fernandez passed quietly from the building without turning to look back. Wilson stared after him, gulped hard, wiped his nose-glasses and with a dry smile turned to Eddie. "He's a great chap, that Fernandez, just like a big boy! Wish I had a son like him! What a matinee idol he'd make! Say, Eddie, what if we have a little smoke? The coast is clear."

Suiting the action to the word, Eddie bit the end from an oily black cigar, the Governor handed him while he applied a match to Wilson's.

"Well, Son," the older man continued settling himself back comfortably on the long bench against the wall, "I'm glad we at least got one scene through this morning. Hope we don't draw a yellow sheet on it after it's run in the vault." "Ish Ka Bibble," he added, now thoroughly good humored, watching curling rings of thick blue smoke waft upward.

Eddie's squinted toward the door. "Say, Governor, it just struck me that we are sitting here like a couple of 'sims' smoking up the joint just like we owned it. If the Boss happened in — Good Night, Nurse," he'd tie a can to us. What do you say if we hike over to the corner and get a bite to eat? I'm thirsty as a hound."

The Secret of Paint Creek

(Continued from page 11)

above—Clem's reflections were abruptly broken, and the next moment he had thrown himself into the bushes and was worming his way deeper into the leafy underbrush.

From the cliff above had come suddenly the sound of voices, and as he glanced upward he saw that two figures were descending the steps. While he, himself, was hidden for the time from their observation, the faces of both the new comers were thrown into sharp relief against the rugged background.

One was the brown-haired girl whom he had glimpsed in the thicket opposite the oak tree of the tragedy, the girl whom Della Murray had suggested to him as Faith Morrison. Her companion was Rogers, the motorcycle salesman.

With almost a shock, Clem realized that he had almost completely forgotten the man's existence. Now as

he forced his way deeper into his tangled concealment, he recalled his imaginative suspicions when he had discovered the fellow at the cross roads on their way out from Warren-town.

The voices of the girl and the man were coming nearer now every moment. Clem ceased his efforts to find a more secure hiding place, fearing that the rustle of the bushes would betray him. Trusting to luck, he forced apart the shrubbery, and peered out.

With a light spring, Rogers finished his descent, and reached out a hand to steady his companion. With his first close view of the girl's face, Clem saw that she was, indeed, of a striking type of beauty. There was something oddly appealing in the deep, brown eyes under their long lashes. Her movements suggested that she was far more at home in the

difficult descent than the man accompanying her. It was apparent, too, that she and Rogers were far from strangers. Clem fancied that he caught a gleam of admiration in the man's eyes as they rested on her face.

For a moment the two were silent. And then, Rogers, drawing out a cigar, began a nervous pacing of the bank. It was he who spoke first.

"I don't like it," he began abruptly. "There must be a way without."

"But there isn't!" the girl interrupted impatiently. "If I am willing to take the risk, why should you object?"

"Why?" Rogers took a step toward her, and then turned away. Clem could see that his face was working as though it was with difficulty that he mastered his emotions. He applied a fresh match to his cigar and shrugged.

"Of course, it shall be as you say. Tonight then at ten!"

He broke off shortly, and whirled around. In finding a concealment Clem had been given no choice. It was not until he threw himself flat that he saw that he had chosen a ledge of loose gravel. The disastrous consequences were borne in upon him abruptly when one of his feet, seeking a rest from its cramped position, sent a miniature torrent of dirt and pebbles down into the water.

He saw the startled glance which Rogers sent in his direction, followed by a deeper gleam as the man evidently discovered him. On the same instant Clem sprang boldly to his feet.

There was a gasp from the girl below, and then Clem found himself effectually occupied with his own predicament. The stream of gravel he had dislodged was only a begin-

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please you and to make MOVIE PICTO-
RIAL interesting to you from cover to
cover.

Zane Grey, State University, Mad-
ison, Wis. Has anyone made a study
of music as applied to motography?

Write to Harry A. Tech, director of
the Essanay Studios.

MacDowell, Portland, Ore. Why
does not the Poe story ever get into
film?

Tales of ratiocination and psycholog-
ical mystery are difficult to delineate.
The great producer Griffith has suc-
cessfully accomplished this. Adolph
Elsner, formerly of the General Film
now head of E. L. K. Film Company,
has secured the state rights for this
masterpiece and will make it the open-
ing attraction at the Fine Arts
Theater in Chicago, where "Neptune's
Daughter" ran all last season.

"Wants to Know." Kansas City.
Who first filmed Columbus and what
have they announced in a big way
since?

The Selig Polyscope Company was
the first west of New York to make
a three-reel feature "The Coming of
Columbus," now a standard historical.
This company was equally successful
in making the greatest book-play film
in America, "The Spoilers," and now
they are about to motion-picturize the
most imposing stage production of
modern years, "The Garden of Allah."

FRANCIS X. BUSHMAN

Continued from page 17

inquiring look at me before he settled
himself for another snooze. "Drago-
man" that's a stunning name for a
very handsome animal.

My curiosity got the better of me.
"But doesn't he disturb the birds?"

"Not a bit of it. Why, Dragoman
thinks that this aviary couldn't exist
at all if he didn't keep watch—or
rather snooze—all day under that
palm. He's a perfect prefect of
police. He likes them and knows
them all by name as well as I do.
He reached in to pet a great hand-
some raven. Immediately there was
a jealous shriek from somewhere
close at hand. I turned hurriedly to
see what was the matter. In the pa-
rot cage nearby a bird was viciously
shaking its head—"Here Poll! Poll,
pretty bird"—pretty Poll," it per-
sisted pleadingly. Mr. Bushman
threw back his head and snapped his
fingers at her.

A great owl blinked solemnly and
sagely at us and uttered no sound.
But as we passed it browsed sud-
denly down and lit familiarly on Mr.
Bushman's shoulder. He patted it
lightly as he stepped up to a cocka-

toos cage. "Bed-time," he said and
he tucked its head under its wing.
Then he snapped off the light and
the owl got its bearing and dignifiedly
departed. The cooing and chirping
and fluttering ceased. A soft whirr
or so, the sound of Dragoman giv-
ing himself a final shaking, and then
silence.

We stepped out into the hallway
again and faced each other. He
looked rested and thoroughly happy.
I was altogether charmed with him
and his "surprise" above all things.
I told him so with real enthusiasm.

"I am glad you enjoyed it—and yes
I am really glad to have given you
this interview at home and broken
the rule for once. I have a fondness
for all animals, but birds are best
and I like them most of all, and
I am truly happy to have shown them
to you."

I was vengefully glad when I went
in that I had circumvented the tall
gaunt villain's obstinacy and gained
my point, an interview at home with
Francis Bushman. But when I came
out vengeful thoughts even toward
the villain, had departed.

A Visit to the Favorite Players Studio

(Continued from page 9)

ready for work at eight-thirty, and
that after a brief luncheon they
worked until six o'clock and then met
in the city later on to take a night
scene, finally getting home at eleven
o'clock with a call for the morrow at
eight-thirty again. Of course, the
work is not always so prolonged, but
these good people work long hours
and are not guided by the time clock
and aim to take advantage of every
little bit of sun there is, especially
at this time of year (February) when
the rains come along to interfere with
picture taking.

A visit to the Favorite Players
studio is not complete without calling
in on Mrs. Daniels, who manages the
office and most of the company for
that matter. She is a "dear" she is
the mother of the whole lot of them
and hears all their trials and their

joys, and she is not an ancient person
at that—she is just one of those
charming ladies who readily bear
others burdens and who help to make
light of troubles. She has a big little
daughter Bebe, who is going to make
a fine actress; she is seen in the Fa-
vorite Players films occasionally.

The Favorite Players Company is
bound to make good pictures where
such excellent spirit prevails, they
MAKE their work play by force of
good will, and the fun they have with
each other, and Carlyle Blackwell is
as big a "kid" as any of them and big-
ger than most of them. I doubt
whether he will ever be an old man,
and Sheehan and Gerrard will be as
youthful as he when they meet in
after years to talk over all the good
times they had when they were act-
ing for the screen.

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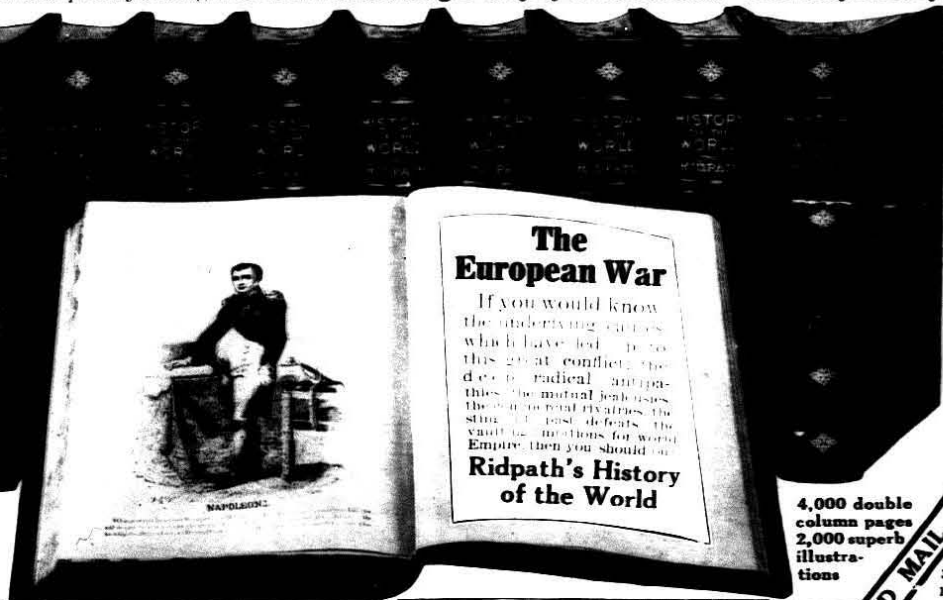
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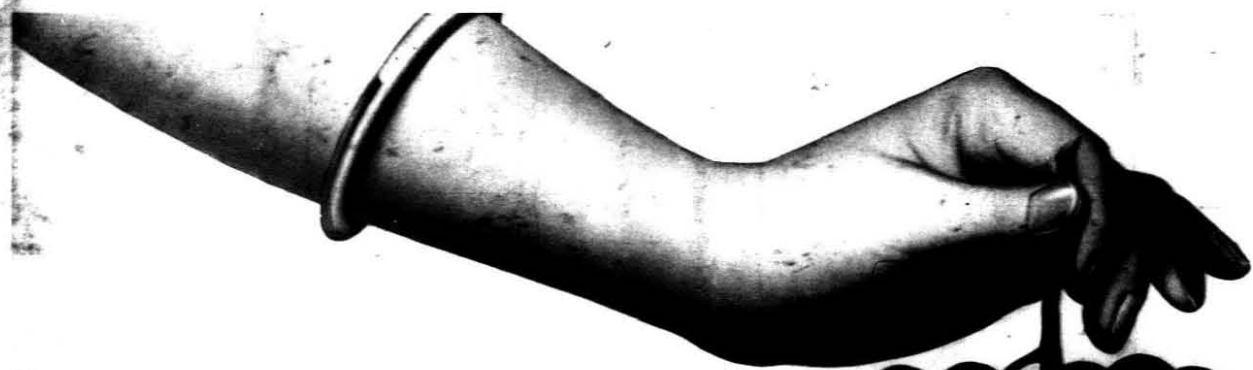
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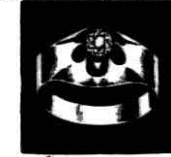
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witchery
and color
charm of
the Orient



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the senses
of the
budding
girl



That strong and dormant power of the second
nature asserts itself



And maternal opposition awakens the will of
the girl to rebellion

"THE BUTTERFLY"

produced by

WORLD FILM CORPORATION

Adapted from the novel by
HENRY KITCHELL WEBSTER

The World Film Corporation, which does big things in an artistic and impressive way, has visualized "The Butterfly," one of "the ten best sellers," in a fashion commensurate with all its variants of interest in the mysterious and ever picturesque Orient; with its adventurous element in the doings of the vengeful and murderous acrobat, and the deep heart throb that invests its romance.

The witchery of the Nile lands is revealed in the settings and furnishes fine environment for the dancing of the heroine, while the glimpses of circus and theatrical life add clever bits of characterization to diversify an exciting drama of alternating suspense and thrill.

Henry Kitchell Webster is one of the cleverest novelists in the West in current fiction, and his popularity in photoplay which began with "Cinderella" should be perpetuated in "The Butterfly." O. A. C. Lund, the producer of the picture, appears in the role of the malignant hunchback; Barbara Tennant is the fascinating heroine Elaine, and Howard Estabrook is "the man"—surely a great cast.



Barbara Tennant as
Elaine Arthur



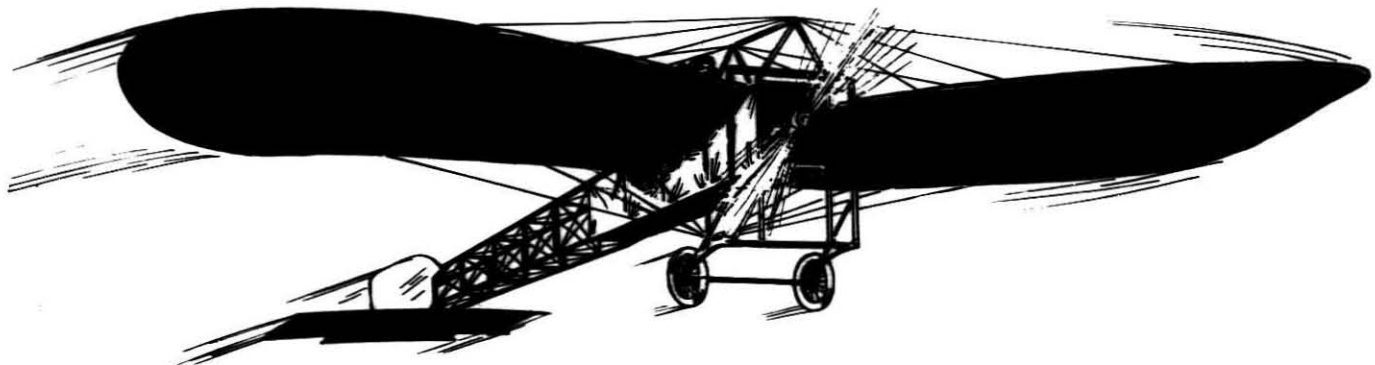
Howard Estabrook as
John Bristley Butler



Successful in her
art engaged—
real love enters
with the coming
of "the man," to
the end that
freedom from
one who has not
created love,
must be the
boundary passed
for shelter for
life within the
real love of her
heart's soul mate



MOVIE PICTORIAL



BELOW THE RIO GRANDE



IF WE fail to have a man at Chihuahua, ready to accompany the army on the advance to Torreon," said James Gardiner, president of the Federal Film Company, "we shall be losers to the extent of our ten-thousand-dollar forfeit and our war film contract becomes void."

Telegrams had been flashed to the cardinal points of the compass, and also to the divergent angles between those points, in their mad haste to secure Denman—the Denman who had secured motion pictures of actual warfare in the Balkans while the other cinematographers were unable to get within hailing distance of the battles.

"If we don't get Denman!" the chief executive again moaned—and at this instant a long delayed wire was delivered from a point far down on the Mexican coast. It ran:

"Denman securing films of sea-elephants at Guadalupe Island off coast Mexico. Expected at San Pedro tonight."

Every mother's son in the offices of the aggressive film organization breathed a deep sigh of relief. Denman had been located!

All of this tenseness was due to the fact that a new camera—a crankless camera—had been brought into existence. It was as great an advance in the art of photography over the old cinematograph as the motion picture camera had been over the still camera. But for all that, it required bravery and that intuitive cunning that Denman alone seemed to possess.

Although John Denman was still under thirty years of age, he had been in all parts of the world, including those known and charted, and those unknown and uncharted.

Upon receipt of Gardiner's earnest request with information that the camera, with ample film, awaited Denman's call in El Paso, that gentleman sensed the spirit of adventure that called anew from the domain where Villa fought sturdily for Mexican liberty and Mexican rights.

Three days later, John Denman idled on the observation platform as the Atlantic express eased into the El Paso station. His six feet of sinew and daring, his magnetic style and his broad shoulders, indicated little of the real purpose back of this noted film rover. But the moment the air had been released, and the passengers began to shuffle out stiffly and awkwardly after their long ride, Denman vaulted the railing of the observation car, and ahead of all the rest, beckoned the first taxi and was soon at the express office in possession of the new treasure, the real secret of which had been kept from him.

He could not restrain an exclamation of surprise as he lifted the camera from its case. For it was altogether different from any machine he had yet used. In shape it was about the same as the regulation camera, except that it was longer. The size was about fourteen inches high, four inches wide and possibly twenty-two inches long. But what caused Denman's surprise was not so much the size, but the fact that the camera was covered by a thin layer of manganese steel; only

By F. McGrew Willis

the lens and the finder had been left exposed. And there was no place for a crank!

Denman hurriedly opened the camera and found that it had been made longer to allow for the insertion of a small storage battery, and a tiny motor which took the place of the crank. Small wires about ten feet long were connected with these, thus enabling the operator to stand at this distance from the machine and operate it. Some of the space was to allow room for a double sized roll of film containing about six hundred feet, making a change of film unnecessary for the ordinary occasion.

He unpacked the tripod and found that instead of the wooden one always in use, small steel rods the size of a lead pencil had replaced it. Denman was delighted, and gave vent to a low whistle of pure joy.

"A new invention! A crankless camera!" He could not conceal his professional pride in the achievement.

Here certainly was the ideal camera for taking war scenes. The danger of the camera being struck by a stray bullet, splintering the machine and spoiling the film already taken, was reduced to almost nothing. Only deliberate design on the part of some marksman could wreck it.

In Tripoli, Denman had been with the Italian army and had had the use of one of the armored automobiles used in making attacks on the tribesmen. But in the Balkans his camera had been hit several times by spent bullets, although no great damage was done. He resolved to leave at once for Chihuahua, and after a light lunch at the hotel dining room, he boarded a street car and crossed the Rio Grande to Juarez.

Already he saw the havoc and desolation of war. Already he foresaw the terrible toll that war exacts from those in its ruthless way. He was going into a country torn with strife and laid desolate by its own people. A harder fate had befallen the town than if it had been sacked by its worst enemy.

He made his way up streets lined by soldiers, who glanced at him suspiciously as he went past. Some were in uniform, but the majority were dirty and filthy beyond description.

He was glad at last when he arrived at the low adobe building proclaiming itself headquarters of the army. His papers were ready and he was given a pass good for transportation on a troop train leaving in the evening for the south.

As he came out of the building he ran square into Claybourne, who was just on the point of entering. The surprise was mutual.

"Clay, old boy!" shouted Denman, grasping the other's hand.

"Upon my soul!" exclaimed the one addressed, "Denman!"

"No other," laughed Denman, squeezing the welcome hand. He added: "What are you doing so far from Fleet street?"

"Thought there would be a little fighting over here and prevailed upon the boss to send me," answered the other, as he pulled Denman out of the doorway to make room for several waiting to enter. "I wish I was back in old Eng-



HERBERT J. DAY

MOVIE PICTORIAL

ridden London, through," he continued. "War here is not what it was the last time we were together."

"I hope it is not quite what it was at Lule Burgas," answered Denman with a grin. "I have been sent down here to transfer a little of it to the winding film, but I don't care for any more experiences like I had then."

They both laughed at the recollection, though at the time it had been no laughing matter. The affair at Lule Burgas had made Denman a hero in



Denman had planted the camera not five hundred yards from the enemy's trenches.

the eyes of the rest of the cinematographers and correspondents with the allied armies.

After the defeat of the Turkish army at Kirk Kilesse, Denman had managed to secure a horse, and breaking away from the army, had arrived near Lule Burgas ahead of the Bulgarians.

Concealing himself in a small cave of boulders in the hills he had waited for days until the attack on the town took place, and then training his camera on the struggle had witnessed the terrible charges made by the Bulgarians. Time after time they had assaulted the town leaving dead in huge piles after each unsuccessful attempt. But finally the Turks had weakened, and giving way, had begun the terrible retreat to the last lines at Chatalja.

Hiding the film among the rocks, Denman had made his way back to the rear and the correspondents' camp. But he no sooner arrived than he had been placed under arrest for disobeying the censor's orders for the correspondents and cinematographers to remain in the rear. The officers, convinced that he had had no chance to use the camera, had finally been compelled to release him with the threat that if he were again missing he would be sent through the lines and out of the country.

"You certainly took more of a chance than any of the rest of us," said Claybourne admiringly. "And I saw the film later in London."

"I hid it among the rocks," Denman said with a laugh, "and it took me several days to find it. But I managed to get it out past the censor."

Denman learned that the Englishman was going to Chihuahua on the same train as himself, and extended an invitation for him to cross to El Paso and spend the time with him until time to start.

They were seated in Denman's room discussing the status of the war-correspondent.

THE two had first met at the Hotel Bulgaria, in Sofia. The hotel at that time was known as the International Correspondents' Club—the I. C. C.—for it was given over entirely to newspaper men, photographers and cinematographers, who were waiting permission from the government to start for the front. A strong friendship had sprung up between the two. It had continued through the war, and they had told each other goodbye in Paris, months later.

Claybourne was comparing war below the Rio Grande with the recent one in the Balkans.

"War is different here," said the correspondent, meditatively smoking one of Denman's cigars. "You remember the peasants we saw marching into Sofia to take up arms?" he asked, and as Denman nodded he continued. "They were real fighters; their very nature is warlike. At peaceful pursuits they don't amount to much, but when they fight—they came to the capital, leaving their little farms, giving up everything for the chance of striking a blow at the hated Turk. They were untrained, armed, drilled a very little, perhaps, and sent to the front."

"You saw them later at Lule Burgas," he re-

sumed. "They refused to shoot their enemies and insisted on making bayonet charges! Think of that in modern warfare!"

"They were placed in the front ranks and they were made to bear the brunt of the charges. But they wanted to see the whites of the enemies' eyes before they struck a blow. You know the result. When the Turks would see that unwavering line coming they would throw down their guns and run! Their officers were pushed aside and the men shouting 'La nosche' would begin a mad stampede for safety in the rear."

Claybourne sank back in his chair. "They were not afraid of the bullets, but of the bayonet, the knife as they called it."

After a moment Claybourne resumed, as Denman made no response.

"But here. I witnessed the battle of Tierra Blanca. I saw the attack on Ojinaga. I saw the city taken. But with the bayonet? No, by machine guns and cannon. It is true that the soldiers attacked, but only half-heartedly. I was in the thick of both engagements and I never found a man killed by a bayonet thrust. The soldiers even cast away their bayonets, deeming them in the way."

Denman wore a tolerant smile. He took Gardiner's telegram from his pocket and passed it to the other.

"I suppose you are the source of information to such papers as caused Gardiner to put in that little phrase about no heroism shown," he said banteringly.

"The papers are right for once, Denman," answered Claybourne seriously. "The people here have but very little knowledge why they are fighting. Most of them in the army like the life because it affords them a living. Others are bandits and this sort of an existence appeals to them. Lots of them have had their choice between the army and a firing squad. And some of them choose the latter occasionally."

"PERHAPS you are right," Denman restored the telegram to his pocket. "But I don't believe you are. There must be those in the army who are making as great a sacrifice as the Bulgarian peasants did. And I'll wager you the best dinner to be had in old Paroe that I bring out proof of this when I return."

"Taken," readily answered Claybourne good naturedly. "Of course there may be exceptions to the rules I have laid down, but I don't think so." When the Englishman made up his mind he was hard to change, but he was also willing to try to supply arguments to back up his theories and convince the opposition. He lighted another cigar.

"The troops will not stand out and fight openly." The weed was going freely and he leaned back in enjoyment. "But of course neither would the Turks at the close of the war. But you know the reason of that. A few of us know; but not the world. The Turks are a brave people, whatever else may be said of them. They will take more than an even chance if they are treated right. But we know the story of the Balkans. Blunt bayonets, swords that were not sharp enough to kill and then—Kumanova. Wooden bullets make poor ammunition to stem the tide of a victorious army." The correspondent threw away the cigar as if he would as easily rid himself of the memory of certain happenings in the Balkans.

"God, Claybourne," burst out Denman, hoarsely, living over again that awful instant when they had discovered that the Turkish soldiers had been given wooden bullets to beat back the allies' attack. "To think. And the men had lived on raw maize, roots of trees and food not fit for swine, in hopes of staying and turning the enemy into a rout. Then because of grafting army officials they were given rounds of wooden bullets. The officers had pocketed the difference in the cost between steel and wood."

Claybourne rose from his chair and pressing the bell, gave the boy who answered an order for two whiskies.

"There might have been a different tale come out of the Balkans," he said turning back from the door with the drinks. "But—there wasn't. Here, though, war is merely a game. The leading general will be on one side until his capture and then he will switch to the other. His men go with him, or there

is the firing squad with a handy 'dobe wall to stop stray bullets. Not much of a choice."

"Just the same, Clay, old boy, there must be those in the army who are not fighting merely to save their own lives, or swayed by hope of gain. I believe there are and we are going to find them before we see the United States again."

II.

DENMAN had been at Jiminez for three days waiting for the movement of the troops to Yermo, which had been selected as the base for the final movement on Torreon. Claybourne he had left at Chihuahua, the correspondent deciding to remain there until Villa himself left to lead the advance of the first attack. Having gone through the two Balkan wars, and having witnessed almost the entire struggle with the Italians in Tripoli, Denman thought that he was pretty well versed in all kinds of warfare, but he was gaining new experiences every day.

He was accustomed to seeing troops officered by men in glittering uniforms, and the men themselves in uniforms as fine but without the yards of gold braid that distinguished their superiors. Here the majority of men wore no uniforms at all, unless the denim suits that were now being made for them at Chihuahua could be so called. These were merely very ordinary "overalls" and a jacket to match. What uniforms were in the army had been distributed almost entirely among the cavalry, of which there was possibly three thousand.

Men of all descriptions were in the ranks; foreigners of practically every nationality were there; and women and girls had taken their places in the ranks, standing as warlike as any of the men and bearing their guns with as much familiarity. Dozens of the companies were captained by Americans; Germans who had seen service in the army in the Fatherland were majors, and there was a sprinkling of men of all countries—or none—who had learned the business of war in that great melting pot, the French Foreign Legion in Africa. Denman had had as yet no chance to observe them in battle, but the army, despite its nondescript appearance, looked formidable. On the fourth day of his stay in Jiminez the troop trains began moving southward, the railroad having been repaired where the federals had destroyed it in hopes of delaying the advance until their reinforcements from Coahuila could arrive.

In front of the troop trains were sent several "armored" trains to repel any attack that might be made. These trains were a novelty to Denman and he had taken several pictures of them. They were composed of box-cars painted in fine squares, and resembled nothing so much as huge checkerboards. In the sides of the cars were small squares of wood which could be moved aside to allow for the muzzle of a machine gun, of which there were three in every car. One of the sharpshooters questioned by the photographer informed him that the squares had been painted to better conceal the openings for the guns and to confuse the marksmen of the opposing side. The cars were not armored in any way except that thin plates of steel had been nailed to the inside of the cars to protect the gunners from rifle fire.

Denman finding that a detachment of cavalry was preparing to leave, hurried back to the house where he had been staying and procuring the camera, returned to the station to board the train and go on south, his pass being good on any of the troop trains. During his absence he found that Villa had arrived on a special train from Chihuahua. The rebel chief was busily engaged in assisting the station master in clearing the yards of the troop trains, his own train having been shunted



A bugler pulled himself astride a riderless horse and blew the retreat.

MOVIE PICTORIAL

on a siding. His deep, resonant voice could be heard above the din, giving final instructions to officers who were accompanying their commands into the battle line.

Dressed in the trousers of a plain business suit, coatless and with a soft shirt open at the neck exposing a chest of huge proportions, he stood among them giving orders right and left, seeming to have the most minute detail of the plan of campaign committed to memory.

Denman set up the camera and wound a few feet of film of the scene, and while thus engaged was surprised by the appearance of Claybourne. After a hearty handshake, they advanced to Villa at Denman's suggestion and Claybourne, who seemed to be on excellent terms with the rebel leader, persuaded him to pose before the camera for a few "close-ups." This seemed to greatly please the head of the army and he attempted to hold conversation with the camera man but, as he spoke no English and Denman no Spanish, the only result was a hearty laugh at the termination of their ineffectual efforts to communicate. Claybourne was much amused and translated friendly greetings from one to the other.

THEY moved away and Denman decided to hold to his original plan and take the next train for the south. Claybourne accompanied him and watched him installed on the top of a car directly behind the locomotive. The correspondent then returned to the station to wire to his paper news of the day's happenings. As the train pulled out, Denman set up the camera and ran off several feet of film with the machine focused on another troop train a few hundred yards ahead, then swinging the camera around he swept the tops of the cars in the rear of his position. Cavalry men were literally swarming over the cars, some sat with their feet hanging over the edge nonchalantly rolling and smoking the inevitable cigarette.

Leaving the camera in the care of some friendly troopers, Denman made his way back over the train, making friends with the officers and sharing his stock of tobacco with them.

His entire Mexican vocabulary consisted of "Buenas dias," but he used this to such good advantage and appeared so friendly to the soldiers that their hatred of the "gringo" vanished and they returned his salutations. Also some of the men had seen him talking with the rebel chief and this gave him added prestige among them.

Moving back over the train, Denman decided to enter the coach at the rear end, thinking possibly to find some of his acquaintances that he had met in Jiminez.

Most of these were Americans—soldiers of fortune. In them was the spirit that keeps the world from standing still. They had dared the icy blasts of the Klondike. They had challenged the fevers in the Congo. One of them, not yet more than a boy, had even penetrated to the Forbidden City in the interior of China. They would dare anything. When the time came to storm the federal positions they would be in the front rank, cheering on the native Mexicans. Denman liked these fellows. He liked to exchange experiences with them and hear their tales of daring, told simply and without boast. Such men as these were not to be found except in the out-of-the-way places of the world. And there was enough of the kindred spirit in the cinematographer to want to be with them.

AS HE walked back over the tops of the cars of the lurching train, Denman sighed at the ever-present evidence of the havoc that war had wrought to this strife-torn country.

Near the end of the train, the cinematographer saw that the even line of the cars was broken and that a flat-car had been placed in the train.

And on the car was the very latest model aeroplane!

Here was a surprise. He had not thought of the rebels using an aeroplane. He lowered himself down the end ladder of the car and swung across the intervening space to better inspect the plane.

As he stepped on the car and made his way around the end of the air-craft, a dark figure sprang suddenly from a position behind the engine. He whirled, quick as a flash, his hand fell to his hip and the cinematographer found himself gazing awkwardly into the dark muzzle of a large caliber automatic.

In a lightning inspection of the figure with the gun, Denman saw a boy not over twenty-two dressed in the grease-stained attire of a mechanic, but with clothes of fine texture showing beneath an opening of the jacket.

His figure was sinuous and slender, and the muscles were drawn taut as he held the pistol pointed unerringly at the astonished cinematographer. "Captain!" Without turning or moving the gun, he called. Another man in the uniform of a captain of artillery, hastened from some place behind the enclosed driver's seat. "What is it, Francisco?" he asked, and then noticing the threatening gun, he turned in the direction it was pointed and beheld the intruder.

"He is a spy sent here to destroy the plane!" The boy advanced the gun menacingly. He spoke in perfect English, but Denman knew that he was of Spanish blood. His dark, olive complexion and his clear cut features proclaimed him of high caste.

"Assuredly I am not a spy," the cinematographer

I assuredly do." Denman went forward with the two and took a closer view of the plane. He had introduced himself and had learned the names of the two in return. Captain Matero was the older and the boy's name was Francisco Magon. He was the aviator.

The aeroplane was the very last word in scientific construction. The wings were covered with a specially woven cloth that Denman had never before seen, and they were braced in an entirely new way. The machine was of dual control and was driven by an eight cylinder French motor placed in front of the body occupied by the aviators. The general style was similar to the French monoplanes. The boy hung on Denman's words of approval with the eagerness of a child.

"You like it?" he said. "I am so glad for it is my own invention."

DENMAN was astonished and said so. Captain Matero explained. "He worked out the plans for it and had it made in Los Angeles. He flew it several times and then it was taken down and brought to Chihuahua. But that is not the most wonderful part."

"Until a few days ago we had to smuggle everything for the army across the border. To avoid the risk of the plane falling into the hands of the border patrols, we distributed it in as small parts as possible to our agents and they were to smuggle it over. Parts were taken across in Juarez, some in Calixico, some at Agua Prieta, in fact, at practically every point in Sonora and Chihuahua."

"Finally it was all assembled at Chihuahua city and Francisco undertook to put it together. And he succeeded after several weeks of work in getting it to fly perfectly. Then we at once loaded it on a car and are on our way now to attempt to use it to locate the enemy's strength, and the plans made to resist us."

It seemed impossible to the cinematographer that a boy of little more than twenty could have planned the air-craft and then put it together from parts assembled in such haphazard way. He gave the boy full praise and watched his face light up with a pleased smile. Matero went in search of the missing guard and returned explaining that the fellow had gone to get tobacco from some of the soldiers. The boy had worked over the engine during his absence and

had it running smoothly. He threw off the greasy clothes and disclosed himself in a well made American tailored suit. They were returning to their places in the coach and invited Denman to accompany them. Before they could open the coach door, a young girl with the loveliest face Denman had ever seen, stepped out and then stopped at seeing the presence of the stranger.

"Francisco—I thought—you had been gone so long," she was all anxiety for his safety, and her eyes looked love at him.

The boy turned to Denman. "This is my sister, Dolores," he said, and mentioned the cinematographer's name to the girl. "She helped me put the plane together and can fly it better than I!" Denman took the slim brown hand she extended and looked deep into the black eyes. She met his look with a fine, frank glance and then her eyes fell.

"I am glad to meet my brother's friends," she said, and the soft Spanish voice with the faintest trace of an accent thrilled Denman.

III.

ON THE very verge of battle, a week would ordinarily be an aeon of time to those waiting to be at the front, yet the seven days that had passed since Denman had met Dolores Magon had seemed no longer than so many golden minutes. Denman had not realized the passage of time until he heard the boy complaining, eager to be allowed to make his initial flight. And the reason was—he was in love.

(Continued on page 24)



As he looked again in the air the plane seemed to completely collapse—and then it fell!

addressed the older man. "I am merely on my way to the coach at the rear of the train."

"How did you get past the guard, then?" The officer seemed inclined to doubt the conclusion of the boy, but he wanted proof.

"There was no guard here," Denman turned and indicated the way he had come. "At least if there was I failed to see him."

"You are with the army?" "I am a cameraman and am going to secure films of the coming battle."

"A thousand pardons!" The captain motioned the boy to replace the gun. He went toward Denman and offered his hand. "We are very sorry he spoke with the slightest accent."

"Well, there is no harm done," Denman responded, taking the officer's hand and meeting it in a firm clasp. "Although to tell the truth I did not like the looks of the gun pointed in my direction."

Francisco is very jealous of the aeroplane and we have heard that it will be destroyed before we are ready to use it." He brought the boy forward and presented him to Denman.

"He may well be jealous of the craft," the cinematographer replied as he greeted the boy, who begged his pardon in the generous manner of the Latin country. "I have seen hundreds of aeroplanes but this is different. If I may pass an opinion on it I would say that it combines the best principles of all of them."

"Do you think so?" the boy asked eagerly.

LOIS WEBER and PHILLIPS SMALLEY

A Practical and Gifted Pair With High Ideals

By RICHARD WILLIS

The artistic altruist is so really rare that a combination of such personalities makes it peculiarly impressive and interesting. The double dispensation of the genius to create character, and the gift to enact them is the unusual equipment of the Smalleys.

AS THIS is being written, the five-reel photoplay "Hypocrites" is being presented at the Long Acre Theater in New York City and the Gotham critics are unanimous in writing it up as one of the most profound and brilliant of motion picture psychological dramas.

The author and producer of "Hypocrites" and numerous other photoplays which are far above the average, is one of the most charming women I have ever met. I have known her for some time and have always found her the same, and feeling sure of a welcome from Lois Weber and her fine looking actor husband, Phillips Smalley, I duly pressed the little button by the door of their bungalow and was accorded the welcome.

It is a charming home, one that the lady designed and furnished. "She did it all herself," Phillips Smalley said. "I just paid my little fifty per cent and she did the rest." The furnishings and the color scheme are in subdued tints and the delightful rooms furnish an excellent index to her character. There is no jarring note, for comfort

fits in with delicacy so that even the flowers blend with the general atmosphere.

Lois Weber, graceful and gracious with a wealth of dark hair, her long lashes giving her eyes a somewhat dreamy look, a lady whose carriage makes her almost stately, was just a living part of the general soothing effect, and her vivacious, youthful sister (an adoring young person) who sat at Miss Weber's feet, proved an excellent foil with her brighter coloring.

Just as Lois Weber's domicile reflects her, so does the study of Phillips Smalley indicate his vigorous personality. The walls of his room are covered with pictures of his friends, professional photographs signed with some inscription. Smalley is a well set-up man, with an actor's face, strong and ruddy tinted. His eyes sparkle with wit and good humor and he forms a sharp contrast to his wife.

During the evening I discovered that Lois Weber is an accomplished musician, and she admitted a penchant for the music of "Madame Butterfly," which she interprets delightfully.

"I used to play a great deal," said she, "especially when I was interested in mission work which occupied much of my time; but, I am out of practice now although I play a little every evening for relaxation."

"I know that you are honestly interested in the uplift of the motion picture industry," I said. "I want to get your views on any phase of it that you choose to discuss."

"Yes, we are both very sincerely interested," answered Miss Weber, "and we believe that the future is very bright. There is much yet to be done

though. In the first place, I really believe that the day of the serial play is nearly over and I am glad of it. The public will always want melodrama, and good melodrama is wholesome as long as it is decently presented, but the serial photoplays of today are for the most part merely a mixture of sensational and entirely ridiculous or impossible incidents and are not by any means an index of truth or possibility. I am often twitted with trying to produce and write plays which are above the heads of the public, but I resent this as an insult to the general public, who, I believe, are as well able to interpret beautiful thoughts and to fully understand photoplays, which lead one's desires for better things."

"We have a motto if you would call it that," interrupted Phillips Smalley. "Nothing is over the heads of the general public," and I think it is a true one too. Besides both my wife and myself have produced a large number of what are termed 'uplift' photoplays and the box office receipts have disproven the fact that they puzzle audiences. Do you think that a commercial management would put up with motion pictures which did not appeal to the public? Not a bit of it."

Mrs. Smalley smiled and nodded her approval and continued: "I am very glad that established actors and actresses from the legitimate stage were called in by some of the leading manufacturers for the reason that they attracted a class



The deeper truths of their lives' cycle, form basic motives that animate their picturesque portrayals in unending reelings of the new realistic art preservatives



In their workaday surroundings, acting under the open sky or by the flaming arcs of the studio, or amid the restful environment of the study at home, they visualize impressions or record them for others, so that their quality of gifts and graces find charming and sympathetic expression.



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of people to the motion picture theaters who never thought of attending before. At the same time I do not believe that the fad will last long; indeed, the time is close at hand when the public will still call for the adaptation of well known plays and novels, but will want them interpreted by well known and accomplished photoplay artists who are better fitted in every way to successfully portray the parts they are given, than the stars from the legitimate stage. There are a few of the stage stars who are fitted for this work, and I include Elsie Janis and the Farnums; but, as a general rule the artists are either too old to defy the cruel camera or else they do not understand the newer art, and the result is that they are jerky and unnatural in their actions and cannot shake off their stage mannerisms."

"Photoplay acting requires considerable experience," said Mr. Smalley; "it takes time and hard work to get used to screen work. We have both had considerable stage experience and know what we are talking about. I shudder even now when I think of our first pictures. There is another thing, a man may be a good actor on the legitimate stage and yet not have what is termed a good screen appearance and many a good actor shows up badly when photographed. One can never truly

ascertain until he has seen himself on the screen and that is why many a reasonably good actor or actress has been a failure at this particular profession."

In answer to my query as to what length a photoplay should go, Miss Weber said: "I think that four or five reels are enough. The brain will not permit of viewing more than this number of reels, for I really believe the watching of the film has an hypnotic effect. Really, I do not think that any stated length should be given for a particular subject, it should go just the length that the subject requires and I think that this improvement is coming, too."

They are not pedantic, this gifted pair, and there is never a doubt that they are intensely in earnest and intend to carry out their ideas and ideals. They are entitled to express their opinions too, and these opinions are worth due reflection, for they have arrived at conclusions after much study and much work and varied experience. Miss Weber was well known on the boards and on the concert platform. Mr. Smalley is a graduate of Oxford University and was both an actor and manager and it was while he was managing the "Why Girls Leave Home" company in which Miss

Weber was playing, that they decided their common interests would be materially cemented by matrimony. They have been sympathetic co-workers and during the time they have been acting in and making pictures, they have done much to help improve the art, and have ever striven to give the public worthy photoplays with an uplift.

This talented couple have acted together in pictures ever since they decided to "try out" the then new "fad." They first acted and directed with the Gaumont company for two years and were with the Universal for many months (to which company they have just returned) before joining the Bosworth Incorporated company, and at both of the last concerns they have made and acted in some very notable productions, most of which have been written by Lois Weber.

As I left, Phillips Smalley called out after me: "You need not say I am the handsomest actor in the world, and for goodness sake don't call Miss Weber a striking brunette. Beyond that, do your worst and call again some time."

As they stood in the doorway of their cheery home with the subdued lights behind them, I could not but admire the handsome couple, they are such mighty good pals and there are none too many such.

A "Butterfly" Grace

"Married? No—Not for me! I've got a cat, a parrot and a pewter teapot I inherited from a greataunt. Yes, I have determined to be an old maid." Grace Darmond.

COULDN'T sleep much last night' You see I'm so excited waiting to see my photoproofs from Moffett I can hardly wait," was the excited remark of Grace Darmond, the slim princess who is the leading lady at Selig's, the center of an admiring group in the spacious green room of that wonderful establishment.

One could hardly credit that a girl who had been photographed every day that the sun permitted for a year past, in moving pictures would be so curious concerning a photograph taken in another atelier—but that is one of the vagaries of the artistic temperament. It is said that the railway engineer, the highest type of mechanic, could only get satisfaction out of his vacation by riding with a member of a brotherhood on another locomotive, fairly overcome by the fascination of making mileage—so the novelty of having a portrait de luxe, instead of making animated footage on the film, excited the youngest leading lady in the business, perceptibly.

A studied close-up of Grace Darmond reveals a tall sweet young woman of graceful figure with reddish hair and sparkling brown eyes, one whose natural grace has been accentuated but not affected by theatrical training. Still in her teens, she has already had years of experience on the stage, commencing as the child in "Edith's Burglar." Following this, she joined a stock company and grew from short dresses to long skirts and trains, as she advanced from the juvenile roles to those of the heroine and adventuress—running the gamut enforced by the varying demands of the stock company—thus gaining a liberal education in the drama.

In remarking this busy period of her life, Miss Darmond, who was garbed in a full fluffy silken gown, curled up in a big chair, said: "Yes, I have had ten years of experience since I made my debut in my nightie in 'Edith's Burglar,' and the lessons of those strenuous years have been very valuable to me during my two years' service under the skylights. For two seasons I played every variety of part that the changing weeks of the stock repertoire could furnish; from the wrinkled hags and toothless witches (she made a wry face at the memory, showing bewitchingly perfect teeth) down through the kingdom of female roles to the simpsy maiden in the checked dress and the sunbonnet, with her golden hair a'hanging down her back.

"Yes indeed, my experience in stock was invaluable. It was a constant change and a spur to originality and good hard work. It would be hard to name any school nowadays more exacting than that of the stock company, where there is a change of bill every week. I have heard many actresses complain of the strain involved in the memorizing

of roles under stock conditions, but confess that this was always stimulating to me."

Miss Darmond played a season in a sketch by George M. Cohan and was for two years associated with J. M. Bannister's "Auld Lang Syne" company. She delights in motion picture work and says she finds ideal artistic conditions with the Selig forces, where they are like a big family.

There, Miss Darmond has appeared in important roles in the support of Tyrone Power in "A Texas Steer," "The Servant in the House" and assumed leading feminine roles in "The Quarry," "Whom the Gods Would Destroy," and other Selig spectacular specials soon to be released.

"Well am I being merely viewed, or interviewed?" inquired the fascinating young subject, as a swarm of other actresses just down from the studio filled the green room chattering like magpies, indicating that the recess periods of the silent drama are very valuable. They "dissolved" so to speak and went on their way down the long passage to their dressing rooms. "Well the sex are so curious," remarked this wise little maid as her elders passed out of hearing. "Sh' but don't quote me, or the Indians may return for bloody reprisal as we used to say it in the old melodrama." Again the Darmond smile filled an eloquent silence.

"Ambitions? Yes, I have some. What is this, a confession of faith or just an interview?" The little head cocked on one side bird-like.

"In vaudeville we used to be so afraid to tell, the other pirates would steal our business in a minute! Oh! Yes, ambitions! Well I should like to have a lot of new dresses. I could just spend a week in Field's, but can never get down town when the sun is shining. Seriously, I should like to make good in every part that the Selig company are generous enough to give me. I believe thoroughly in the dignity of my work, and I do my best. The atmosphere here is so clear, and we are really a very happy community out here by ourselves. Mr. Selig looks in every once in a while, and we do not run and hide, as I am told they do in some studios where the appearance of the 'Boss means Storm.' So you may know he is popular with his people. I have a strong weakness for automobiles, but I have never been allowed to tackle a racing car—I have really grown to love the dignified pace of a conservative electric, that is guaranteed not to exceed the speed limit.

"Married? Nope—not for me! I've got a cat, a parrot and a pewter teapot that I inherited from a greataunt. Yes, I have determined to be an old maid." With this she deftly and almost unconsciously turned a ring on the third finger of her left hand, which she quickly explained was a "prop" used in the play in which she was taking part.

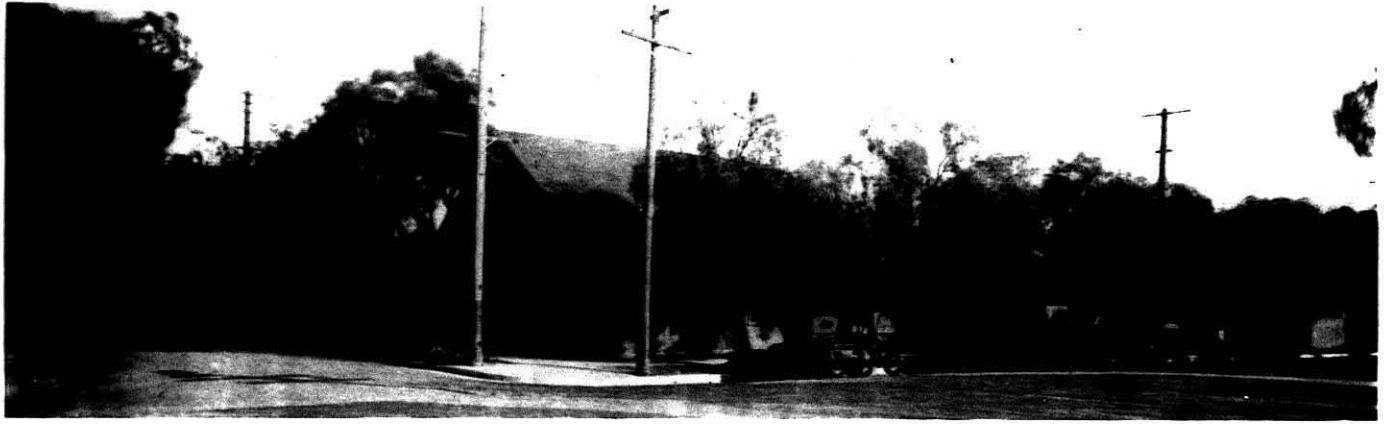


Photograph by Moffett, Chicago

MOVIE PICTORIAL

ANENT THE LASKY STUDIOS

By DICK MELBOURNE



The approach to this busy center, outwardly calm, nestling in cool restful shadows, denotes part of the spirit of surprise investing the place where genius of change is dominant.



THE Lasky studios give the impression that you are in the center of a theatrical institution more than any other one I know. From the time you enter the outer office until the time you leave the stages and dressing-rooms, you distinctly feel the "professional" atmosphere. You feel this in the courtesies extended and in the businesslike order that prevails, as well as in the people you meet.

There are times when you might go in blindfolded, open your eyes and look around and imagine you were in some eastern theatrical green-room or an actors' club, the faces are so familiar. Here at one time or another have appeared in Lasky productions, Dustin Farnum, Edward Abeles, Edith Taliaferro, Edith Wynne Matthison, and other big stage stars who have played for feature films produced by this firm. It is not these, however, I went to see, but the regular members of the company, those who are permanently connected with the concern and who have long been identified with it.

It is quite remarkable how much has really happened at the Lasky studios in one year and four months' time.

I paid a visit to Fred Kley, the energetic little studio manager, the all-round man, and he summed the happenings as follows: "I was introduced to Cecil de Mille at the Lambs' Club in New York at

This is the second number of a Series on the Studios. Each issue of Movie Pictorial will contain a "mini" to one of the prominent moving picture studios. These stories will bring you closer to the players and their associates, carry you into their workaday lives, acquaint you with the daily "spinning of webs" of various human film stories by these groups of remarkable people that comprise the artist organization within the studios.

six o'clock one evening on a Friday, got a job at six ten precisely, started for Los Angeles on Monday, and arrived here with Mr. de Mille on December 12, 1913.

"At that time there was the one rambling building, an inadequate laboratory and a dinky little stage, poorly appointed. Today we have fine offices, squares of dressing-rooms well fitted up with every convenience, the best of laboratories, completely stocked property rooms, modelling rooms, spacious scene decks, and the largest glass studio in the state of California, besides one of the largest open air stages."

Fred Kley is a very interesting man. He started at the age of nine selling programmes in theatres, then became usher and was finally given a part in "If I Were King," with a sword to carry—NOT a spear, mind you! Another promotion, this time as prompter at eight dollars a week at

which time he also sold music at another afternoon theatre and earned another eight a week—so bit by bit he rose until he became first an actor (he admits he was never a very good one) and then stage-manager. His last engagement was with Dustin Farnum in "Cameo Kirby," after which he accompanied that actor to Europe. Kley is very proud of his new association and is a valuable man.

I NOTED the systematic offices and said "howdy" to Cecil de Mille, who has his room in one of the oldest parts of the original building—a working man's office without fur or feathers. Cecil de Mille has dark hair and not too much of it, kindly brown eyes, and it is only after one has watched his work or has talked with him that one understands the vital force of this unostentatious man.

He is the managing director and the western head of the concern, besides being part owner. It is not easy to get him talking about himself, but he is very entertaining when the barrier has been judiciously broken.

His parents did not want him to go on the stage—anything else would do, but NO theatricals—so of course both he and his brother turned their attention stagewards. Cecil went a soldiering for a short time, but he soon returned to New York and secured a small part in "Hearts-Are Trumps," in which Amelia Bingham and Edwin Arden appeared. After that he mixed writing in with his acting and wrote "The Genius," which was re-

The deserted woodland of a year ago, has been converted into a place of teeming activity, where shadows are projected to sustain the substance of picturesque poetry or vivid romance.



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sponsible for bringing Nat Goodwin and Edna Goodrich together. He also wrote "The Royal Mounted" for Cyril Scott to star in and "Sergeant Devil May Care" for Andrew Mack and Mary Nash. Everyone who is interested in the drama has seen his "Return of Peter Grimm," which Belasco produced with David Warfield.

DE MILLE, like Kley, insists that he was NOT a good actor. Lasky sent for him one day and asked for a good sketch—something new, and de Mille handed him "California," one of the big gest vaudeville successes of all time. Like "Charley's Aunt," it is still running.

William de Mille, who writes all the stories for the Lasky people, is not unlike his brother in many respects. His office is sandwiched in between some of the dressing-rooms, and here with a stenographer he turns out an astonishing amount of work. He, too, has keen, kindly eyes and it is easy to gather that he is fond of children and of animals. He has his own ideas regarding the writing of photo-plays and has the courage of his convictions, too. He disdains set rules and writes from a purely dramatic standpoint. He is the author of "Cameo Kirby," "Strongheart," "Classmates," "The Woman," and other plays. He is a scholarly man and modest withal.

On a settee on the stage, engaged in her favorite occupation between acts, was Blanche Sweet. She is a voracious reader and a student, too. She does not like "giving interviews," and she told me once that she found it awfully hard to answer letters. She does not like to use a stenographer; it seems so false and artificial a manner of answering people who, themselves, took the trouble to write of their appreciation of her portrayal—they deserved the same sincerity in the reply. Therein perhaps lies a keynote to the depth of feeling actuating her work. And with it, Miss Sweet has a genuine love for beautiful things and surrounds herself with them.

This sincerity and love of beauty in all things, unquestionably combine to create the charm in her work, which unfolds itself with unremitting continuity and originality as her portrayal flashes indelibly on the mental vision.

She still has a hankering after the legitimate stage, and says she can feel her parts better when actually speaking along with her acting, and, with frank ingenuousness, that moreover, if one makes a mistake the first night, it can be corrected in following performances. Under David Griffith's direction, Miss Sweet was permitted remarkable opportunities and she did some splendid work—her Judith will long be remembered as masterful.

Theodore Roberts is another old standby. He has a comfortable dressing-room and his strong and vigorous personality has endeared him to his associates. He is a splendid figure

of a man, so hearty and hospitable. Roberts was born in San Francisco and loves the west, and particularly California, and is thoroughly happy in his pretty bungalow. Few know that he was once a sea captain, but such is the case, and he skipped a schooner for two and one-half years, said schooner being part of the fleet owned by his father. They are a family of sailors.

He was with Fanny Davenport for eight years off and on and has acted every play worth while (particularly Gus Thomas' dramas) and we all remember his big vaudeville success, "The Sheriff of Shasta," which is a stage classic. He has fallen in love with the picture game and hopes to stay with it; he can have his home and his complete independence, have his dog and his flowers and all that makes life worth living to him. He is a great, big-hearted man.

I ran across James Neill, who is directing at Lasky's now. "Jim" was for many years actor and stage manager for Oliver Morosco and has sup-

porting inventions of Mr. Wyckoff's to boot. Coming out, I met good-looking, young Tom Forman, who has made much a hit in the pictures. Tom was formerly with the Universal and left them to take his present enviable position. He is a southerner, dead in earnest, and has written some of the best stories that have been filmed by several companies. He is rising very fast and is becoming vastly popular.

George Melford was out on "locations," but a mention of the Lasky family is not complete without the man who made so many famous pictures for the Kalem Company and who is upholding his big reputation in current associations. George is very much at home with the Lasky people and believes he has opportunities he never had before.

Ethel Powell is in charge of the employment bureau and is such a delightful lady, always pleasant and willing to help. Mrs. Powell is as much a unit of the Lasky studios as anyone there, and no article would be complete without mention of her. Everyone knows Mrs. Powell and loves her.

Co-operation. Yes, whole-souled co-operation. That is the magic quality that enfolds this group of workers, all laboring with unwavering unison toward a common goal—moving pictures indelibly stamped with the hall mark of perfection in representation and heart-stirring appeal in portrayal. And into this spirit, as much a part of it as anyone, enters Jesse L. Lasky himself, generating a never-failing encouragement to each individual comprising this organization. He is a man whose life's own windings in his upward climb, would, in themselves, make a thrilling moving picture—a man whose battles, whose accomplishments and the manner of them, lend themselves to the fostering of the high ideals so cherished by those within these studio walls.

After clever geniuses had worked their millions out of vaudeville with much originality in the way of change, the youthful Lasky happened in from the west and sought to provide the "Sated Denizens of the great White Way" with a novelty of Parisian flavor in the Folies Bergere. Like all innovators he had to pay the price and practically went broke. His youth and enthusiasm was now tempered by better judgment, so coupling his own original gift with cautious cleverness, he applied himself to creating big feature acts—revolutionary but remunerative—so that he soon paid his debts and accumulated a surplus on the other side of the ledger. About this time he felt the big urge and saw the opportunity in the moving picture game before it became a national pastime. With due respect for the old methods, he proposed to take it up from the new angle, and "perfection in production" became his slogan for success in winning his way in moving pictures. From the origination stage of the idea to the perfected product pictorially, this word "quality" has been woven impressively.



Two men at a table, magicians who have made a living volume de luxe in motography—Jesse Lasky the unwearied progenitor of it all, and Cecil de Mille who has kept it ringing true in sustaining the highest standards of the new art

ported famous people in his busy life. Mr. Neill has been doing sterling work for the Lasky forces and is one of the "reliables."

Allan Wyckoff showed me through the laboratories, of which he is in charge, and they have all the latest improvements and comprise a number of

without adding thereto with much originality in the way of change, the youthful Lasky happened in from the west and sought to provide the "Sated Denizens of the great White Way" with a novelty of Parisian flavor in the Folies Bergere. Like all innovators he had to pay the price and practically went broke. His youth and enthusiasm was now tempered by better judgment, so coupling his own original gift with cautious cleverness, he applied himself to creating big feature acts—revolutionary but remunerative—so that he soon paid his debts and accumulated a surplus on the other side of the ledger. About this time he felt the big urge and saw the opportunity in the moving picture game before it became a national pastime. With due respect for the old methods, he proposed to take it up from the new angle, and "perfection in production" became his slogan for success in winning his way in moving pictures. From the origination stage of the idea to the perfected product pictorially, this word "quality" has been woven impressively.

THE ANGELUS

(Heard at the Mission Dolores, 1868)

By BRET HARTE

*Bells of the Past, whose long forgotten music
Still fills the wide expanses
Tinging the sober twilight of the Present
With colour of romance*

*I hear your call, and see the sun descending
On rock and wave and sand
As down the coast the Mission towers blending
Girdle the heathen land*

*Within the circle of your incantation
No blight nor mildew falls
Nor fierce unrest, nor lust, nor low ambition
Passes those airy walls*

*Borne on the swell of your long waves receding,
I touch the farther Past—
I see the dying glow of Spanish glory
The sunset dream and last*

*Before me rise the dome-shaped Mission towers,
The white Presidio,
The stout commander in his leathern jerkin,
The priest in stole of snow*

*Once more I see Portola's cross uplifting
Above the setting sun,
And past the headland, northward, slowly drifting
The freighted galleon*

*O solemn bells! whose consecrated masses
Recall the faith of old
O tinkling bells! that lulled with twilight music
The spiritual fold!*

*Your voices break and falter in the darkness
Break, falter, and are still,
And veiled and mystic, like the Host descending,
The sun sinks from the hill!*

FUTURE FILM FEATURES



Wheeler
Oakman

As
George
P. A. Jones

"THE CARPET FROM BAGDAD"

ADAPTED FROM THE NOVEL

By Harold McGrath

Selig Feature In Five Parts

CAST

Fortune Chedsoye KATHLYN WILLIAMS
George P. A. Jones Wheeler Oakman
Horace Wadsworth, Alias Ryanne Guy Oliver
Mrs. Chedsoye Eugenie Besseler
Major Callahan Frank Clark
Arthur Wadsworth Harry Lonsdale
Mahomed Charles Clary

A modernized page from the Arabian Nights woven in highly diverting and original fashion in the warp and woof of "The Carpet From Bagdad," gives a romance of up-to-date criminology, a new drift in the fatalism of the far East.



Kathlyn
Williams

As
Fortune
Chedsoye

This story of mystery enmeshed in a precious prayer rug, the pride and possession of an ancient temple, drifts from the lights and shadows

It is a strange story of heredity in that the mother of Fortune Chedsoye, an ideal type of young womanhood, is herself the master-mind of a band

of criminals who operate all over the world. Horace Wadsworth, the younger son of a New York banker, tricked out of his inheritance by a scheming elder brother, becomes associated with this gang. How he comes into possession of the sacred carpet, and falls under the relentless eye of the guardian of the rug; how Fortune Chedsoye thinking to save Wadsworth, picks up the rug and temporarily conceals it in her own baggage; and how the relic is carried away to America quite by accident, are all traced out with vigor and



Aplow, with Religious Devotion, the Arab, Mahomed, Sets Out to Recover the Sacred Carpet



He Hesitates Not at Abduction of Those He Suspects—Swiftly He Spirits Them Away Into the Desert

factors who sail away to the new world with a fortune in the frayed fabric of silk, their evil hearts gleeful with pictured forthcoming dissipation.

Like the modern romance, it is left indeterminate so that the observer can draw his own conclusion concerning Horace Wadsworth, who revenges wrong with crime, and the unhesitant Fortune, who repudiates her MOTHER, an enemy of society, as the ringleader of thieves and swindlers.

Effects and surroundings have been provided with lavish hand—oriental streets, temples, caravan of camels and the startling realism of the sand storm in the desert. Fine photography and delicate effects add witchery to the mystery of the Orient.

It sustains the force of the Moslem incantation: "What Is to Be, Will Be."

THIS PRODUCTION RELEASED
MAY 3

Believing His Zealous Pursuit Frustrated, He Prepares to Wreak His Vengeance—Death's Shadow Envelops His Captives



Fate Guides Them All to a Meeting Place, Whence the Tide of Right Dissolves the Sand Castle of the Evil-Doers



THE FIFTH INDUSTRY, U.S.A.



THE census man, a power potential, declares according to the facts and figures of last year's business that the art industrial of photoplay or motion picture making, now ranks fifth in the industries of the United States. This report concerning a business that seems almost confined to a decade as far as impressing the public is concerned is absolutely astonishing. When the Census Bureau declares that 385,000,000 feet of film including originals and positives was made in this country in 1914, one may readily calculate how rapidly it has run into mileage; and believe that upwards of \$400,000,000 are invested in the business of making, marketing and exhibiting this vast product.

One of the pioneers of motography has written "Curiously enough the Nobel prize for the great achievements of a decade has not recognized the almost miraculous voice-engraving that speaks and sings through the medium of the phonograph, or the wonder workings of animated photography, but it did happily recognize the equally significant triumph over space in wireless telegraphy. In view of such notable omissions the progenitors of the wonder-plays of photography in modern moving pictures need not feel altogether slighted nor lonesome. Pantomime, the oldest and most primal form of expression, prelustrated photograph, which through its deft drawing and composition, vitally revealed in meaningful and startling manner the work, the play, the big realities, or the roseate romance of this and other times.

"The moving picture conveys with power and directness many of the triumphs of the imagination that lie in the gentle genius of the poet, the necromancy of the novelist, or the vivid emotions that the dramatist reveals through the thoughtful and temperamental traits of great histrionic personalities. It enlarges and advances on the realm of the theatre in vast variety of stage effect, with most imposing perspective for creating "atmosphere" which gives reality to situations, so that tears and laughter, joy and sorrow, the rhapsody of love, or the chill of tragedy imminent, lie securely in its wondrous, all-embracing arena of natural visualization.

"This new art of old crystal-gazing, of thought transference, or, what you will, materialized and vitalized in the moving pictures, has advanced so rapidly from one plane to another in accomplishment that the progenitors are still men in their prime as the wonder grows. The modest beginnings of moving pictures, interesting as they were, need not be again recounted in detail. It is a strange tale of two continents with independent investigators patiently, persistently and scientifically evolving something that has within the decades attained the dignity of an art which has not only enormously augmented the amusement possibilities and opportunities of the world, but promises to more importantly revolutionize its educational system, impressing through the eye—the brain of belief.

"The exploitation of marionettes is the oldest form of entertainment, out-dating the ox cart of Theophrastus (the first vehicle of the drama); so that the performance of highly sensitized and civilized human

living marionettes in modern moving pictures, while harking back to prehistoric times and incorporating the virile strength of the primitive, has truly a higher aim in both fiction and fact.

"The sculpture on the frieze of Parthenon has well served the centuries; but here is a new art preservative, for truth in reality, for animating the prose and poetic expression of this and other times—the living library of the historian, the romanticist, the philosopher and the scholarly researcher—all are revealed for current delectation or instruction, and are artistic-

ally preserved for the observation of posterity. The searching eye of the camera will catch and imprison all the foils and follies of fashion that mould our taste and mark our manners. These things which may appear strange and archaic in some distant day are significant beyond compare in retaining and re-producing for future praise our virtues, or the indictment of our follies by showing all modes that mix and make current living so pleasant, so alluring to complacent mortals who believe the Present to be perfect.

The captious and supercilious who once viewed askance this now universal form of entertainment, as demoralizing by reason of the earlier mistakes of its sophomoric days, or, in equal measure continue its condemnation because it is cheap and readily in the range of the most modest purse, might well change their prejudicial attitude by studying current conditions. The morbid, tragic and criminal trace that once tainted the crude tale the pictures told, have been fairly eliminated from film subjects in the United States of America.

"EXHAUSTIVE study of the situation, even in the minor picture playhouse, in the poorest and most congested sections of great cities, will reveal a class of innocuous (not evil) sentimental stories, rugged western romances (whose chief merit lies in virility of the idea and the beauty of natural environment), and plenty of lively, infectious, innocent comedy, with a desirable predilection for travel and educational subjects.

"The old prejudicial charges are quashed by the good genius of change; there is a multitude of features worthy of praise in this growing and popular class of entertainment. Enormous is its sphere of influence for bettering, enlightening and brightening the lives of its patrons. Good, red-blooded romance is never harmful, broad comedy never blighting, and is ever cheery in infinite variety. Excerpts, or tabloid versions from standard literature, realistic revivals, popular plays, carefully peopled and picturesquely presented, recreate the work of master-minds to live their old romances anew. The rewards for original work in scenarios are higher than ever before, enlisting the best pens of the age for silent and effective service. In the matter of travel, vast vistas are traversed, showing other lands than ours—strange picturesque corners of the earth, and the scenic glories and natural wonders of our own great country are vividly revealed, without weariness, giving joy and profit of travel to the multitudes forced to remain at home by stress of cramping circumstance.

"There is another line of wholesome and interesting episodes, pictorially presented to persuade and enforce hygienic truths with practical examples, showing how to act in ordinary desperate emergencies, together with sanitary and salutary lessons for the million, inspiring and inviting the ways for clean and comfortable living, and it is vastly encouraging that the educational feature films are a most useful and growing factor in the world of moving pictures. The visualized travelogues among the homes of the cliff dwellers, excursions into desolate Death Valley, pilgrimages into the wonderland of Yellowstone, Glacier Park, or revisiting the beauties of the Yosemite; and reviewing enormous engineering projects that "make the dirt fly" as it never flew before along the line of the Panama Canal. These are but a few of the notable instances to match far excursions to the wilds of the Amazon, to the dripping forest of equatorial Africa, wanderings among the Classic shades—the perfumed land of olives and vine, or the cherry blossom of old Japan. There may be witnessed interesting tea culture, rice growing and silk industries, vying with all the quaint and curious arts of ancient India; all opening on a new world-wide field of interest, giving knowledge through the eye, the watch-tower of the mind, those things which make the body rich.

"To the millions of toilers, to the hosts of poverty prisoned in the great centers of civilization, the moving picture is a veritable feast of joy, a surprise continual, a quickener of artistic sensibilities, a rebuilder of ideals and a splendid broadener of mental fiber and moral vision. For the most insignificant investment, it transports from even the most sordid surroundings, to brighter and better things, deftly opening the door to a world of beauty, of mystery and of inspiration. With all these facts in truth, it is small wonder that moving pictures

have passed into phenomenal popularity that will make them permanencies.

"From the Polar to the Anarctic regions, from the bushland of Australia to the frozen tundras of Siberia, to the far sun-lit pampas of Brazil, and in many of the wild, strange out-of-the-way places of the world, it fraternizes with the wonder of the talking-machine. It may be recalled that Shackleton and Amundsen made pictures of the almost inaccessible South Pole, and Harry Whitney secured similar scenes farthest north. It has mirrored the mirages and the wastes of the dreary desert, pictures of the people of the primeval forests of the Amazon, combining ethical and educational values with uplifting and agreeable entertainment.

"The moving picture is as vast in its reach as the telegraphic cables under the Seven Seas that link the continents with the fraternity of flashing words.

"The great lights of the stage are loaning themselves to the film makers in order that their vanishing art may be perpetuated long after they have ceased to soothe and fascinate. The greater producers are also rallying to the colors and making plays potential with skill and subtlety for pictorial histrionism, that shall reflect and glorify the memory of the mighty dead Daly, or Irving, our one time minister of stage art, or the astonishing wizardry of our vivid and vital Belasco.

"The influence of the moving picture theaters in the small towns, the distant and even the desert places, is serving the splendid purpose of providing sound, enlightening and inspiring amusement, exercising a wholesome influence hardly to be overestimated. This is advisedly remarked without disparagement to all the agents of social and intellectual activity, that has made the country and the small-town the cradle of our great men. The picture theater is now admittedly a most reputable agent of recreation and instruction, and where it is judiciously conducted cannot help but be a power for good.

"PERHAPS we are too close to the threshold to appreciate all the prospective possibilities for the future of moving pictures, which enthusiastic prophets predict. Judging from the progression of the near past, however, there is encouragement for even the most pessimistic. We are keenly sensitive to necessities for improvement, and I do not believe anyone who has the serious side of a great and important relations and obligation for an educational as well as an entertaining agency, will neglect any opportunity to perfect the product in every advancing stage of development.

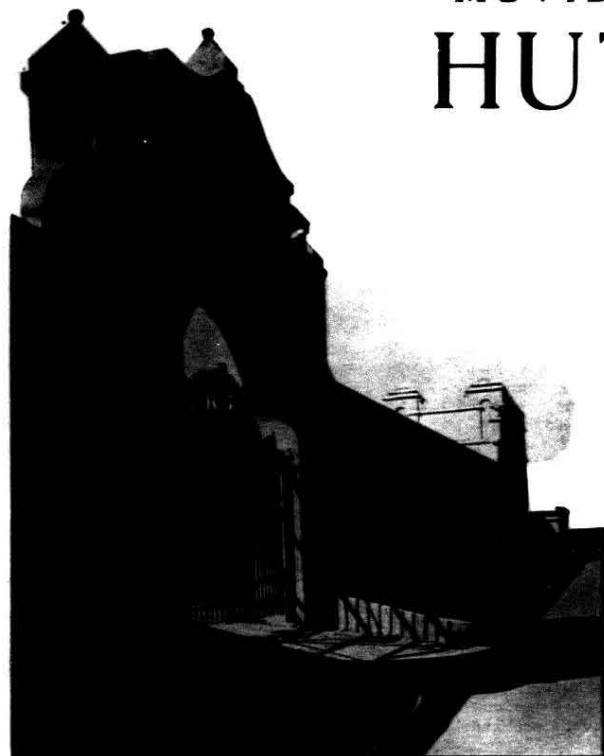
"It is regrettable that many strange estimates and fictitious conclusions have flashed into print that are neither fact, sanity nor science. In view of the nearness, the newness and novelty of both the art and the invention, popular errors have assumed emphasis concerning enormous and easy profits of the enterprise, seldom taking into account the tremendous difficulties encountered and the far greater investments necessary. It may be modestly ventured that no other modern line of legitimate commercial enterprise represents more liberal expenditure to sustain and perfect it, than does the moving picture in all preliminary stages to develop it as an enduring artistic product, rather than a merely fascinating means of entertainment.

"A noted publicist sounding a significant theme, recently wrote: 'After moving pictures, what' then dissipated his own doubt by answering: 'More pictures.' I confidently predict as a codicil of this good will: 'Better pictures.'



MOVIE PICTORIAL HUTCHINSON AND

By CHARL



The towers of the American reservation in Santa Barbara seem to form an uplift like the letter "H" for Hutchinson



THE POST after mile-post on the road to success mark the progress of S. S. Hutchinson, President of the American Film Manufacturing Co., in the motion picture industry. The story of the man and the story of the new business read much alike, both have gained a position in the world within a comparatively short space of time, which never has and it is doubtful if ever will be soon equaled in any other line. Like another Alladin he had a turn in touching the magic lantern with his wand of enterprise to startle the picture world with modern motion business miracles.

Mr. Hutchinson has been identified with the film industry for some years and is known throughout film circles as exceptionally shrewd and capable. A close observer of conditions, bold and enterprising, he plans for the future with the perspicacity of a practical philosopher and carries his ideas to a successful termination.

The success of the Theater Film Service Company of Chicago and San Francisco can be credited to the judgment and sagacious management of Mr. Hutchinson, as its president and general manager during a period of two years. His business ability was again emphasized as president and general manager of the H. & H. Film Service at a time when business conditions in the film world, according to accounts, were somewhat puzzling and pernicious.

Mr. Hutchinson voluntarily joined the ranks of the Independents at the same time he undertook the organization of the American Film Manufacturing Co., a corporation with offices in Chicago, Illinois, and London, England, and possessing one of the most attractive and artistically designed studios in the world at Santa Barbara, California. His radical move was hailed enthusiastically by the Independents as they needed artistic and astute reinforcement to assure success in their struggle for existence.

As president of the American Film Manufacturing Co., Mr. Hutchinson has devoted his time and knowledge to building up a great organization in the motion picture business. His keen interest in general affairs and thor-

ough knowledge of the film business, his appreciation and his personal understanding of the wants and necessities of the exhibitors, coupled with a capable force of department heads, experienced directors and actors of his own selection, and a splendid plant and superb field at his command placed him in an enviable position at home and abroad.

Hutchinson is a good type of American, to head the name his organization bears—tall, spare, well set-up, with keen bright eyes, well modeled head on square shoulders, not given to talk, but some listener—he has managed to watch his step and keep well up in the procession. He had a scientific education in another line, but managed to switch successfully into the film business, without going through all the drudgery of details, that marked the painful path of the progenitors of the motion picture makers. He studied the new art form from a new angle of business and saw its possibilities, first through the service-side. Like one who runs and reads, he was wide-awake to the voice of the people, receptive to all sorts of suggestions.

To observe him smoking his beloved "dugene" moving quickly and quietly about his Chicago establishment, he virtually seems in close kinship with all of his employees, even the humblest. His knowledge of chemistry gives him an advantage in that part of his plant, and he has brought his other powers up to par through quick observation, so that his judgment concerning all details of film making, are equal to that of his skilled employees.

Afloat or ashore, while seeming leisurely, he is never idle—constantly thinking ahead. Originally concerned with the marketing, he is now just as absorbed in the making of all film bearing the mark of "The Flying A." That marking might imply something distinctly western and it did, but it soon resolved itself to occupy a wider field and the taste of the master mind of the concern demanded a new literary flavor in films, somewhat afled from the crusaders of our western civilization—the dashing cowboys, the tanned knights in buckskin and chaparajos with the charm of color of virility and romance that invested our far flung frontiers, now vanishing fast, following the trail of the trappers, the prospectors and the soldiers.

He hung a new motto over his film finders desks. "We want subjects with big fresh ideas—exceptional one and two-reel dramas and comedies especially desired

"Liberty, equality and fraternity," the in creating a new era for age-old Europe when in America, the wand of Progress to established a world-wide precedent in old conditions, but Europe was slow to at tage were even essential to successful business in this country has been reman

Without regard to forbears or inheri to the front, girdled the land with railroad and developed new fields. The inventor the powers of steam and electricity have to make the age one of advance par ex had taught us speed to advance in every who had the wisdom and the enterprise to

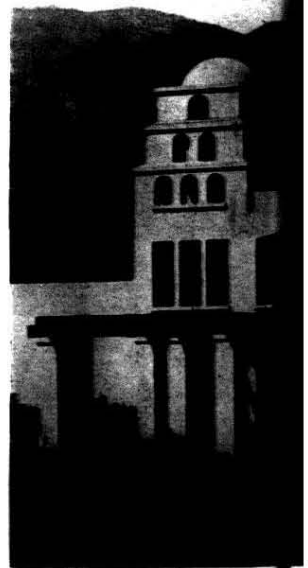
for the American Beauty brand, we want heart-intel dramas." Then he relighted his pipe, smoked up, began to watch the returns keen as a hawk. He picked up scenarios, shot in lines and situations that adapted and "punch." Next he took off his coat and sat into the field of production as soon as he left his native Chicago, where business so completely engrossed his attention, and began inhaling the ozonated atmosphere of California. It was new and he liked it, and he had been coldly critical in the projecting room when the pale negatives flashed by in ghostly procession, warmed to the work in the sunlit open with enthusiasm. He began to look beyond the two, four and six-reel limit that popular and picturesque pioneer, "The Adventures of Kathlyn," which had so magically opened the gates of the daily press to the new world of motion pictures, could run thirteen parts, why could he not secure a subject that would outspan the issues of the "Million Dollar Mystery" and run thirty parts, so made the daring diversion that is eventuating in "The Diamond From the Sky."

CALIFORNIA with its climate, now has many other calling claims in the way of wonders, they are wondrous now two expositions have added the weight alluring publicity to the current call "Go West!"

The vine-clad foothills of the Sierras, the orange groves, the one-time deserts blooming like the proverbial, have made lower California one of the fast garden spots of the world. All these things reveal anew the truths of the optimistic

The Administration Building in architecto

The formal garden is complemented by the floral chariots of the visitors in the background



MOVIE PICTORIAL

THE AMERICAN

E. NIXON

of the French Revolution, were masterful greater was the wonder of the centuries auction block and freed the slave—that men free and equal. This influence abolished holding that certain conditions of herin. Certain it is, that the growth of big and compare.

new and unknown men bravely forged natural resources; originated new forces, prolific; the cotton-gin, the sewing-machine, sloped and harnessed, to lessen labor and it would seem that the spirit of the times rection, and the wide opportunity for all advantage.

stings of the old padres whose mission bells rang per music over the wastes of sand to the east or the endless Pacific to the west—that this land was ded to be the new Eden of the world.

Santa Barbara, "City of the Smiling Channel," is one the enchanting places of the state of California. It is of the foremost "See America first" points known travelers. A world of eloquent enterprising copy iters have referred to it as "sun-kissed, ocean-washed and-guarded, mountain-girded"—little wonder then it has become a Mecca for tourists.

Santa Barbara possesses a charm *sui generis* (disttly its own). Within the curving bay, is a smiling reflecting by day the rays of sunlight and by night beams of moonlight that fall over the shadowy untain crest. The natural beauties have been enced by appreciative man who has spared no expense adding architectural wonders. In this paradisaical re are located the studios and laboratories of the American Film Manufacturing Company.

In July 5th, 1912, the "Flying A" cowboys rode up in La Mesa, a distance of about 250 miles, like the questadors and padres of old, rode over the first all blazed in California, El Camino Real (The King's hway). The natives of Santa Barbara looked lance at the rough travel-stained aggregation. The ers followed and the entire troupe formed quite a pectable colony. Temporary quarters were secured all a permanent location could be found. In the fall

Med center of the American position

of the same year ground was broken for the new and permanent home. Elaborate plans

had been prepared, and the construction work was carefully and consistently executed.

It is a studio of beauty, firm and substantial, serviceable and satisfying, making a gorgeous setting on the dreamy slopes surrounding it with the mountain ranges furnishing a magnificent background. Its proximity to the famous Santa Barbara Franciscan Mission whose altar lights have not been dimmed since its founding in 1786, has loaned the studio a soul and atmosphere unusual. The graceful, commanding towers of the mission have been reproduced, likewise the arched cloisters, but instead of brown-robed friars finding seclusion and rest therein, the photoplay stars here find inspiration and incentive for their task in serving the public.

Less imposing features of old architecture have been embodied in the low adobe buildings suggested by the high ornamental wall that makes up the major portion of the imposing front. In the center of this attractive facade is the principle arch with its ornamental iron gates, constituting the driveway into the semi-tropical growths and formal gardens.

The spirit of early California has been embodied and renewed in all that makes up the exterior of the buildings. The main buildings cluster about the open court like the Spanish mansion patios, where in times of old, polite cavaliers paid homage to fair senoras and senoritas with the imposing royal air of Castilian gallantry.

The Administration Building not unlike a sentry, towers superior to the other structures with majestic dignity. Upon entering this structure, with exterior appearance of quiet, it seems incongruous to encounter the restless atmosphere of a metropolitan office. Immediately off from the main office, is the sanctum of Samuel S. Hutchinson, with its windows opening on the gardens and shining through the street. An inside tier provides offices for the directors. In the same building is located the projecting room, as completely equipped as a modern theater and the chemical laboratories where all negatives are developed are located on the upper floor of the building.

On the opposite side of the grounds is a building similar to the one described, where are located the Green-rooms and dressing-rooms for actors. The most imposing building of the group is the magnificent glass studio which sets far back from the street, glistening a shining mark in the sunshine or the slanting moon rays at night

The Pergola, now vine covered, forms a refreshing, pleasant screen for dressing-rooms

The Arch of the central entrance gives a semblance of the "Flying A" so that the symbolism is attractively impressive

The garage, carpenter shops, etc., are conveniently located, designed to add to the artistic effect of the whole. The large court in the center of the group of the buildings is a formal garden, the full view of which is screened from the street by the high ornamental concrete wall and iron fence, through the gates of which one can secure only a glimpse of the attractiveness within.

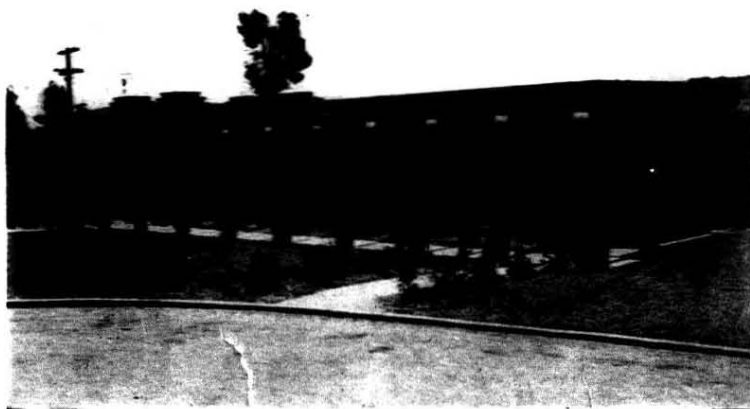
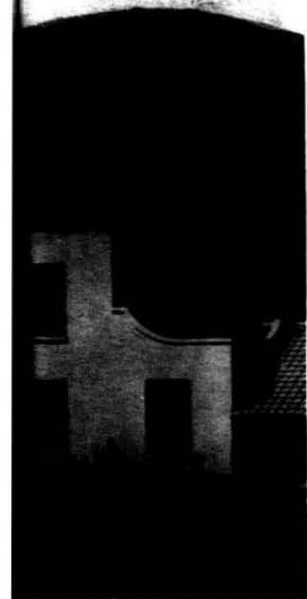
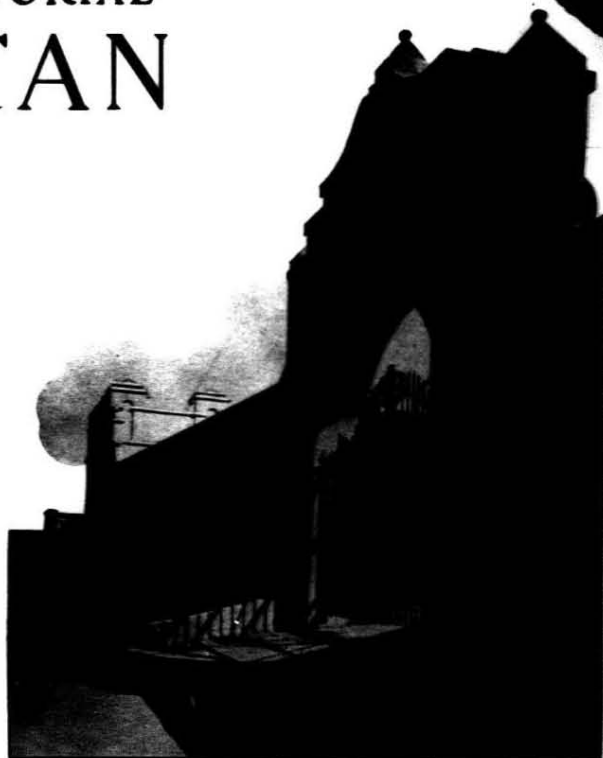
Every consideration has been given looking to the personal convenience of the players. The grounds are beautifully laid out and no expense has been spared to supply pleasing environment. The natural beauties and the artistic effects installed, make a charming combination which stimulates ideals and yields most efficient results. The buildings and grounds cover an area of 125,000 square feet.

Three American companies are now working at Santa Barbara and the aggregation makes one happy colony. The first two companies are under direction of Sydney Ayres and Thomas Ricketta, respectively producing the "Flying A" productions, while the "Beauty" company is under the direction of Harry Pollard.

The location of the studios in a community of culture, has added to the personnel of the acting forces. They

are not of the street posing variety but have established their own homes or have taken up their residences in the foremost hotels where the comforts of home life can be indulged in and are appreciated. They move dignifiedly in the best of society in the city and suburbs. To the new comer the surroundings and atmosphere make such a strong impression that it all seems a dream from which the fear of awakening is a disagreeable reality.

Lower California, with its picturesque environment and its sunshine favoring photography, has been wonderfully alluring to makers of moving pictures. Singularly enough Edward Muybridge, the father of moving pictures, made his earliest experiments in the new art form in this locality so that it is peculiarly appropriate this should now be the great filming center of the universe and that Hutchinson of the American should find his motographic aim and ideals centered in this environment under its stimulating spell and branded "Amer-



MARY,

"CLOSE-UP"

By CALDER JOHNSTON

SO MANY curious and erroneous impressions evolve in association with film favorites, it is as interesting as it is unusual to have a "close-up" of Mary Pickford, the most popular personage in the world of photoplay. It is gratifying to become acquainted with the real woman whose shadow is known to so many millions, who is almost a national pride point, and learn that she has a grace, a charm and simplicity in real life, akin to the temperamental traits and wonderful versatility that have made little Mary Pickford the queen of the screen.

I can see Mary Pickford very clearly in my mind in three distinct and diverse situations.

First I recall the day I spent at the Famous Players studios, at the time that "Such a Little Queen" was being made. Trying scenes were taken and difficult business devolved from early morning until late that evening, but she never showed any sign of weariness or ill-temper which is more than can be said for some other members of the cast, one or two of whom grumbled over the long day's work and strenuous rehearsals. She was the same to everyone, director or property man; she partook of the same lunch and was, in fact, "one of them." She was a human motion picture actress—not the star that stood apart.

Again I can see her as she led the grand march at the Photoplayers' Ball in Los Angeles at the big Shrine Auditorium which was packed to the roof; the chief attraction being the opportunity for the general public to see "Little Mary." She received a tremendous ovation as she came down the decorated hall on the arm of bulky Dell Henderson (then with the Biograph and now of the Keystone forces), president of the Photoplayers' Club. She looked so sweet, so demure and petite while she made no secret of the gratification she felt at her reception at the hands of the public and also of her comrade photoplayers who were gathered in force. Here is a strong point in this clever and ever delightful little actress, for she is just as popular with her fellow players as she is with

the public. Be it remembered that temperamental jealousies exist in the profession, but I have yet to hear the motion picture artist, male or female, that openly disputes Mary Pickford's place in screenland.

Finally I recalled the meeting of Mary and her Mother at the gate of their bungalow, one of the rare occasions that Mrs. Pickford had not been with her daughter during the day. I was passing at the time and observed the affection existing between a lovely woman and a dutiful daughter, delightfully unfeigned and far from posing matters theatrical. Mary Pickford loves her whole family devotedly and a girl who does this and who never says anything mean about her own folks, is worth while in any walk of life—even when she is a high salaried star.

The whole truth regarding Mary Pickford is that she is absolutely unspoiled, natural and sweet dispositioned, that she is the fortunate possessor of one of the prettiest faces that the good God ever gifted a woman with and that she is an excellent actress who can look more pathetic than any girl ever could and who can conjure a smile from the biggest frown in Christendom. I have seen her in a large number of photoplays, some of them well written and some of them loosely constructed, but in every one of them she has held me by the sheer force of her personality, the personality which commands one's silent adoration.

She has not always been a high priced artist. She is very young yet and can easily remember the time when she commanded the sum of twenty-five dollars per week; this was not for long, however, and almost before she knew it and had recovered from the surprise, she drew five hundred a week, and then a little later one thousand, and now she has a contract which calls for two thousand and a percentage of the profits. She is worth that, too, or else she would not be allowed to take it and the lovely

part of it all is that she is as level-headed today as she was at the time she was handed her little old twenty-five of a Saturday night. One might believe that Mary Pickford would get satiated with the admiring gifts and letters, but such is not the case; she is just as genuinely delighted today over the acceptance of some unusual gift or a genuine letter as she was several years back.

Probably nothing has given her more sincere pleasure than the silver loving cup and the album which contained 13,651 autographs from admirers in Australia which was given her during a rehearsal of "The Stepsister," and of which a motion picture was made to send to the Antipodes. Writing of these letters reminds me that she orders her photographs in lots of five thousand and moreover autographs, every one of them herself.

It is easy to see where Mary obtained her good looks, for the resemblance between Mrs. Pickford and her daughter is marked, and if the pictures had been in vogue years ago there might have been another—a third celebrity of feminine persuasion on the screen. I say third, advisedly, for Mary's sister, Lottie, is a splendid little actress who is now engaged by the American Company at Santa Barbara to take the lead in the new serial story, "The Diamond from the Sky," which won the Chicago Tribune prize of ten thousand dollars. Lottie takes after the father who was taken away when the children were small. She is dark and a little taller than the famous Mary. Jack, the male member of the family, favors Lottie more than he does Mary and is making a name for himself with the Famous Players. It would be difficult to find a cleverer or a more united and charming family anywhere than the Pickfords.

There is an idea, possessed by many people which I should like to dispel—that Mary Pickford could hold her position by virtue of her sweet face. Such a thing is indeed quite impossible. I have known a number of really pretty girls who



Little Mary Up-To-Date



The various characters, as she has portrayed them, require acting of the highest order, and mere pulchritude would never command the rigid attention that she gets in her photoplays. Mary Pickford is a genius in her particular line

are extras today and will always be so for the reason that they are without the personal magnetism and the eminent ability to act. An actress even with personality, cannot command any continuing success if she does not possess histrionic ability. Miss Pickford does not need much rehearsing, for she has the ability to feel and to fathom the reason of the action to be portrayed and to, moreover, really feel the underlying emotion. She will often pause and say: "Do you not think that it would be more

natural for me to do so and so?" She is usually right and her directors yield the concession and let her do it in that particular way. It would be easy for her to go hustling haughtily through her part without worrying her little head about it, but she is genuinely interested in every phase of her art and "gets into" every part she undertakes. The varied characters as she has portrayed them, require acting of the highest order, and mere pulchritude would never command the rigid attention that she gets in

her photoplays. Mary Pickford is a genius in her particular line. She returned to the regular stage for a time and carried her audiences with her on the Boards as convincingly and as charmingly as she does in the "movies" and it is well known that she has received some flattering offers to return to her first love, but that she prefers her second where she is almost an institution as an idolized individual who has within so short a time given so much joy and grace to the Silent Stage.

If I Were A Director?

AN APPEAL



RECEPTIVITY of mind and heart is the true characteristic de luxe of personal greatness. Just to be able to realize that one does not know everything about one's chosen profession, that even a little child or a

seasonal tramp may teach, is a lofty rung on the ladder of Eminence. The trouble is that, while all of us desire greatness, we shut the door in our faces and lock it, often eternally, with the Key of Self Satisfaction.

No one denies the greatness of the "movie" director. He is the undeniable power behind the throne. He, it is that makes or mars the screen production, invents the thrills (mostly), goes the photoplaywright one better and often makes us stand on tiptoe, as it were, struggling to catch a glimpse of his magnetic personality behind or over the heads of the actors and actresses.

There are some productions so wonderfully staged, so minutely perfect in detail, so full of brilliant action and appealing heart-interest, that no criticism of the director or the seemingly-inspired portrayals of the story, is in order. For these masterpieces of filmdom we duly give thanks. But there are others wherein there seems to be a studied lack of care—productions that vaguely make us feel that they are released because it was release day and something had to be turned out. Five or ten cents is not an exorbitant investment for an hour's entertainment. It is true, and, if some anachronisms and some little slips which give us that "wish-it-hadn't" feeling occur, we are not out much as far as the coin of the realm is concerned. But—realism has suffered!

Criticism, digested and absorbed, builds the tissue of Perfection.

Aristotle was a great teacher in his day and the world sat agape at his Knowledge, but he didn't know as much as the simplest of us today. Probably if others of his time, obscure and self-effacing, had revealed to him the thoughts surging and thronging their brains, civilization might have donned seven-league boots then and there. And so today there are thoughts, dormant and stifled, that are daily retarding Progress because they are unexpressed. The selfsame thoughts springing from other brains ten, twenty or a hundred years hence may change the very orbit of civilization.

Taking the smallest things first, if I were a Director there would be no misspelled words in my leaders and inserts. This is gross, unforgivable carelessness and no vivisection of the movie game is necessary to prove this to the intelligent screen fan. Time was when realism was obtained with small attention to detail, but that soft day has trailed into the dim and misty past. "The Lost Sermon," a fairly good offering, theatrical in spots, but one that could have "gotten over" was spoiled for me by the word "hesitation" rendered "hesitation" in one of the inserts. A small thing? True! But right there, for me anyway, the product lost its inspiration and became man-made, instead of an interesting natural portrayal of events.

If I were a Director, an actress who is old enough to take a woman's part in a drama, should dress her

hair as a woman does. People are tiring of eternal bows and unnatural curls, such as no graduate from the stage of socks and caps would dream of wearing. I have often heard people say, "Why do you suppose all moving picture actresses wear their hair streaming in their eyes?" Why indeed? Heavens knows, unless the Director admires flowing tresses or hairpins are unknown in studios! There are some most worthy and refreshing examples on the other side, Winifred Greenwood being a shining instance. She has won my everlasting regard by her respectable order-loving coiffure. One gets the feeling that she knows something about ordinary human habits. She wouldn't don a coat suit of the latest mode, a fetching hat and spoil the effect with a bunch of "shavings" curls.

If I were a Director, I would be on the constant lookout for stale scenes—scenes that are worn slick from overuse. For an example, take the scene of a maid delivering mail on a tray to the hero or heroine as the case may be. Now this method of receiving mail is doubtless the fixed one in a few homes. But I know plenty of people who, eager with anticipation meet the postman at the door or even go as far as to take a peep in the letter-box! And there is meat for the photoplaywright! If my heroine were eager for a letter, I'd make her swing on the front gate in restless anticipation or shoot up the postoffice and carry it off by main force. *Anything but the stale thing!*

Love scenes are vivid lingering examples of monotonous enscreened. The lovers' embrace is seemingly the only strong finale available in the average photoplay varied by the lover with bandaged head (causing the head) prone on his cot, patting the sorrowful, kneeling heroine affectionately, clear on into the misty oblivion of the slowly dissolving picture. Surely all men don't make love in the same way! Where would be the incentive of changing one's lover occasionally if they did?

If I were a Director, I would invent some original love scenes if it cost me my job.

Another undesirable thing that frequently mars a creditable picture is the fact that after the cry of "One, two, three Action! Camera!"—the camera gets there first! In a recent western picture, the second reel opened with a wild ride by some cow punchers. A road, with a bend to the left, appeared on the screen. The riders were behind this bend, awaiting the signal to go, and go they did with a vim, but it was a fraction of a second too late! The trees were not very thick and the camera had revealed the whole of them awaiting the word, screened behind the trees. Just a second, it's true, but where was the idea of a long wild ride? Now if such an absurdity was caught by the fan, surely the Director must have been "off his job."

Other things, such as an actor striking a wall (?) and seeing it ripple like the surface of a lake, happen occasionally. A retake of the scene would be an added expense, but the photoplay would be sustained in semblance of reality.

Natural, everyday life is the most alluring theme

in the world—the more natural the portrayal of life is, the more intense the interest evidenced. I think the most natural, attractive from the standpoint of sincerity, and truly interesting photoplay I've ever witnessed was Broncho's "Shorty Escapes Matrimony." The characters were human and the actors the living embodiment of them. Thomas Chatterton as delightful "Tom Crowne" was a treat and Rhea Mitchell's sympathetic, tender "Nell" an untarnished joy. This picture made a sensational hit in my home town, where expensive features and "high-class" dramas had failed to score. This feature (in four reels) brought laughter and tears and left a thrill that lingered for days. If I were a Director with my hand on the pulse of the public, unclean dramas that stir the worst in the best of us, sensational melodramatic features of impossible life would find scant courtesy in my studio. But natural, human pictures of everyday life, its hopes and its hurts, its ambitions and its struggles would be my highest delight.

Life re-enacted is life glorified! Nowhere else do we find the complete forgetfulness of self so evident in the pulsing interior of a moving picture theater. Those of us who, entering the semi-darkness, have stumbled over half a dozen pairs or so of sprawling legs whose owners were too interested in the rapid-fire comedy of the screen to draw them up, know this. Here, at our side, a factory worker sniffs audibly over the pain of the heroine, a society debutante. In front a teamster, who looks as if law and order were unknown quantities to him, breathes a stifled sigh of appreciation, and *humanity is the keynote*. Surely, life is a level plain.

Therefore then, theatrical, stacy effects are to be deplored. What makes a picture vital to every onlooker is the feeling that *he would do the same if placed under like circumstances*.

An amusing example of an over-theatrical effect was a two-reeler, an appealing story of a high-caste Japanese married to a Japanese actress from whom he was about to be separated by a cruel decree. The setting was beautiful and the story had moved along smoothly toward the farewell scene. The audience, or spectators were suffering more or less audibly with the heroine, the music was pathetic and appropriate. The husband advanced to bid his little wife "good-bye." He reached out his arms despairingly—dropped them—the action was repeated—yet again. The husband then faced the camera and treated all to a series of painful, facial grimaces for five whole minutes (apparently) which brought first amazement, unbelief and finally—an outburst of derisive laughter which spread like wildfire throughout the theater. I can laugh any time I think about it. The key to the situation was dangling from a remark overheard between gasps of choking laughter, "Who ever heard of a man twisting his mouth like that?" Goodness gracious, *where was the Director?*

Granted that the whole universe of filmdom revolves around the "fan" who is, after all, the final arbiter, I submit these observations to the Director on their face value. Good or bad, it's the way I feel about it and as the world is simply ME en masse, why shouldn't they be worth while?



The Secret of Paint Creek

FINAL INSTALLMENT



CLEM resumed his coat and shoes, which he found on a chair by the bed, and adjusted his collar and tie, which had also been removed. He would make the acquaintance of the family without further delay, and secure means of returning to town, or, at least,

of getting into communication with Bob McKee. With this idea he walked across to the door and turned the knob. It was locked.

Clem stared at the panels blankly. He was a prisoner, or something suspiciously like it. With a wild sweep of anger he seized the knob and shook it violently with one hand while he commenced an assault on the oaken panels with the other. In the silence of the house the racket must have been prodigious, but there was no response. Not content, Clem raised his voice in a series of angry "halloos."

Breathless, he finally desisted.

He walked back to a chair by the window, and mechanically reached into his pocket for his pipe and tobacco pouch. The fact that they were still there led him to explore his other pockets. Not one of the miscellaneous assortment of letters and papers, with which they bulged, had been disturbed. Clem stared out into the gathering darkness, searching the misty outlines of the trees and shrubbery below. He was trapped effectually.

There was only one ray of hope in the situation. At least four persons knew that the bungalow was his destination. Della Murray, the two Hopes and the chauffeur whom he had left waiting on the pike. The latter of course would have returned to town long before this, and probably would have taken the account of his passenger's disappearance to The Bugle office. Bob McKee was not a person to allow such a story to pass without immediate investigation, particularly in view of the character of the mission which Clem had undertaken.

The reporter knew that his partner would arouse the whole county before morning if he did not find him. Under the most unfavorable conditions, help could not be far away. So absorbed was Clem in his reflections that the key had turned in the door and a man had stepped into the room before he sensed the presence of a new comer.

"Good evening, young sir," I presume that I am addressing Mr. Peyton?"



AS CLEM sprang to his feet an electric button in the wall clicked, and a burst of yellow light flooded the chamber.

"We are equipped with our dynamo, you see. All the conveniences of the city in the country," continued the speaker smoothly.

Clem glared silently. The man before him was a complete stranger. In appearance, at least, there was nothing about him to suggest the conventional idea of a jailor. He was a tall, elderly man, with thick white hair, and white moustache and beard, the latter trimmed to a point in a peculiar foreign fashion. The reporter broke the silence grimly.

"I presume that you have come to release me?"

The other raised his eyebrows slightly. "Really, Mr. Peyton—"

Clem brushed past him impatiently, and stepped toward the door. The next instant his shoulder was seized in a grip that made him wince, and he was spun sharply around. With a smile he stepped between Clem and the door.

"I fear that you are jumping at conclusions. I assumed from the sounds from your room that you were again your former self. As soon as possible I ascended to you. Whatever you may think, I am here as a friend."

"A friend?" snapped Clem.

"Exactly. So much so that I came to offer you a little token of my regard. I am enough of a medical

SYNOPSIS OF PRECEDING CHAPTERS

Clem Peyton, editor, and Bob McKee, business manager, of the Warrentown Bugle, face failure through the lack of a "Scoop" to put it over their more fortunate rival, The Argus. At this psychological moment of despair, the Coroner fortuitously appears and tells of a tragedy at a lone country place on Paint Creek. Peyton arrives on the ground first and is engaged in a sinister story, when in drives the Sheriff accompanied by his repertorial rival on The Argus just from the scene of a \$40,000 bank robbery. Peyton has not yet succeeded in solving the murder mystery, but handily picks up enough concerning the bank robbery to phone the Bugle office, and "save their bacon" in that sensational financial detail. Then he meets Della Murray, a Warrentown belle, who naively identifies the photograph of the alleged bank-robber he had from the Sheriff. He has penetrated the disguise of the man found hanging, and discovers the photograph bears a striking resemblance to this victim. With this new clue he starts to investigate the mysterious bungalow up Paint Creek, that he feels is interlinked with the tragedy. During this hunt he falls over a cliff, back of the bungalow, and for the time loses consciousness in the mystery.

man to see that you are badly in need of a vacation. As a friend, it will give me pleasure to provide the means for such a vacation—say, to the extent of a thousand dollars. In return, I am trusting that you will do me a small favor."



"AND what is that?" asked Clem staring.

"Nothing that I think will inconvenience you, I assure you. It is only that you start on your vacation at once. In other words that you will allow my chauffeur to drive you to Waverley in season to catch the mid night express west. And as a matter of form, I might add that you give me your promise not to communicate with your friends for three days."

"Say, are you drunk or crazy?"

Neither, I trust."

Then I must accept the alternative that you are deliberately offering me a bribe to disappear."

The other shrugged. "Really my young friend, I had been led to believe that you were of a more reasonable disposition."

Clem scowled. "And if I do not accept your hush money what am I to expect?"

The eyes surveying the reporter became suddenly hard. "You will force me to a very disagreeable and unpleasant task—one that may even involve serious consequences for you."

Clem laughed. "Why don't you order the prisoner to be removed to the deepest dungeon beneath the moat? You might as well carry out the rest of the melodrama, or, have you come to the more reasonable conclusion that my friends are looking for me, and will be here shortly, even if they have not already arrived?"

There was just a suspicion of a frown on the other's face. "When I tell you, Mr. Peyton, that the entire county could not interfere with my plans for your disposal, I mean what I say. I have offered you the easiest thousand dollars you have ever made in your life. If you do not care to accept my offer, the unpleasant alternative will affect only you alone."

The speaker nodded shortly, and without a backward glance, stepped through the doorway. Clem heard the key turn in the lock and the sound of retreating steps beyond. For just an instant he was tempted to another vain assault on the door. It was with an effort that he controlled himself. He walked back and forth, reviewing the astonishing conversation and its ending. The laugh, with which he tried to dismiss it, was rather forced. There was an undercurrent of grim assurance about the words of his strange visitor. If the man had blustered, or had lost his temper, Clem would have been much less impressed. He could not forget the suggestion in the other's manner that he was accustomed to command whatever situation in which he found himself.

He found himself again at the window, listening with an anxiety which he could not conceal for signs

which might betoken any unexpected commotion in the vicinity, and which might announce the arrival of friends. He swung around abruptly, every nerve alert.

From the hall had come a faint cautious scraping as of a key being inserted quietly in his door. He crossed the room swiftly. His foot brushed against a chair, and he seized it by the back and half raised it. In a pinch it would serve as at least a crude weapon of defence.



FOR a moment he waited breathless. And then he saw the door open softly. Through the aperture appeared the face of Faith Morrison.

The girl's finger went to her lips at his involuntary exclamation, and he saw that she was beckoning him to follow her. He stepped into the hall, and she closed and relocked the door before she spoke. The hall was illumined only by a single bulb in the ceiling, but in the uncertain light he could feel her eyes searching his face intently.

He was on the point of speaking when she said in a low whisper of command. "You will please follow me."

She turned without giving him an opportunity to answer, and glided down the hall. Clem shrugged as he followed. It might be a trap, of course, but in any event he was certain of being given more of a chance to strike for his freedom than from behind a locked door.

He could not be worse off, and he knew now that it was fear and not friendliness which had inspired his removal to Beech Hill Bungalow. Glancing back from a flight of stairs at the end of the hall, the girl gathered her skirts, and began a cautious descent. Clem emulated her apparent desire for secrecy more and more puzzled. In the lower hall she paused as though listening, and then turning to the right, led him through what was evidently the dining-room into the kitchen. The latter room was in darkness.

He could hear the girl pause and fumble about a small table by the wall, and then the sputtering light of a candle sprang up before him, and showed her unlocking another door. A breath of damp air swept into his face as she passed through the opening it revealed, and began picking her way down a short flight of cement steps.



CLEM hesitated until she reached the bottom. She raised the candle above her head as she glanced back. Should he risk a dash through a kitchen door or window—or should he continue his blind

obedience to the mysterious girl in the darkness? Perhaps it was because Clem was a very young man that he accepted the latter alternative, and made his way down the steps until he stood at the side of the girl below. She gave a little nod without speaking, and stepped across the cement floor to the opposite wall of what Clem could now see was the cellar of the house.

Her next action brought a gasp of astonishment from him. Holding the candle above her head she ran her right hand over the apparently solid surface before her. Clem saw now that the wall before which she stood was not built of cement but of huge boulders, chiseled so that each was almost square. The girl was standing in front of one of these, whose upper edge was perhaps the height of her waist. Her hand suddenly paused, and pressed inward. As it did so, the boulder swung clear a round on a cunningly fashioned iron pivot, disclosing a double opening into a narrow subterranean passage into the cliff.

Clem started forward, but even as he reached the wall his attention was transfixed for the moment by an even stronger object of interest than the secret passage. Close up under the walls of boulders was a broken bit of green chalk. He stooped and closed his hand over it before his companion was aware of his action, and straightened with his brain again whirling. It was just such a piece of chalk that had sketched the cryptic green arrow on the shirt of the dead man. Even the most indifferent could scarcely explain his discovery as the long arm of coincidence.



THE tattered straw hat that he had found at the boat house; the chain of evidence which had first directed his attention to the bungalow; his own imprisonment; and finally the deliberate offer of a bribe if he should conveniently disappear—all of these formed a chain of reasoning to which there was but one answer. By accident, blunder, or skill he was hot on the trail of the mystery of Paint Creek. That the secret of Beech Hill Bungalow and the secret of the dead man on the oak tree were one and the same he no longer doubted.

These reflections flashed through his mind with a startling emphasis, and yet so swiftly that his guide had not yet made her first step into the passage before he was at her shoulder. Peering around her Clem could see that the passage led sharply down over a series of roughly fashioned stone steps. Even in his first glimpse it was evident that it was not entirely the work of man.

He was given no opportunity for a longer survey, however. With a gasp of consternation, the girl retreated back against him, and into the cellar. From the darkness of the passage had appeared the gleam of a flash light.

Desperately his guide turned to the pivot boulder, but it was not until he had placed his own shoulder against it also that it swung back into place. For an instant the girl stood, with her eyes searching the cellar frantically. Seizing his arm she sprang across to a row of high casks. Afterward Clem could not tell just why he obeyed her pantomimic command so implicitly. He saw her extinguish her light, and then they were both crouching on the floor in the shadow of their partial concealment as the boulder in the cliff swung outward again.

Chapter VIII THE CLIMAX



INTO the cellar stepped the wielder of the flash light. The sight of his face all but forced a gasp of amazement from Clem. It was the face of the dead man he had seen swaying from the oak tree on the creek bank. But there was this difference, the heavy brown moustache was gone!

The new comer closed the boulder behind him and stood for a moment frowning uncertainly in his left hand he carried a small black leather case, suggesting a physician's instrument bag. With a shrug he turned finally across the cellar toward the kitchen steps. For just an instant an expression of sudden and supreme triumph flashed across his face. There was something startling in the depths of seething emotion it disclosed. Through his clenched lips his breath came with a sudden wheezing gasp. His foot reached the first step of the stairs and his flash light was swung around to illumine his ascent. And then—

A match caught the candle in the girl's hand, and she stepped out from the casks.

"If you take another step, Jerry Reynolds, I shall shoot!" she called in a low steady voice. Clem saw that from somewhere in her dress she had produced a diminutive revolver.

The man on the stairs whirled about. The coolness of his gaze spoke volumes for his repression, and the iron will that must have animated him. Except for a scarcely perceptible quiver in his close-set eyes there was no sign that he realized that the situation was out of the ordinary.

"Drop that bag!" The girl raised her weapon, and Clem could see that her finger was pressing the trigger. The man obeyed without a word, and then, with a cat-like spring, threw himself backward, at the same instant hurling his flash light straight into the girl's white face.

Her candle dropped to the floor, and she cried out as though in pain. Blindly, recklessly Clem sprang toward the stairs. The drama was as yet only a riddle to him, but he needed no explanation to tell him which was the cause of justice. Whoever, whatever the girl might be, every instinct called to him to battle in her behalf. He had a vague view of a dark, crouching figure on the stairs and his hand caught a swinging leg. There was a

smothered curse from above him, his arm was wrenched as though the limb was tearing from its socket, and then as Clem felt himself being flung backward, the kitchen door was swung open, and a hoarse voice echoed down into the cellar. It was the voice of Bob McKee.

"Clem! I say, Clem Peyton!"

Clem struggled to his knees. "Is that you, Bob? For God's sake, get a light!" He felt a figure brush past him in the direction of the swinging boulder. "Watch the other side of the cellar!" he yelled. "The fellow is trying to escape through the cliff!"



HE HEARD a gasp from the direction of the boulder, and felt the cold air from the passage. Evidently the stone had not been closed tightly, or the fugitive must have had superhuman strength. And then at last from the head of the cellar steps came the welcome gleam of a search light.

Against the wall of bowlders it showed the dark opening of the hidden passage, and in the aperture the distorted face of the man called Jerry Reynolds. For just an instant it was visible before the boulder thudded back into place.

Clem sprang across the cellar, and his hands tore at the stone. He was conscious that Faith Morrison was at his side, trying to aid him, that others were springing down the stairs from the kitchen, and then from deep down in the bowels of the cliff came a tearing, muffled explosion.

For a moment the earth, itself, seemed to be rocking. The partially opened boulder was wrenched outward, and from the passage poured a cloud of stinging dust and gravel. Clem reached out instinctively to catch the girl, and half dragging her, stumbled toward the stairs. He saw Bob McKee springing down to aid him, and behind him the figures of Rogers, Sheriff Johnson and Ed Hope.

From the head of the steps there now appeared another addition to the group, the gray-haired man who had offered him the astonishing bribe. The arms of Faith Morrison were flung around his neck. "Was it a success, Uncle?" she gasped.

Chapter IX HOW IT ALL ENDED

IT WAS perhaps half an hour later. From a couch in the big living room of the bungalow Clem raised his head, and insisted upon having tobacco. Faith Morrison, from the depths of a great leather rocker, nodded permission to Bob McKee to supply the request.

With his pipe well alight, Clem glanced around at the occupants of the room. It was a curious group. Pacing back and forth was the gray-haired figure of the reporter's erstwhile jailor, whom he now knew to be Professor Andrew Wilkins. Seated about the apartment in varying attitudes of impatience were Sheriff Johnson, Dr. Mowry, Ed Hope, and his son. In the doorway was lounging Rogers, with a half smoked cigar for company.

"Don't you think we can stand the story now?" Clem demanded. "I for one refuse to be treated as an interesting invalid any longer."

Bob McKee glanced inquiringly at Professor Wilkins. That gentleman ceased his restless patrol, and cleared his throat.

"Our young friend is right. I presume that I am the logical narrator of the occasion." He paused reflectively, and then continued gravely.

"In order to make clear my position in the affair, perhaps I should begin with my connection with Jerry Reynolds, and the tragedy of the creek. I shall be as brief as possible. The man whose body was discovered by Mr. Hope and his son was my cousin, and partner, Murray Reynolds. I, at least, was entirely ignorant of this fact until within the last few minutes.



"JERRY REYNOLDS, the convict, was Murray's own brother, a man who possessed as great a capacity for evil as Murray did for good. We had not heard of Jerry for a year and more until early last evening when he appeared at the house here, begging pitifully for shelter and con-

cealment, and claiming that enemies were seeking his life. I gave Murray, who was our guest at the time, permission to take him in, and suggested that he conceal his brother in what we call the 'cliff chamber'.

"It is really nothing more than a small cave at the foot of the cliff, from which a passage leads up into the cellar of the bungalow. My niece and I discovered it quite by accident, and partly for our own amusement, and partly with the idea that it might be of service to me in certain electrical experiments of mine, we fashioned steps down to it, and at the upper end of the passage I constructed a swinging boulder as an entrance, intending to explain its mechanism to Mr. Morrell when I should leave.

"And now we come to that portion of the story, at which I can only guess. It is evident that Jerry told the truth, for once, when he claimed that his life was in peril. He was in desperate fear, if ever a man was, when I left him and Murray in our cellar after we had opened the cliff passage. Just what happened afterward I fancy no man will ever know. Whether Jerry discovered that his enemies had trailed him here, or whether he decided on the fiendish plan, which he put into execution, merely to insure his own life I don't know. I imagine, however, that the former theory is the more nearly correct. I am assuming that the enemies who threatened him were members of his own criminal gang, whom in some manner he had betrayed, perhaps by making off with their recent plunder when he saw that they were in danger of arrest."

"I think you are right," agreed Sheriff Johnson thoughtfully. "He was hanged then as a traitor by his own men." That would explain the brand of the green arrow. It was probably a sign used by the organization."



"YOU forget that Jerry Reynolds escaped—that it was his brother, Murray who met the fate intended for him," corrected Professor Wilkins. "I should say that you are right about the arrow mark, however. The two men were startlingly alike. Jerry took advantage of this fact to overpower his brother, change clothes with him, and add the finishing touch by gluing to the other's lip the false moustache with which he, himself, was disguised. It is apparent now that Murray Reynolds was found either on the creek bank or in the cave in the cliff by the members of his brother's gang, and taken down the creek in our motor boat until a convenient point for the execution was reached.

"Jerry returned to his brother's room, and probably slept peacefully through the night, evidently relying on the resemblance between the two to deceive us. He succeeded completely in my case. Had my niece not chanced to meet him in the cliff passage, and been startled by the sight of my leather case of plans in his possession, it is probable that he might have escaped entirely in his daring plan. It was she who first guessed the truth, and she acted at once from blind instinct. Had he escaped with my case, he would have been master of a fortune. As it was—"

Sheriff Johnson shuddered. He must have been blown to atoms down there in the cliff!"

"No question about it." My invention, on which I have been laboring for three years, proved a complete success, gentlemen. I think I can take you into my confidence sufficiently to explain that I have perfected an apparatus for igniting high explosives by a wireless current. Incidentally I have constructed a portable wireless outfit which I have been erecting on the roof of the garage at night. I have been obliged to maintain the utmost secrecy because I have been dogged constantly by the agents of a certain powerful Powder Trust, determined to gain my plans, with or without my consent. For several days, Roger Antworth, the detective, whom you know as Rogers, the motorcycle salesman, has been acting as a sort of bodyguard for me until I should make my final test, which occurred tonight. My niece had planned to leave at once, in the event it should be a success, to carry my plans to Washington.

(Continued on page 25)

The next number (June) of the Movie Pictorial will contain the first installment of a new serial story.

A story in which the most modern motion picture factor weaves the destiny of two remarkable persons. Love—Mystery—Humor—Suspense—Adventure.

THE GIRL IN THE PATHÉ

On The Editorial Screen

MOVIE PICTORIAL

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*"They copied all they could follow, but they
Couldn't copy my mind.
And I left 'em sweating and stealing
A year and a half behind."*

Rudyard Kipling

Motography and Melodrama

A pretentious and vastly varied melodrama of modern make, "Life," which has been entertaining large audiences at the Auditorium indicates that its producer, William A. Brady is keenly alive to the value of moving pictures and has wedded them most adroitly to the dramatic stage, making the drama convincingly complete instead of allowing mere threads of influence to bind up and perfect the fabric of this story.

The brilliant events listing hundreds of people in certain scenes, the driving on of a stage and four, the showing of rival crews of eight oared shells in action breasting the crested waves, the moving platform of trains loaded with living spectators following the shoreward trail of the race, the swift flight of automobiles—were all sensational effects in stagecraft carried out with a high degree of vital realism in this production.

Instead of dropping the curtain and allowing time to elapse after these massed movements in the old way, the lights were dim, a scene was lowered showing the seven ages passing over the bridge of time that caught in its vista of arch, all the interlinking episodes to advance the action, so that they became visualized facts through the medium of moving pictures, enlisting the actual actors of the drama. Appropriate music accompanied these motographic episodes so cleverly that the audience barely missed the speech of the actors, before the curtain raised again and the drama resumed its vital form.

Despite this new departure, praiseworthy in some respects and flattering in that the theatrical magazines have taken up an art they once effected to despise and deride, the supreme advantage that moving pictures have over the theatricalism of the stage, is in Nature's environment that no scenic artist or stage craftsman can transfer from the screen to the stage. Despite the witchery of lighting, the cunning of brush and charm of color, the stage cannot reflect the reality of atmosphere or that subtle spiritual quality that simulates the real nature quality in the eauty of the shadows that flit upon the screen—the very transcript of the face of Nature.

The eminent authority, Louis Reeves Harrison, in his "Stagy Settings," writes: "Nature in the little

scene painter's hands is a dreadful thing to contemplate. Her rolling hills, forest-crowned, her distant peaks of glittering snow, her stormy moods on wave-dashed shores, her laughter in sparkling waterfalls, her tender moments, with a note of the infinite in her sigh, what does the stage know of such compelling influences? Are all of her exhaustless treasures for the screen alone? Must the theater, as Eleonora Duse asserts, be destroyed in order that the dramatic art be revived? If this must come to pass, moving pictures may be the means to that much-desired end."

The registry of the two arts in this local instance in "Life" was so well timed and so accurate that illusion was continuously sustained. Undoubtedly the success of this innovation will be widely followed, so that moving pictures and the spoken drama will blend on the same stage in new, telling and picturesque significance. Now that this has been accomplished, it seems to have been a comparatively simple thing, but it awakens the prophecy for even greater things through the magic of motography. Scientific experiment in this direction has long been centering effort upon the synchronizing of sound with motion, which will undoubtedly be one of the ultimates in the evolution of the perfected moving picture which will additionally take stereoscopic value in its projection for three graces instead of one.

Materialize the Promise

The Strand Theater of New York which stands for big things in film showing, has made a summer stand in Chicago at Orchestra Hall, and promises to father a permanency in the form of another million dollar theater for an artistic alliance of moving pictures and music. This section of the midwest is growing in importance as a moving picture center and a spacious monumental structure with the significant standing that attaches to the Strand Theater of New York and London would be a welcome addition to the notable homes of amusement in Chicago.

The Jungle Dinner Fad

Lady MacKenzie, said to be "the coolest shot in the world," who recently returned from a big game-hunting trip in East Africa to her home in New York, last week gave a jungle dinner to fifty friends at Delmonico's. Kathryn Williams who inaugurated this fashion should have filed a caveat for its protection. Anyhow lady MacKenzie only had heads and hides to show her guests while the beautiful and intrepid Kathryn had live lions, tigers and leopards at her Al Fresco feast in the Selig zoo in Los Angeles in addition to millionaires, artists and choice social selections in her guest list.

The Passing of John Bunny

The passing of John Bunny removes from the field of pictorial activity one of the most popular personages ever filmed. Long and arduous service in the theatrical stage did not add greatly to his reputation or material prosperity although it gratified his histrionic ambition, but when he entered the new world of filmdom, the chances changed in his favor and he at once became a vogue that was astonishing. Nature had fashioned his face for a living mask of Momus. He needed no aid of make-up or adventitious advertising, nor did he advance any personal peculiarity of action to make his characterizations telling, beyond the ken of the well schooled actor. His face was his fortune, his humorous personality was infectious, his popularity was universal. Vitagraphically speaking, Take him all in all, when shall we look upon his like again?

One Authority to Another

That moving pictures are attracting the interest of scientists as well as the leading lights of the stage and literature is more and more amply manifest as the seriousness and importance of the new art form attracts studied attention. A striking example of this, recently eventuated from the showing of David Griffith's visualization of Poe's romances under the caption of "The Avenging Conscience" at the Fine Arts Theater where it is the abiding attraction. Dr. Harold N. Moyer, noted as one of the most distinguished alienists in this country, witnessed the film and sent in a letter, which was certainly a remarkable tribute to the Griffith genius. The letter was as follows:

"The Avenging Conscience, something very interesting from the standpoint of the modern conception of dreams, which, according to later psychological doctrine, involves a wish fulfillment. The young love affair of the hero meets with the opposition of his uncle. It is obvious that if the uncle were removed the nephew, his natural heir, would inherit his wealth and if so all obstacles to the desired union would be removed. The fact, that the removal of the uncle involves a crime, is as unacceptable to the individual as it is contrary to his moral standards. It is just this kind of a situation that produces a dream that fulfills the wish. So far the conception is psychologically sound. The dream itself as worked out in the play has more elaboration and detail than one would expect to find in a real dream. There is also a symbolism that is lacking, but in its other elements such as dramatization the dream is essentially true, involving as it does the conflict of emotion so characteristic of the dream state. While this conception of this play is psychologically interesting, I was also delighted with the symmetry of the production, and the splendid manner in which it was acted. I need scarcely add that in my opinion the play also teaches a sound moral lesson and does so in an unobtrusive way."

The Singer Silent

Geraldine Farrar, the distinguished operatic soprano, who appears next season with the Chicago Grand Opera Company, next month will go to the Lasky studios at Hollywood, Cal., for eight weeks' service before the camera. Two months is a long time for a singing star to maintain silence, but there are other ways of registering.

A Vexed Question

The recent election in Chicago has attracted national attention and according to the wise ones indicates a wide spreading genius of change favoring Republicanism. For some time past Chicago has been a storm-center in the censorship question in discrediting the findings of the National Board, for local consumption. Now that the Illinois Legislature is inclined to rule out the largest city in the state—the fallow field of the moving picture business may attract undesirable attention, and lead to further vexations in the alarming growth of too much censorship. Less than a year ago producing interests viewed with seeming indifference the idiosyncrasies of censorship, but, now that the Supreme Court of the United States has declared that the State has the right of censorship, they are experiencing an alarming state of mind on the perils of the new situation. It is to be hoped that Chicago can continue her control in this direction—disagreeable as its mandates occasionally are, they might be worse under State jurisdiction.

The Music Story

EDITOR'S NOTE: This Department was commenced in the October issue. It is for our readers, an arena for discussion of musical topics as they apply to the exhibition of moving pictures. Every reader having ideas along this line, criticisms or suggestions, will confer a favor on the editor of this department by writing to her. Different views, different discussions and new practical ideas will appear in each issue of MOVIE PICTORIAL.

By Mabel Bishop Wilson

their inconsistencies in musical applications, but it is against the pernicious habit of faking, the prevalence of which, I must confess, is appalling! My observations have convinced me that the fakir, like the poor "you have with you always."

The most serious offenders in this line hold their heads erect and label their efforts "improvising," and it is pitifully disgusting to see managers of some of our classiest city theaters "fall" for it.

For the benefit of the uninitiated, let me explain what it means to improvise, and then I want you to tell me how many people who can afford to sell their talent and time to picture theaters, are capable of improvising except to a very modest degree. To improvise is to compose extemporaneously. The player sits at the keyboard and produces what his mind conceives. That's all there is to it! Just think for a moment. Let's draw a literary parallel. You have received the average H. S. education, perhaps, have had associations with those who have had equal educational advantages, or better; you have talked English all your life—very creditably, you think. However, I'll wager you would fall in a faint if someone suggested that you give an impromptu speech before several hundred people, even though the subject was a pet of yours. You know the subject pretty well, but you beg for time to select your best ideas for presentation, and for time to arrange those ideas in a logical, convincing form, etc., etc., etc.

The demands on a picture accompanist are enormous as compared with this. The picture shown may demand snatches of many types of music, varying from grave to gay, serious to frivolous or may even call for music with national characteristics—and here the ordinary musician, with the average musical education, confidently steps up and claims to be equal to all this in improvising! It's a clear case of "Fools step in where angels fear to tread." The bulk of the improvising thrust upon defenseless picture audiences of today is a grand hash of confused, ill connected memorized bits of this and that, and a thoroughly jumbled mass of weak, deformed musical thoughts, hastily assembled and carelessly thrown at you. Mark me, it is not the cultured musician who boasts of his ability to improvise extensively—whole programs, for instance. I should assume that one who claimed to be able to do this, probably couldn't interpret creditably, very simple music, of more than a half dozen types. Truly "A little knowledge IS a dangerous thing."

\$5 Prize Letter.

Dear Music Editor:

I heard the great feature film, "Cabiria," played by a fakir. At the end of the second reel, I remarked about his exceptional ability. After the sixth, I was weary, and before the tenth, I was thoroughly miserable! Later I heard this film accompanied from notes. The tumultuous agitations on the fire scenes, Oriental Chants on the religious ceremonies—in fact, all details were worked out so perfectly satisfactorily, that the picture impressed me as truly wonderful and I longed to see it through again. Eighty-three intelligent musical numbers woven into this artistic whole, put the fakir quite to shame.

MRS. G. W. B.

The above letter has been selected from the many received, as the one deserving the award.

And that brings me to the point I want to emphasize. The object that you and I are endeavoring to accomplish through this medium is a more widespread understanding of and application of harmony in the musical interpretation of the picture being portrayed.

To work toward the accomplishment of this object, our efforts must be along constructive lines—must be in the nature of criticizing what is heard in moving picture theaters—discovering and

relating errors and suggesting corrections.

In the February

this plan was set forth, an example of letters desired was given, and it is herewith as indicating the line it will assist us best in our work to

Dear Music Editor:

I recently viewed "The Fish" which there is a scene of great interest. We see a broad sweep of storm, an old man has fallen from a boat, is struggling in the water. The hero sets out in a small boat to rescue. She battles bravely against the storm. The pianist played "Sailing, Sailing, O Bounding Main." It was a shock to the nerves. The music should have been something or something

ilar, to carry out the tragic idea.

Questions and Answers.

The questions received this month, on many important points in motion picture accompanying. May we have more next month? We see a broad sweep of storm, an old man has fallen from a boat, is struggling in the water. The hero sets out in a small boat to rescue. She battles bravely against the storm. The pianist played "Sailing, Sailing, O Bounding Main." It was a shock to the nerves. The music should have been something or something

Q. Should all love scenes be treated the same? or should there be a distinction made between old-time classic sort of pictures, where the actors are of the nobility; those of the American society drama; those dramatic, the wealthy city man falls in love with a country girl, who lives near his hunting grounds; etc., etc., etc.?

A. Indeed they should not be treated the same. Here is a fine opportunity for the musician to exhibit some skill in adapting. I am glad someone suggests some sort of classification of scenes. While it is not at all exhaustive, it is in the right direction, and gives a thought. I'm sure it will be an inspiring individual development along the line of up the love scenes. They are so frequent, with, in a careless "any-old-love-song-will-do" fashion, that the convincing charm of the acting of the most sincere, conscientious performers, is lost upon the audience. It is a step, you know, from the sublime to the ridiculous, and when we stop to think a moment, that in every story, the destiny of the character is directed through the influence of love. I wonder why we haven't awakened to the importance of the handling of these love scenes, long isn't hard to see the inconsistency of applying an average modern popular ballad to the picture of the first class mentioned. Better a fine old song like "Drink To Me Only With Thine Eyes," "My Heart at Thy Sweet Voice," "Samson and Delilah," or the famous "Love from Faust. These blend with the splendor and dignity of court life, and seem altogether fitting.

Let's not wear these numbers threadbare of type of love scenes, but gather others in conjunction with these, that we may give audiences the opportunity of hearing new favorites, and at the same time avoid making a grave mistake of associating one tune with a certain type of scene. No matter how perfect a tune may fit the whole collection of love scenes of this type, its continued use brings people to a point where they expect it on every occasion its application is positively funny.

Modern American society drama demands a wealth of popular ballads, which for contrast we might divide into mill stream songs, drifting songs, garden songs, dream songs, moon songs, etc.

The third class, that of the wealthy and the plain country girl, offer opportunity for the use of such songs as "I'm No Mollie," "Happy, Happy, Happy," "The Girl," etc.

Then we have the modern comedy love scenes.



TO RAISE the standard of music in motion picture theaters, to the point where the music is a harmonizing setting to every scene depicted and in perfect accord with the action portrayed, is the sole object of this department.

Believing that good work is the more easily recognized by being contrasted with what is acknowledged to be poor, it seemed to me that the quickest way to correct the extreme carelessness so common among picture accompanists, was to encourage criticism based upon just the ordinary common sense judgment of the picture fans themselves; so I asked every reader of this department to become a "music story detective" and send me the fruits of his labors. In each issue of the Movie Pictorial is printed the best letter received on the subject, and it is announced as the winner of the \$5. The following four questions were given as a guide for the work. (For further particulars see February issue.)

How do you like the music in your favorite theater?

Does it jibe with the picture?

Is it too loud or not loud enough?

Does the musician interpret scenes according to the titles of pieces or in harmony with the musical idea?

These four pertinent questions have brought forth some great reports of proceedings in the music pit! They tell us "variety is the spice of life." If this be granted, surely the picture fans of the many theaters represented in these reports, cannot complain of monotony, for a finer variety of absurd combinations of music and picture, could hardly be offered.

"The evil men do, lives after them—the good is oft interred with their bones." We hope that in the great majority, these examples of poor judgment, in adapting the music to the pictures, do not mark the standards of the abilities of the musicians concerned. We know that in all walks of life, much well directed effort, resulting in an exquisitely finished product, is frequently taken in as a matter of course, and no expression of appreciation or recognition of merit given the worker. However, no piece of work submitted, that is not up to par, escapes unnoticed. The motion picture accompanist who is generally conceded to be "very conscientious," "invariably good," "always alert," and who is declared to "fit things so pat," will find these ardent admirers complaining and quite unforgiving, the first time she misses her calculations and bungles a scene!

Her continued successful efforts in handling motion picture accompaniments, have raised the standard of her audience to the point where they no longer marvel at her skill, but expect a fine, intelligent musical setting to every picture she plays. The many especially effective little pieces of work she accomplishes are lost in the maze of so nearly perfect a whole, while the slip which bungles a scene enough to ever so slightly disturb, is noted and commented upon freely. It may have been the result of a moment's relaxation, an interruption by a thoughtless usher, or the maneuvers of an unruly youngster in the front row, or one of a hundred other things that are ever threatening the musician. So let us not be discouraged at the array of absurd examples submitted, and think this task of ours a hopeless one, but be charitable in our judgment of the situation and hope that a large majority of these are not everyday incidents, but are occasional offenses of earnest musicians who are interested enough in their work to never develop into hardened "Don't-give-a-care" type, which we hope to either convert or annihilate.

The Chief Complaint.

The most common complaint about musicians, set through these letters, is really not against

Film Favorites' Fashions

This dress which I wore in the Edison Production "On the Stroke of Twelve" is of pink satin, made empire effect, with fold coming up over bust of silk shadow lace, gathered simply around the neck, lace falling over the arms, as sleeves.

Back has the cape effect, caught with a pansy in the center and a wreath of pansies around the waist.

I think the more simply you dress for pictures the better it is and the more attractive.

This dress is copied from a French model.

Gertrude M. Lay



I am particularly fond of this Spring suit of gray check material.

The jacket has a plain, loose front with square patch pockets and gray bone buttons. The back of the jacket is gathered in at the waist line by a belt about four inches in width, which gives it a slightly fitted appearance.

The full, circular skirt also has a wide belt which buttons down the side of the skirt.

This is a strictly tailored suit, appropriate for business or street wear.

The hat is of brown chiffon with tiny pink rosebuds. The neckpiece is of white fox.

Edna Mayo



We believe many of our readers see at times on the screen, articles of apparel, dresses, suits, street dresses, etc., that appeal to their taste and feel the desire to possess garments just like them, but the constant movement on the screen, the lack of reproduction of color effects, prevent the obtaining of a complete and strong enough mental picture to allow the reproduction of them.

At any time you see on the screen, a dress or suit or garment worn by a film favorite and you wish a description of it, such as we have given in connection with the illustrations on this page, just write to me (the fashion editor) giving the name of the film, the name of the film company by whom it was produced, the scene in that film in which it appeared, as well as the name of the actress who wore it and I will endeavor to secure a description of it for you. Of course, I may not always succeed, but I will do my best to get it for you. Do not ask for this concerning old films—films that have been produced some time back—for you can imagine it would be practically impossible for me to get descriptions of garments that have probably been discarded long ago.

Remember, this department is open to our readers—we want you to feel it is your information bureau—want you to write at any time on this subject. All you need to do is to write your letter, giving the information required, as stated above, enclose with it a stamped return envelope, and mail it to

THE FASHION EDITOR

In this issue, we are "treated" to a "close-up" of a charming gown worn by Miss Gertrude in the three-reel production "On the Stroke of Twelve" produced by the Edison Company and one cannot help but appreciate the sympathetic purpose in her words: "I think the more simply you dress for pictures, the better it is." Today the most pleasing and convincing pictures are those "that come within the range of our environment, that we cannot view as what might happen within our own surroundings. The closer they bear in the action settings to our own life's circle, the more we live" them ourselves as they flash over the screen. And is not the wearing apparel of the actress just as important in this purpose as the settings? Indeed it is. Let us hope that the more potent in realistic pictures may

Edna Mayo, of Essanay, has taken us right into her most personal Sanctum—her dressing room for us this suit. It is not only a simple—it is one that forms a cherished little lady's personal wardrobe. She is fond of it. But it will flash on the screen. Again, simplicity and the model of this garment and the "one" with this photo-

BELOW THE RIO GRANDE

(Continued from page 7)

falling in love with the cinematographer. In his world he had the company of daughters, but more to him than it were that more carefully

moment he had Spanish form of drunk deep of taken the soft, his heart had of his own keep-

to him like it alone who love for his age. His was passion lying down only the touch and to start the come to him blind- depth of his feeling refined Spanish up everything of freedom.

ways welcome at the boy he was as But with the girl most read the an- ky depths of the not quite. But his He was in love

love were returned matter for the pres- he was allowed to ally at his heart's

that day on the steps reached to the troop and begun to live life enjoy it in fuller

his short acquaint- atero was his fast ch a gentleman the kind of friend that And he was the

a Dolores and Francisco ended to a certain extent. Captain Matero the cine- had learned the tragic res' father.

Magon, Sr., was a mer," the captain had they sat one evening in an's tent. "He con- of dividing the land

peons and allowing for it by work on the Word of this reached and the government at him to stop giving

peons. Magon an- the root of trouble in as had been that the was not allowed to and that as long as

his own he proposed as he wished. When received at the capt- was ordered and sol- the rancho and started Mexico City. When they reported that the tried to escape and

ero paused a moment "The 'ley fuga' dis- difficult cases for Denman had heard law that was applied and needed no further

father's death they returned at once to Mexico, and Francisco as heir to the estate was told to cancel the peons' contracts. This he refused to do and was ordered with his sister out of the country. The lands were confiscated and the peons were drafted into the army."

Denman was gaining new insight into the cause of the continual revolts of the republic. During his days with the army he had talked with many of the soldiers who were far from being bandits or illiterate peons. There were those who had given entire fortunes to the rebel cause and who were serving in the ranks as privates or petty officers. Their knowledge of war tactics was not such as to permit them to rank as officers and they were offering up their lives in the ranks, side by side with their former employees.

Denman left his tent and walked some distance down the railroad track to where the young aviator and his sister were living in another tent near the aeroplane.

Dolores was sitting in front of the tent, preparing bandages for the wounded as Denman came up. Always she was working for the good of the army. When the wounded were brought in she was at the poorly equipped hospital tents, relieving their suffering by her deft, tender touches as she bound up the ragged wounds. In camp she ever had a pleasant word for the men who were working night and day repairing gun carriages, making caissons and repairing the railroad. She was very pretty in spite of the rough clothes she was compelled to wear and her face was flushed with excitement as he came up. "See," she cried holding up the bandages. "These will soon be needed, for we attack tomorrow."

Denman was unaware of this. "I thought we were waiting for reinforcements from the north," he said as he seated himself on the ground beside her.

She laid aside the finished bandage and began on another.

"Captain Matero was just here and he said that the trains would arrive at once and would be run on south before unloading."

Denman glanced back toward the town and saw that temporary tracks laid in the yards at Yermo were lined with trains filling rapidly with soldiers. Before he could reply the brother came up. He was dressed in one of the new uniforms just received and was proud of his title of lieutenant.

"We are going to leave," he said, his voice vibrant with suppressed excitement, as he took Denman's outstretched hand. "I am going to load the plane back on the car and go south with the troops."

Dolores laid aside an unfinished bandage and her face blanched.

"Francisco, you—you are not going to fly so soon?" she placed her hand affectionately on his arm.

"Tomorrow, perhaps," He endeavored not to notice the terror in her voice, now that the time had come for actual accomplishment.

Denman broke in to relieve the tension. "You must be very careful," he cautioned. "Perhaps, after all, the plane may not be necessary." He spoke reassuringly.

Captain Matero came down the track and called to the boy. "Here come the men to carry the machine to the car."

"You must be very careful," Denman said again, taking the boy's hand, and with a glance toward Dolores that the other could not fail to understand.

"There is no danger. Perhaps I will not be required to fly." But Denman saw that Dolores knew that the words were merely for her benefit, and saw the tears glisten in her eyes as she kissed him.

He called back. "I will keep as high as possible until I see the camera and then I will dip down to let you take my picture."

Dolores had begun to pack to prepare to go south with the first trains. She gave Denman her hand.

"You, too, must be careful," she said. "You must not take too many risks even to secure good pictures." A depth of feeling sprang into her voice, and Denman knew that she cared.

"Dolores!" He had used her name for the first time and an avowal of love was on his lips, but he restrained himself. If he had been mistaken—his acquaintance with her was too short to presume that she loved him. Possibly her emotion was only because of her brother. Yet he took the other hand and looked deep into the depths of the dusky eyes, tempted to stake all in the look that he read there. "Do not worry about me, Dolores," he said, softly. "You should remain here until the battle is decided."

But she shook her head and her eyes were unable to meet his.

"I must go with the army. The wounded—we are too few as it is. And the wounded must not be allowed to suffer because of no one to attend them."

Denman stooped and pressed the soft fingers to his lips. Then he hurried back up the track. Whatever the outcome of the battle he knew that Dolores loved him. If the rebels were successful the way would be open to Mexico City and her presence with the army would be no longer required. Then he would tell her—and hear her answer.

He met Claybourne as he neared the station. The correspondent was just in from the south, having gone out with the first advance. "All the troop trains are being rushed to the lines outside of Bermejillo," he said, taking the cinematographer by the arm and piloting him through the crowds of soldiers. "The federals are strongly entrenched there and are receiving reinforcements from San Pedro, Coahuila."

Denman whistled. "We must be in for a big battle."

"Villa tells me that he will have eighteen thousand men ready for the attack at daybreak," Claybourne answered. "And I'll tell you, Denman, that there is going to be a heavy engagement. A train load of ammunition has gone forward and there seems to be plenty more ready to send."

Denman waited to hear no more, but with a final word to the correspondent to secure him a place on the next train leaving, hurried away to get his tent and camera. On the way back to the station he saw a train pull out and attached

was the car with the aeroplane aboard. The officers' train pulled up and Villa and his aides entered. Claybourne gave him a hand with the camera to the top of the cars containing the horses. As the train left Denman noticed that several trains had preceded them and when they came finally to a straight stretch of track he counted an even twelve. Behind were as many more and all had not yet arrived from the north. Claybourne came walking over the tops of the cars and seated himself at Denman's side.

"This is going to be the biggest battle that has occurred in Mexico in the last fifty years," he said. "Villa claims that he is going to lead the attack in person, and he has plenty of troops to back him up, if they will fight."

Denman gave a little laugh. "I heard you say once that Mexicans fought only with machine guns and cannon."

Claybourne turned to Denman with an amused smile. "I've changed my opinion since then, I guess," he admitted. "I was used to the frenzied hatred that inspired the opposing forces in the Balkans. I could not see that the men had not been taught to fight."

The cinematographer paused to light a cigarette, finding it rather a difficult matter on account of the swaying of the car, and the steady wind blowing.

"You heard me speak of Magon and his sister," he went on, settling back in his former position. "They gave up their property, just as their father gave up his life. They believe the cause right, and that they will eventually triumph."

Claybourne rose to his feet and swept the country ahead with his glasses. "Look there! Denman," he exclaimed, pointing to where the trains were unloading.

The other got up and focused his binoculars on the scene. Numbers of side-tracks had been constructed and the trains were running on these and were pouring forth their lines of men. Presently their own train came to a stop and Denman, leaving the Englishman, went off some distance and set up the camera. Men were now unloading provisions and taking cannon and machine guns from the cars. Horses were brought up and the guns were hauled farther up the valley.

Caissons piled high with ammunition followed. A water train had come up and the men were busy filling their canteens. Everywhere men were rushing back and forth, some hunting their comrades, others securing full belts of ammunition. Fires were being built and preparations for the cooking begun. A detachment of cavalry responded to the "mount" of the bugle and dashed madly in the direction of Bermejillo. Denman stopped the camera and began looking for a place to pitch his shelter tent, for the nights were very cold. Up the valley, back of the lines of cannon drawn up, he saw the aeroplane being tried out, but the boy was merely testing it, for he seldom rose from the ground and then only to turn the plane.

REALISM IN THE MOVIE

A Department for the Discussion of Films Possessing or Lacking Realism

Conducted by Our Readers

ANY big industry catering to the popular demands is benefited by the open, frank opinions of its followers. And no propaganda can be helped more in this manner, than Motion Pictures. Earnest criticism is invaluable to those organizations who, with a commanding unity of effort, gather from many sources, inspirations and ideals and develop them into vehicles of diversified entertainment for millions of people. This is the keynote of this page—a page dependent upon you, our readers, for its accomplishment. As has been said before, this department desires and encourages expression from the film organizations at any time, all to the end for realism in the movies.

We herewith publish a letter received from Mr. J. Oliver Tucker a part of Mrs. J. A. Hogan's criticism printed in the March issue. We will all be interested and furthermore feel a flash of gratification in the fact that the efforts of the contributors to this page, all directed to a single goal, have been noticed.

Los Angeles, Cal.

Realism Editor.

Chicago, Ill.

Dear Sir:

I desire to correct the error into which Mrs. J. A. Hogan has innocently fallen regarding Tillie's Punctured Romance, as evidenced by her criticism in the March issue. She questions the realism of the film because it appears that the guide telephones the news of the death of Mr. Banks across the sea from the "Alps" to America. Tillie's Uncle was not climbing the Alps but he was climbing some mountains in San Bernardino Co., Cal., fifty miles from Los Angeles. This is clearly shown by the newspaper clipping thrown on the screen announcing his death on Mt. Baldy, which is geographically known as Mt. San Antonio.

The telephone used was not peculiar to foreign countries but is common to America.

Yours truly,

J. Oliver Tucker.

Winner of the \$5.00 Prize.

Atlanta, Ga.
In "The Girl on the Trestle," a Kallem recently released, the young girl operator, after the trestle has been partly blown and partly burned away, crosses on the suspended rails, to which are attached a few scattered cross ties, while the fire still rages beneath her. She wears a white blouse, and not only does she swing from the suspended rails by her hands, when it would appear that, from the time the fire has been burning, the rails should be almost red hot, but when she finally reaches the other bank she not only presses her hands to her face, without leaving the smallest mark upon her fair cheeks, but her blouse is still spotless. Again, why let the three miners follow her, running across the ravine, spanned by the trestle, and arrive on the other side almost as she did? It would appear that she had been foolish to have crossed the trestle, when she could have gone around.

The first part of the picture is well done. It is a railroad story, the railroad man can enjoy the car of explosives, left at the way station by the local freight, is not only handled by what is apparently a real train crew, but the car comes up to the U. S. Government Regulations on the handling of Explosives. The telegraph work is also good. In fact, with the exception of the hot rails being handled bare handed, the entire action is good.

Yours truly,

J. P. Power.

A Well Aimed Criticism.

New Orleans, La.
In a recent release called "In the Jury Room" either Reliance or Than-houser there are two or three glaring errors. The story tells of a young married man, whose wife had been restored to health by a certain doctor at a great sacrifice on the physician's part, his own wife dying while he attended the patient. This same young man had formerly been employed in a factory, and discharged by the manager who was very cruel to his employees. As the

Your help toward the accomplishment aimed at by this department is requested. Send in your criticisms. Do not hesitate. Join your efforts with ours. A prize of \$5.00 is given each month to the contributor of the criticism deemed most worthy, be it either for or against the film. Address all communications to the Realism editor.

story runs on we learn that the manager and the doctor have had a quarrel and the manager is shot by a burglar while the doctor had left the room for a few minutes.

The doctor is arrested and tried for murder. In this picture we see that the young married man reads of the murder in the morning paper and just as he has shown the article to his wife he receives a jury notice. Afterwards he is selected as a jurymen and while in the jury room stands out as one against eleven and tells his story of his personal experience with both the dead man and the doctor. As a result the jury declares the man "Not Guilty."

The defects are these: In the first place, who ever heard of a man being tried within a week after the crime, in the "United States"? Even if the notice received had been for appearance before the jury commissioners and the usual delay of a month or two before actual jury service and that all records were broken for speedy trials in that state, do you think for a moment that a person as well acquainted with both the accused and the murdered man would be accepted by either the state or the defense as a suitable person to try the case? Hardly.

I have never seen a picture with such a far-fetched plot and it really has no excuse for being produced. The acting was splendid but there could be nothing to offset the errors in the story.

O. J. Dunn.

A Back Room in a House Built on a Hill?

Atlanta, Ga.
"What Happened to Jones" is the name of a World Corporation comedy, but the funniest thing about it to me is how the second floor of a house got to be so close to the ground. Jones, to escape the cops, dons clothes intended for the expected new bishop and poses as him in a girls' seminary. When the real bishop arrives, fearing complications, Jones leads him up the stairs to his room and later locks the door. After a while, the bishop finding the door locked, goes to the window, raises it, and walks out, that "second-story" window being not more than four feet from the ground, and the first story was no where in sight. Wonder what became of it?

A. R. Spielberger

What Kind of Water Do They Use?

Birmingham, Ala.
In the 10th episode, Exploits of Elaine, detective Craig Kennedy enters a deep pit, which is partly filled with water to rescue Elaine where she had been placed by Dan the Duke. During the course of rescue he wades in water up to his shoulders and then comes out at the top with his clothes perfectly dry and showing no signs whatever of having been in the water.

G. R. Watkins.

Three in One Episode.

New Orleans, La.
Last night I witnessed a Zudora episode (Thanhouse) in which Zudora was a prisoner on an island. She was given a long narrow book in which to write a note. (The book resembled an account book which always contains ruled pages.) She turned the book cross-wise and wrote across length of page. The "bag" took book into next room where Mme. Du Val picked up the page without tearing it out (perhaps it was a loose page). Audience was then shown note. But, alas! it was written across the width, a single sheet of unruled tablet size page.

In the same episode, Storm, Hunt and Baird rescue Zudora by means of a skiff. All were dressed in business suits. Hunt and Baird get into a launch leaving Storm to row Zudora to shore. When they reach home Storm has made a complete change and was wearing a "Prince Albert" coat.

Again, Radcliffe, on board a steamer, put the diamonds into a rubber hot water bag and inflated it. He was too good at screwing on the cap as the bag escaped and the bag was flat when he slipped it beneath his coat. He went up on deck, threw bag overboard to be picked up by friends. During short time bag was in water I noticed it was full of air which kept it afloat.

Observant.

A Sharp Point.

Los Angeles, Cal.
Speaking of realism in pictures far be it for me to add one word of criticism to that wonderful Photo-drama by D. W. Griffith, "The Clansman," but, did they wear hats in those days?

Lillian Gish certainly wore one in this play in two different hats (and a white one at that). This is a very small detail I know, but very plain to me, as I am always looking for "Realism" in so far as the picture is concerned and the age they are supposed to represent.

N. S. E.

An Uninvited Worker-Guest.

Dallas, Texas.
In witnessing "The Disillusionment of Jane," a Broncho production at the Crystal Theater today, my attention was attracted to an unusual scene. The scene was a barn dance at the "Higgins Home," supposed, of course, to be at night. In the course of love-making between Norton and Jane, which took place in the barnyard, a chicken was seen leisurely scratching and picking up whatever it saw fit to eat.

Anyone who knows anything about the nature of chickens will agree that at this time of the night, fowls are always peacefully slumbering on the perch. This scene would doubtless have been more real with the omission of the busy hen.

J. B. R.

A Lightning Change Artist.

New Orleans, La.
With a determination to shake off the annoyance of business I spent the evening among the movies. It was a good fortune on this occasion to witness a good "bill" all the way through. One of the productions was a Lubin drama in two acts entitled "The Unmarried Husband." The hero of this play was a very precise young man, occupying a position as clerk in the office of a money-loving and crafty old lawyer.

The young man was noted for his punctuality, to such an extent that trades-people along his route from his lodgings to his office, never failed to set their timepieces by him as he passed a certain corner. The time at which he would reach this corner was always ten minutes of eight, and passing the group of trades-people thereon, bowed as he proceeded on his way to the office, invariably arriving there as the clock pointed to the hour of eight. Ten minutes before commencing his walk the distance between the above mentioned corner and the office. This was his rule for fourteen years without missing a day.

Keeping with his correctness as to time, he was correct in his attire, wearing clothes that denoted a character professional—tall hat, long black coat and trousers, black tie and gloves.

The inevitable happened with the young man—he had a "love affair," and after these fourteen years of timing his departure from home so accurately as to pass a given point at a certain time, he gave way to his feelings, and in the embrace of his wife one morning got, for 10 minutes, the outside world. The group who gathered daily to regulate their watches were astounded when "The Young Man" finally came along, 10 minutes behind the usual time. He was attired in his accustomed garb—tall hat, long black coat and trousers, tie, gloves, etc., and hurrying along to his office, reached there 10 minutes behind the hour of eight, but for some reason or other as he entered the door he was dressed, as any ordinary young man, in a business suit, spring overcoat, soft felt hat and minus gloves. Possibly he was a lightning change artist.

Thomas J. Tully, Jr.

A Privileged Character.

Bellingham, Wash.
In the two reel Kallem feature, "In the Hands of the Jury," the villain was indeed a privileged character. It was the old story in which the hero finds the dead body and is accused of the murder. The man had evidently died of accidental poisoning in the presence of the villain who robbed the corpse and hiked. The villain was summoned to appear on the jury. In the trial scene the villain was called from the jury to the witness stand, where he seemed to testify against the hero and then he

marched serenely where he was the conviction. He had a long session discovered the home of the dead how she knew why every thing. Since when have been allowed to sit versa?

If stenographers bookkeepers must pin them up on a belong instead of about the shoulder in real life are a part.

In another Kallem "Draw-Bridge" the struggle to open so that a train would criminal to prison, so that his pals could. Since a train must draw-bridge whether the whole plot was

It Was

It seems to me that "The Million Dollar Cover" features a person knowing men could recognize I believe that in real orders have the man the ears.

Did They

I saw a mistake in the preceding episode of "The Million Dollar Cover" when the companion went by Farlow, but when suddenly ill the subtitle Miss Ware. Now, I book.

A String

In the Indian war United States soldiers a company of cavalry, with them were a hal dogs. Do you call this

Another scene showing rounding wagon camp defend it. Horses and kind wagon, men, front of horses, Indians, cept two women, yet horse killed. Does this Later, Indians set fire the soldiers come. Is a their covers gone, the ever. I remarked to "I thought the wagon He replied with a laugh called out the fire depart

Now for something else, episode of "The Perla Pauline is thrown into an house, there is a telephone in which she is imprisoned to telephone for help but by the villain was tears from its wires, throwing floor. Later Pauline sets an old chair and phones must have been a new could be used as a wire What was the telephone house, because the teleph always disconnects or takes ephone after the tenant's

Some Little

In "For His Father's" the son starts for the grey horse that is sadd scene, he is on a white, at an Indian camp. In, he is back on the horse again.

In "The Lady of the In dog is supposed to swim with a note for help, close-up of the dog's stick in its mouth."

In (Biograph) "As Been," the father goes after his runaway daughter white shirt. When he is dark in color

A Dressed-Up

Anent Realism, why d it was so important the (Million Dollar Mystery) hat on during a life-and-Jim deliberately broke quarry for the very evi scene, he is on a white, fall off. See the struggle Norton with two of the which took place near Hargreave's, in Floren is not a contrivance. Realism, it is certainly

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MOVIE PICTORIAL

JULY
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Margaret
Fitzgerald

A Photograph by Percy De Gaston.

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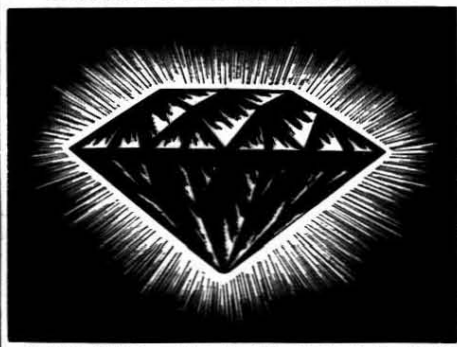
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Marian
recognizes
in
the
valet



the
husband
she
thought
dead



The crook husband demands the key to the family jewels

Watching and waiting—for the man inside



Louise Vale, as Marian
Ross, the social secretary

Mrs. Van Alden's Jewels

Produced by
Biograph Company

Denizens of the underworld do not often figure exclusively in the best circles on the screen—something thrillingly forwarded in this Biograph production. Marian Ross, social secretary for Mrs. Van Alden, is horrified to meet her thieving husband, Davidson, she thought dead, as the new valet in the household.

He demands she get the Van Alden jewels for him. In her efforts to protect the property, the mistress of the house is shot and Marian is accused of the crime and tried for her life.

The secret of her unfortunate marriage is vividly revealed in her testimony. She is saved by a newsboy who picks up Davidson's pocketbook containing incriminating evidence.

The wild leap of a motor car over the bridge with the fleeing thief is one of the sensational episodes in this well poised but swift moving story of tangled lives.



Franklin Ritchie
as Davidson the
clever crook



And the law
clear and cool,
uncompromising,
relentless in its
pursuit, follows
remorselessly,
keenly, the trail
of the fugitive
and his accomplices in crime



MOVIE PICTORIAL



Famous, beautiful, Betzwood. A five hundred acre estate near Norristown, twenty-one miles from Philadelphia, in a lovely stretch of country, five miles across the Schuylkill valley from historic Valley Forge, where Washington's ragged veterans made the stand for American independence upon the blood-stained snows.

LUBIN OF LUBINVILLE

By CHARLES E. NIXON

LATE in the sixties, the United States was undergoing a great reaction after the tidal wave of the Civil War had swept her borders and ravaged the fair lands of the South. Civil and political affairs were starting to readjust themselves harmoniously and the projects of big business were then in their beginnings. It was at this interesting period, a tall raw-boned, bright-eyed German-Polish boy, with his pack upon his back, unlimbered his six feet and three inches of stature after a tempestuous voyage cooped up in the steerage, stepped ashore in a New World, with wide-open eyes and filled his lungs with ozone. Then he settled down in New York at the workbench of an optician, he having been an apprentice for his father in that trade in the Fatherland.

Somehow, Gotham did not realize all of his ideas for chance, so he presently journeyed on to Philadelphia, where amid the quieter surroundings he began to joyously see materialize, things that had long been latent in his active mind. He was barely content to serve three years for others, and then with true old-world thrift, he started into business for himself—to manufacture lenses and sell optical

The study of Biography makes a curious combination of history and romance that is particularly helpful to observing mortals who may profitably emulate through perseverance and ambition, particularly as it advantages in this great land of America, where all men are free and equal. A striking example of personal force advancing to fortune through unwearied effort with exercise of unusual ability to attain big ends, is exemplified in the genial personality of Seigmund Lubin, lovingly known throughout the trade as "Pop Lubin," and in the Philadelphia neighborhood as "Lubin of Lubinville."

goods. He did not require any magnifiers himself at that time—his eyes and ears were wide-open and in addition to unusual receptivity, he had an aggressive force and stick-to-it-iveness that added cubits to his business stature. He was familiar with the experiments of Muybridge in California and in England, indeed, had been working along the same lines himself. Looking through the small hole of the labor grindstone, he sensed an opportunity in optics beyond mere magnification in photography, beyond the restricted realm of posing, and, believed America was the prize location in which to win out the futurity stake.

In 1880 he had constructed a camera of his own

and, additionally, six years later had made a machine for projecting pictures. They were crude, "comical" as he regards them now, through the dim vista of the hard but rapidly fleeting years, but, they had vitality that was fascinating. He confesses his first experiment was picturing "a horse eating hay" and that he would have gladly shared the hay with the horse if it had only been cracked-wheat, for he was then living very close to his means, expending all his cash in developing his mechanical devices. The

shadowy mastication of hay did not satisfy him so he turned his camera loose in a larger way to capture the flight of a moving railway train.

His vagrant activities about this time received a decided crimp through patent suits instituted by Thomas A. Edison who claimed certain basic devices in the cinematographic mechanics. Lubin's capital disappeared faster than the hay of his horse; this did not dishearten him although it caused him to put his affairs in the hands of his lawyer and to change his own sphere of operation, temporarily, to Germany, where he kept up his experiments unretarded. Satisfied that he was on the right track, and that he had something really of his

own, he was sustained and soothed by correspondence of his legal adviser and, eighteen months later, he quietly came back to the Quaker City and continued to make moving pictures of the order known as "trick photography," driving the wolf from the door by sandwiching in "Scenics." Then his acrobatic railroad train climbing mountains, jumping great gulfs and flying off on a tangent on a trip to the moon, had kinship with the festive pirouetting Pierrot who danced himself into dismemberment and then was miraculously mobilized—were the chief star trick types of his achievement.

He realized the playful assembled character of this sort of production was not the real, the permanent thing, and began to film picture plays. These earlier moves, however, were not strong enough to satisfy Lubin, who had the sense of German thoroughness, so that when he saw sheets of paper used for ice-creams in a version of "Uncle Tom's Cabin" that one of his producers made, he called an immediate halt and declared that the real thing was none too good and would have to be used if "The Liberty Bell" brand was to be the imprint on the Lubin product. It is a matter of interest that Seigmund Lubin, himself, played the role of Simon Legree, just to show his histrionic powers were in working order. When he wrecked the Philadelphia plant last year, it destroyed \$500,000 worth of film, and what Lubin mourned most was the destruction of his first big drama, "Uncle Tom."

The earliest Lubin story was down in the newspaper district of the Quaker City and the genial Seigmund easily got acquainted with "the boys" when they met at Green's Hotel, which was the quiet lunching place. He formed friendships then that have since continued advantageously for all concerned.

Up to 1900 the picture reels varied from 25 to 75 feet and it did not exceed that length greatly, for the next three years. Lubin who had trained himself in practical photography, to take advantage of what he opined was coming, had happily a mechanical turn of mind, so that his own ingenious devices for moving picture machines, were pooled with the Moving Picture Patents Company, and he had additionally secured some valuable patents on photographic printing, that he retained personally.

At first Lubin began his moving picture taking on the roof of the Dime Museum on Arch Street, Philadelphia, with painted backgrounds, and many of the interior scenes were taken in his own home or domestic details in his own back yard. The newspaper gang, good souls of bright Bohemia, were ever ready to lend a helping hand to the cheery jocular Lubin, and he took to the sporting editors as "the best bet" for action. In 1900 he secured through this friendly agency the famous flit cuffs when the anecdotal gentleman, Jim Corbett, went to sleep from the persuasive solar-plexus punch of the freckled Fitzsimmons. This made money—big money, and allowed Lubin, as a motion picture maker, a chance to spread himself over the map.

At this time the Lubin plant was a small building on Indiana avenue in Philadelphia, but it began to radiate from this point until it occupied two city blocks. Rapidly, in course of time, two great studios of glass and steel were erected. In addition there were machine-shops where all the mechanism of picture production used in the Lubin cameras, is made, likewise complete shops for carpentry, cabinet-making and big frames for scene-painting, adjacent to official headquarters, with all the conveniences for the housing of actors and the big wardrobe connected with the studios. This was a pioneer plant in Philadelphia, and it still retains its preeminence in the Quaker City.

There was no General Film Company then, and the distributing agencies were too poorly equipped to satisfy the Lubin idea of direct dealing. He was the first manufacturer to go into exhibiting business on an extended scale. He began purchasing property in Philadelphia and then transforming the buildings (advantageously located in Market Street) into picture theatres where he could exhibit the products of his skill and enterprise. A half-a-dozen sites of strategic importance in location, made his capture of Philadelphia possible. Then he secured theatres in Reading, Allentown, Wilkesbarre and other good

points in Pennsylvania and Wilmington, Delaware, thereby providing his own ways and means of reaching the public. Later he sold his hundred for three million dollars to another organization, so that he was financially independent and able to devote his entire attention to the business of making films. Meanwhile, the General Film Company had come into the big business of marketing them. The sale of his string of theatres was a big financial aid for Lubin. But he was a born speculator, he did not stop for any money backing of the business and has since continued to pick up valuable properties in Philadelphia—so that his real-estate activities—on the side Spoor-like—are always in operation.

In the course of time, large as was the Philadelphia concern, it was quite outgrown by business and Seigmund Lubin purchased the famous Betzwood farm, a 500-acre estate, near Norristown, twenty-one miles from Philadelphia, in a picturesque stretch of country, five miles across the Schuylkill valley from historic Valley Forge, where Washington's ragged veterans made the great stand for American independence upon the blood-stained snows. This beautiful demesne, which is bordered by

may see some of its interior shown in "The Threads of Destiny" that was filmed there recently.

Directly opposite the stately mansion is the conservatory equally wonderful and imposing in its way. Then there are three great stone barns on the place, as the original owner had a large string of fine horses and loved fancy stock. "No. 1 Barn" houses 200 horses, "No. 2 Barn" equally large, is given over to the imported cattle, and "No. 3 Barn" to goats, dogs and domestic animals.

The home of the superintendent is a spacious mansion and there are several roomy farm-houses scattered about the place. There are additionally three big glass studios, together with ample printing and developing plants, an electric-light plant, artesian wells, and the entire estate lying picturesquely along the Schuylkill is wooded like a park. Indeed, it is a superb national park and the landscaper-gardener could hardly have devised or planted anything more practical or picturesque for the purpose of photoplay than the big Betzwood estate, for it has so many vistas that the constant changing character allows distant backgrounds innumerable.

These values were so thoroughly appreciated that Mr. Lubin did not attempt to clutter up the place with random buildings, risking destruction of any of the advantages that art and nature had already given. Everything needed in the way of livestock or equipage is kept conveniently at hand on the grounds. Here the picturesque virile personalities of the wild West, touch elbows with the dainty fashionables wearing all the finery of Paris and Vienna. Although the fashionables only utilize Betzwood for *al fresco* social functions, fetes and promenades or wanderings down the vine-clad aisles by the winding river, or the mirroring lake, here is the happy habitat for the more intense activities of the cowboy and the rough-rider; through here rush the dust-grimed calvarymen, or the wild galloping teams of artillery that swing the polished slender pieces into line, in the mimic dramas of grim war, extending operations far out over the valley of the Schuylkill, or to historic Valley Forge, in their busy pictorial raids.

Only the heads of the mechanical departments reside on the estate, so that the workers in the printing and developing departments (that have a capacity of a million feet per week) come from the big city, twenty miles away, in the morning and return at evening. Some of the leading actors, and the Westerners reside in the neighborhood, but the population of Betzwood which on some grand army occasion swells to three thousand, comes from Philadelphia on special trains. Lubin owns the side-tracks from the Pennsylvania spur that comes right up to his big estate.

Philadelphia continues to be the hub of Lubin activities that radiate to the Pacific and the Gulf of Mexico, for Lubin has a studio in Los Angeles as complete in detail as the one in the East. He has another in Denver, Colorado, and a fifth near Jacksonville, Florida. This last one has recently been enlarged with a big reservation which will house wild animals to be utilized in Lubin picture plays. Another and a more important studio has just been taken over from an independent concern in Brooklyn, N. Y., where he is now making his Lubin Feature Films exclusively.

Seigmund Lubin is one of the striking studies, one of the most interesting personalities in motography—a strange complexity of seeming simplicity and shrewdness. He is a multi-millionaire, for his assets aside from his picture plants, which are said to be worth five million, are reputed to be as much again in the aggregate. Such an immense fortune piled up almost in a decade means abilities superior to mere luck; it has largely come through solid business transactions, and not speculation. Impulsively, he is a speculator, for he makes up his mind quickly and then goes after his object sleeplessly and resistlessly until he gets a result, so that some apparently famous negatives have proved positively profitable for him. If fortune has favored him, he had the preception to see far ahead; he was a veritable pioneer in motion-photography and did not hesitate to risk everything on the force of his convictions. Again he was shrewd enough to see the crudities of earlier work and he never deviated



Seigmund Lubin, of "The Big Four," apparently bears everything but malice, he chortles merrily in the presence of his enemies and goes on smiling. He has a sense of humor so wide and cheery, it bravely bridged the dark, drear, struggling early years, and still keeps him strong, simple and smiling.

the Schuylkill, and is superbly surrounded and included many valuable improvements when Mr. Lubin made his purchase, represents the "value received" in one of the most noted real estate transactions in the history of that country for a tidy million and a half dollars down. The beautiful English Gothic stone manor house is as spacious as it is palatial. The original owner expended a fortune in this structure, embracing upwards of a hundred rooms (many of them are in suites with baths) with tapestried or paneled walls, gracefully arched or heavily beamed ceilings, polished or mosaic floors—in fact it embraces richness in vast variety; is one of the show houses of the country, extraordinary in its changeable architectural charm.

What does "Pop Lubin" like best about this magnificent summer home? First, the porch adjoining the dining-room, where he entertains his friends on Sunday afternoons—looking out over the lovely valley of the Schuylkill toward historic Valley Forge. There the quiet card games constitute his only dissipation. He loves to entertain so that the beautiful Betzwood grounds are always open to the public and the door of his hospitable home is ever wide swung for his friends. If the gentleman is curious about this beautiful home he



There are three big glass studios together with ample printing and developing plants; an electric light plant; continuous flowing artesian wells and the entire estate, lying picturesquely along the bends of the Schuylkill, is watered and wooded like a park

from taking drastic measures for improvement when he really discerned the need of it—no matter what the cost.

Lubin inherited the old world spirit of paternalism and his interest in subordinates and employees has never deserted him, despite the advantages that great wealth might otherwise have induced, if he had been socially ambitious. When he is at Betzwood, he frequently dines with his employees of the printing and developing departments. (This, by the way, is a fine feature of Lubin plants, as the mid-day meal is freely supplied to all the mechanical help in the plant, likewise supper, if the people work overtime. A completely equipped commissary department is carried on in connection with every Lubin establishment.) The master of the plant knowing that "affairs of the church and state" are frequently forwarded or perfected across the dining-table, meets his minor help at luncheon and indirectly catechizes them, so that he gains an insight into humbler or lesser lives, helping them and himself better than in any other way. Lubin, being very democratic, is very approachable.

THE chesty one will sometimes tell that he wastes hours of time listening to trivial talk of his people, but, somehow it all seems to accomplish something for the big purpose of advantage lurks behind "Pop" Lubin's seeming indifference to time or rank. He is after results, directly or otherwise, and he gets them through exact knowledge of details and observance of the little amenities of life that rewards inconsequential trifles and gains knowledge that advantages for essentials.

His philanthropies are curious and nonsectarian. As a latter instance, every year he arranges a May Day excursion of the Presbyterian Old Ladies' Home, furnishing all the conveyances for taking the aged inmates from their country-place to Philadelphia and making it a day to be remembered in their declining years. A multitude of examples might be cited to show the spirit of kindness that marks this strict man of business—who believes in starting work at the push of the clock and keeping it up at the highest point of efficiency during working hours.

A case showing how closely he keeps tab on employees, and he has hundreds of them, occurred in his observation concerning an evidently poorly nourished young man who appeared late several times at the plant. "Come with me in my car," remarked Lubin to the marked man one morning. The poor fellow thought he was to be disciplined in some strange manner and went hesitatingly "Where do you live?" The young man was ashamed of his humble domicile, but gave the chauffeur the direction.

When they arrived there, Mr. Lubin got out, went in and investigated the poor hall-bedroom and miserable unsanitary surroundings. "This is not a fit place to live in—no wonder you

can't rest at night and oversleep in the morning! Get your things ready to move." Then he settled with the landlady himself and hauled off the astonished passenger, bag and baggage, and installed him in another and a better place, clean and wholesome. As they were about to return to the plant, he snapped out: "Open your mouth! Ah! I thought so. It's your teeth! They cause the rest of the trouble. They need attention!" With that he drove his car to a dentist's office and gave the operator injunctions to fix up the subject in first-class style. This remarkable attention did prove most efficacious, for the poor young man became one of the promptest and most valuable employees in the Lubin establishment. He never lets his press-bureau know of his benevolences—something eminently to his credit.

POP LUBIN is a very impulsive personage and is liable to "blow up" in the presence of witnesses at any old time with a shower of embarrassing questions upon the defenseless head of the victim, no matter though he or she may be the highest paid artist or producer, or the most menial attendant in his employ. He is a social democrat and frankly turns loose anything the spirit moves at any time or place. It is storied that one day he took a sudden dislike to a producer and shouted "You are discharged! Go down and get your blue envelope!"

The man went on working and Lubin hurried on

to another part of the studio floor. As he happened that way again, he once more roared and discharged the producer who was busier than ever. Both apparently forgot the incident, until again the restless Lubin appeared and for the third time that day "DISCHARGED" the producer who was too busy to even decline to follow his advice. When the offending producer calmly met the Governor in the office the next day, the latter remarked wonderingly "What, he still here? I have three times discharged him yesterday—I must be mistaken." He must be a very good man to stick so. Ah! Well, I will look him up—I am glad he is still one of us!"

SEIGMUND LUBIN is to the world of moving pictures what the late John Stetson was to the theatre, anecdotally. The plum-tree of Lubin peculiarities is heavy with juicy fruit—every man who has served with him or who has departed from his service has something to say contributory to the volume. If you can tell the tree is fruitful by the number of clubs lying under it, Pop Lubin, indeed, has not been neglected. He, apparently, bears everything but malice, and he even chortles merrily in the presence of his enemies and goes right on smiling. He has a sense of humor that is so wide and deep, it bridged over the struggling early years, and now that he has been successful in getting worldly goods, it keeps him strong, simple and still smiling. He can flame up as quickly as ever and fight as stubbornly as of yore, but, underneath it all is a fine sense of justice and kindness that endears him to his friends, his family and has established a peculiar bond between himself and his employees. When the little whirlwinds of his temper rise, they get out of the way, or maintain silence until calm is restored. It would be misstating to say that Seigmund Lubin ever forgets anything that is worth while, for his think-back is remarkably accurate for day, date and amount in any money transaction, he's a lightning calculator, and his spark-coil is wonderfully well synchronized with his gear-box when it comes to business.

When the great powers of the General Film Company were assembled in one of their solemn conclaves, it was reported "Comedies were in big demand and the supply was very short." Pop Lubin immediately got the floor. "Gentlemen, I have shelves full of comedies—plenty of them! You can have them! They are Comedies but they are not funny, my word, they are not funny!"

While Lubin is generous to a fault, he is thrifty and is strongly opposed to display. Once when he was going to Europe in a hurry he told his representative to buy him a bag. The trusty bought a \$50.00 Gladstone. When Lubin saw it he said "What is it? How much was it?" The price named made him hit the ceiling. "Take it back," he roared. "Over there they will think I'm an American millionaire. Take it back!"

Once in New York a waiter held back a quarter in change thinking he was easy. Lubin remarked after looking at him sharply, "My change, sir." The waiter almost fell over himself fearing to be reported. Then Lubin treated him, handing back the money, remarking: "I only wanted the delightful experience of giving you the money in person." (Continued on Page 24)

Here is the happy habitat for the more virile and intense activities of the cowboy and the rough rider, over these fields rush the dust-grimed cavaliers, or the foam-flecked galloping teams of artillery that swing the polished pieces into line in the mimic dramas of grim war



MARGARITA FISCHER

By Richard Willis

THERE are actresses, whose activities are devoted to the screen, who overtop all the other artists, and among this select coterie, is a girl with rich brown hair, and dazzling dark eyes, one who has appeared in every variety of part, one with the ability to excite tears as easily as she can command distinction in the heavy dramatic roles.

It is significant that Margarita Fischer was originally selected to invest the leads in the "American Beauty" films for in addition to pronounced pulchritude, she has a personality as winsome as it is impressive, an unusual but most advantageous asset for the photoplay artiste. Physical beauty has undeniable charm, the cultivation of the stage technique and the gift of natural grace play to three-fold advantage in the uncompromising eye of the camera, but, that peculiar power of personality is the great gift, because it cannot be measured by the standard of comparison—is a law unto itself.

Personality is in no sense a cultivated grace but a great gift, an indescribable something that steps from the screen and overleaps the footlights. Miss Fischer is an exceptional expositor of this magnetic power for impressing an audience that needs no emphasis, an artiste who can make even a thin, febrile film story seem substantial and radiates healthy interest through her own wholesome self.

Margarita Fischer is blessed with a happy disposition and she carries the quality of her joyousness into all her work. "I do not like acting in morbid pictures at all and furthermore, I do not believe in them" (she gave a funny little frown as she said it). "Now and again it is necessary to put on a picture which presents the sad or seamy side of life but it must teach some genuine and useful lesson or else I cannot see what good it can do. Sensationalism for the mere sake of melodramatic action does not appeal to me in the least. When I appear in an unhappy photoplay, I invariably draw a volume of corresponding comment or protest from my admirers and in truth I have to quite agree with them. Harry Pollard is of the same opinion as myself, and that is why we have been successfully presenting our features with real heart interest, and given them as much charm as wholesomeness makes possible.

"Then again we both believe in beautiful scenes to fit or back the action and we take a lot of time and trouble to look out good locations for our plays. Mr. Pollard is a wonderful director and I have done by far my best work with him. I like acting with him too, for we do understand each other so thoroughly."

This, I think, is the secret of the hold Miss Fischer has on her numerous admirers. She is HAPPY and wants to disseminate happiness and to see her is to make those about her, happy, too. It is easy to make her smile—and her smile is worth



Photo by Hoffman, Santa Barbara

Her features are admirably moulded, perfectly proportioned, facile in lending themselves to photography

while. She makes miles of these smiles to girdle the globe with happiness—smiles which we read about and just as joyously stick on our office walls.

She did not attain her present enviable position easily, indeed, she worked hard to get to the top, although curiously enough, she never in all her career played anything but leading parts. For many years she played child's parts on the stage which were specially written for her in her father's company during which time she was affectionately called "Babe" Fischer, a name still known to her older friends and family. At an early age she let down her frocks and her fourteenth summer found her taking roles usually assumed by women much older than she, and even then securing good press notices.

Later when she had the misfortune to lose her father, she supported well known theatrical stars always taking leads but, not relishing working for others, she soon had her own company. Vaudeville

claimed her for a time as a top-liner, and again at the head of her own company in conjunction with Harry Pollard, they jointly made a tremendous hit.

It is however, the pictures that she loves for many reasons, and it is difficult to imagine how she would now be satisfied with any other branch of the dramatic art. She can take a servant's part and almost elevate it to heights; she can play the wayward girl or the sweetest ingenue with the same poignancy or ease and give poetry and dignity to the most humble part as well as shine brilliantly in society roles.

Among her artistic qualifications is the ability to design and dress and, it is doubtful if any other artist devotes more attention or spends more money on her wardrobe than Margarita Fischer. Judging by what she revealed to me concerning the subject of the eternal feminine clothes, it is a theme which interests her most advantageously.

"Certainly I believe in wearing good clothes as well as the right kind of clothes," said Miss Fischer, "costumes absolutely suitable to the part being played. I make a very close study of this and before every picture in which I am engaged, I visit either San Francisco or Los Angeles and in this way get just what I think is right, and thus add continuously to my wardrobe."

"You know as well as I do that clothes register on the screen and every last woman in the audience can tell a good frock from a cheap one, silk from shoddy. It is the same with hats, wraps and shoes. I would hate to tell you how much of my salary goes to the dressmaker and the milliner, but the result is worth it all, and you would be surprised to know how many letters I receive from women which mention and inquire about certain dresses I have worn in the pictures."

I have known Miss Fischer a long time and have seen her wardrobe several times. It is quite sufficient to set up a woman in the second-hand clothes business, for she keeps all her frocks and hats and in this way is amply equipped with dresses which will cover almost every period, and her character costumes are a distinct and interesting study in themselves.

In private life Miss Fischer is a sterling character, keeps closely in touch with her near relatives and is good to everyone around her. Her little niece, Kathie Fischer, worships her and bids fair in time to be as good an actress as her distinguished Auntie.

There are many who regret that she no longer appears in the "Beauty" films, which she and Harry Pollard created and made one of the most successful brands on the market in a brief period. The reason of this success, is that she could naturally essay those alternate delightful roles in charming little comedy sketches that were so essentially in

A protean artiste who has appeared in every variety of part; one who has heaviest dramatic roles—one of the most charming

the ability to excite tears as easily as she can command distinction in the personalities on the photographic screen



the realm of which she is past mistress. She never had to make lines on her face or distort her features to get a laugh; she kept her pretty features just as God made them, and her comic miseries were quite as they would be in everyday life while her laughter and mischief were thoroughly infectious. I find myself with those who would like to see her in one-reel comedies now and again, especially when really clean, clever comedies are so scarce.

The extension of her acting abilities has greatly enlarged since she was starred, and she has given a series of notably fine character studies in: "The Quest," "Inspiration," "The Lonesome Heart," "Babe O' Dreams" and "The Girl from His Town." Here, in succession, she has appeared as a romantic

girl on an isolated island; a society girl; a child of the hills and a simple rural lassie who becomes a famous actress. These features likewise will be an eye-opener to many who see them, and if the fame of Harry Pollard as a director and Margarita Fischer as an actress, is not considerably augmented, then I will have been gravely mistaken.

Miss Fischer owns that it would be difficult for her to tell just what she likes best outside of acting for the screen—she is so absorbed in it. She is different—quite unlike many of the actresses; she is not a great reader; she likes to take rides in her automobile, is not overfond of driving herself, is not athletic and refuses to take any unnecessary chances in her work. She is not a good swimmer

and cannot see the use of walking too far when there is a conveyance handy. She loves music and children, and perhaps her chief occupation outside of the studio may be set down as having a good time with her own home folks.

Margarita Fischer is a very womanly sort of woman, is passionately fond of her bungalow and her possessions, and she numbers among her treasures many gifts from friends the world over, and above all the many small gifts she has received from children. She is a charming little lady and I repeat that she is happy and in trying to make others happy too, she is fulfilling her niche in this life and is doing a great good in a modest, artistic and womanly manner.

Inside a Romance Factory

PART I—WORKING HIS WAY TO BE AN "EXTRA"

"I VE come out here to accept a job as a movie actor," I explained to the man in a pearl colored linen coat who sat at a roll top desk.

The man in the pearl colored linen coat looked up from his mail. I can't say that he seemed overly enthusiastic about seeing me in the doorway, but anyhow I walked in and took the vacant chair beside him at the desk.

"I am sure we don't need anyone this morning," he said. "How did you get in past the entrance? Didn't you see the signs on the door. Positively no visitors allowed in the studio?"

"Those signs were in such big letters I couldn't help but notice them," I admitted. "I suppose you do have to do something to keep from being overrun by movie fans, there are so many millions of them these days. And I guess the average fan is about as anxious to learn something about the actors off the screen and to see how the pictures are made, as he is to pay five cents to the girl in the glass booth for a perforated ticket that will gain admittance into the theaters. But I'm something more than merely idle curious. I am different from the rest, I've come out here to be an actor."

"I don't know as you're so much different," sighed the man in the pearl colored linen coat. "I don't know how many million fans there are, but as the man who hires 'extras' here, I have some idea of the number like yourself, who want to become actors."

"Oh, you're the man who just hires 'extras,'" I gasped. "The kid ought to have told me that when he steered me in here to you. My idea was to take parts like Mr. Bushman or Mr. Chaplin. That's one thing I want to see you about the first thing. I'm a little bit undecided whether to play the hero parts or funny parts."

The hirer of "extras" did not answer immediately. He merely sighed a bit deeper than before and turned back to the letters before him on his desk. Finally he took the three top letters from the pile, cut off the signatures and pushed the letters toward me.

"Read these," he said. "They are probably fair samples."

As he spoke he held up for my inspection a photograph that had slipped out of a new letter he had picked up. It was a photograph of the old sovereignty type—fuzzy short hair, short skirts, a forced smile.

"No feeling, no temperament, no soul. Her experience has been with a circus," he commented. "I know without reading her letter. But go ahead, read those I've given you. I've cut off the names of the writers."

I PICKED up the first letter. "Dear Sir, I suppose it is well nigh useless for me to write this letter," it began, "but I am naturally an optimistic person, and one chance out of ten the impossible is not so impossible as it seems. Therefore I am taking the tenth chance.

"What I want to know is this—I am so fascinated with motion pictures that I am not satisfied merely with the pleasure they give me, but I want to be and do. I am intensely interested in them. Of late I care for nothing else. I have had no experience that would be of any use, but I am quick to learn and fond of excitement and afraid of nothing. I am not beautiful, neither am I homely. I have an oval face, changeable colored eyes, and dark brown hair. I am slender and about five feet seven inches tall. Can wear any style clothes. Have been working as a stenographer but owing to business conditions after

By Oney Fred Sweet



Saturday they can use me no longer. So I must find some other place. With a lot of skimping I could exist on \$5 per and I'd do it, too, to get a chance in the movies.

"I am enclosing stamped addressed envelope and would greatly appreciate a prompt reply. It means a great deal to me. If you would be so kind, I know I am asking a great deal. Miss Rayne and Mr. Bushman were so kind as to send their photographs, and Miss Rayne wrote me a letter and gave me your name. I am nineteen years old and would not expect to be a bright and shining star."

The second letter was as follows:

"Dear Sir, Am interested in motion picture acting and would like to have some literature on how to act. I presume you get thousands of letters daily, but I really have set my heart on at least trying.

"I have a few good points, not many—can row, can dance, could learn to swim, and above all, am not afraid to work. Now, please don't think me merely a stage struck girl because I really need to learn something, and acting is merely one form of trade, is it not?"

"I am twenty-one years old. Am medium in height, dark hair and I presume you would call my eyes cat eyes. Have good habits, can drink but don't like to. Can sing also, but I hate to make people sick and I hate to see anyone suffer. Please, at any rate send me something, if it's only a card, stating that you are filled up, but will keep my name on file."

The third letter was written with a German twirl to the penmanship.

"Dear Sir, I am now in Milwaukee again. I have done a walk from Chicago till here. Now, please, Mr. if you have any opening now, or any time at the future please will you kindly inform me over this. You know that I am waiting for my position with your company. Please will you kindly keep me in your remembrance and help me at any time because you know what I have to tell you. Awaiting a good answer."

"WELL," I said as soon as I had finished the letters. "I see I have competition. I gather that I would have to start in being an 'extra' actor first. What's my salary on that job?"

"Three and a quarter a day the days you work," informed the man in the pearl colored linen coat. "You may get in one day's work a week and you may get in three, if you're lucky you might get in a full week. But you've got to be on hand every morning at nine o'clock, whether we can use you or not, and we've got to know where we can put our finger on you any time during the day."

"But I heard Francis Bushman got forty dollars an hour," I expostulated. "I thought movie actors all drove their own cars."

"My young man," snapped the hirer of extra people. "I have taken up more time with you than I should have. Fortunately, the arrangements here are such that I am not bothered by your kind as a rule, but you seem to have somehow gotten by that bench out at the entrance. No one has asked you to come out here to be an actor, we can worry along very well without you. Personally, I advise no one to attempt to become a moving picture actor. We have people who come out here who have actually passed up good jobs for an opportunity to earn a few dollars a week in the films. They work here at a sacrifice to themselves. And I assure you, that in the small parts they are allowed to take, they are worth no more to us than the pay they receive. It is true that our actors who play the 'leads' get big pay just as an expert ball player does, or an expert lawyer, or an expert physician. What sort of experience have you had in the game?"

"Well," I answered. "I take in on an average of three moving picture shows a week. I know in a number of instances who is married to who among the actors and actresses. I regret I have never met a movie actor or actress in real life yet, and that I was never inside a film plant before. Why, from the outside it looked to me as though it might be a breakfast food or an automobile factory. It's hard for me to realize that I am actually in the building where all the comedies and tragedies that go to the fans all over the world are turned out. What's that roaring sound?"

"That's the machinery down in the basement where the films are being dried."

"Just like any factory," I mused. "A factory that turns out romances. Well, I'm like the fellow that walked back to Milwaukee, the girl who said she had cat eyes and the young woman who evidently got her dope on the 'extras' from some friend who had really worked in the plant—I just feel that I should be a movie actor too."

The hirer of "extras" reached into one of the pigeon holes of his desk and handed me a postal card on which was printed the following:

"Dear Sir—

"In reply to yours of recent date, beg to state there are no vacancies in our Company at the present time. Will keep your application on file and should anything develop, will advise.

Yours truly,

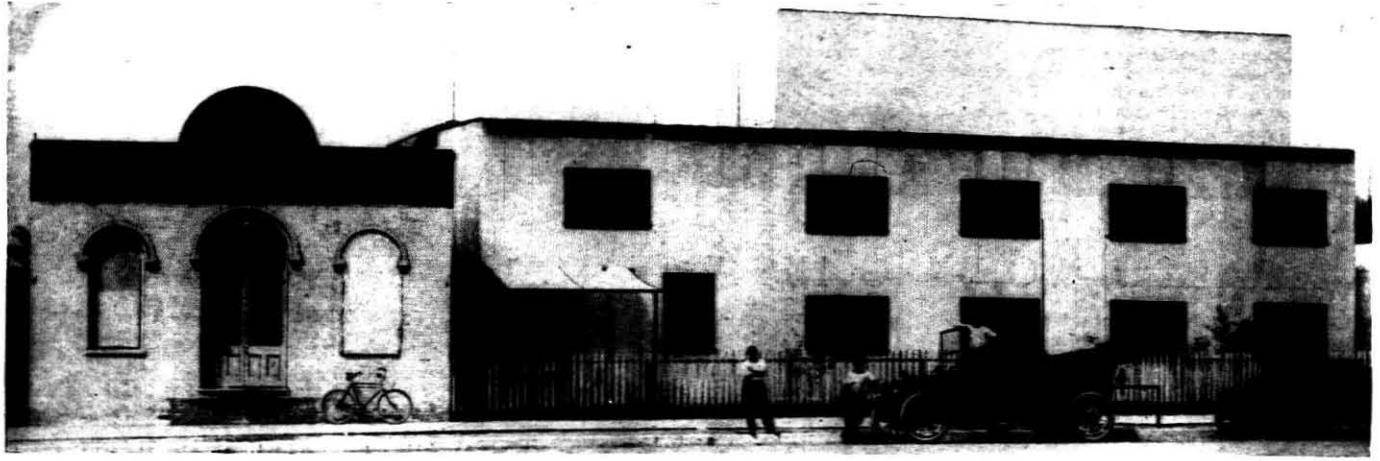
ESSANAY FILM MFG. CO

As I finished reading the card, I glanced up to observe that a man had entered the room. He was a self-confident appearing man and he carried a cane.

(Continued on Page 26)

AT VITAGRAPH WESTERN

By Dick Melbourne



There is nothing architecturally remarkable about this studio, but it has that, within, which offers every advantage for the making of good pictures. The Vitagraph company of America just about owns Santa Monica, and Santa Monica is proud of its possession and of being possessed.

WHILE the photoplay is silent, there is more or less conversation and commotion in the making. The artistic temperament at times is kept under restraint through considerable effort, when coerced by the impartial potentiality of the producer. Close-up studies of film favorites and their associates in their leisure, show a novel and peaceful side of the studio studies.

The Vitagraph studios are self-contained and there is an air of peaceful serenity about them, not seemingly associated with the studios of any other company. The artists have, for the most part, been there a long time and are well known actors and actresses possessing poise and dignity. They are so engrossed in their work, the company seemingly has little time and no use for petty jealousies. In short the atmosphere within the Vitagraphic walls is both professional and respectable, and when you are escorted through the scenario and other offices, over the stage and through the mechanical departments and are introduced to the studio's personages, you bow impressed and return courtesy for courtesy. In deed, you feel you are truly within the walls of a temple of art and in the atmosphere of Thespian tradition.

I visited the Vitagraph institution a year ago almost to the day of my last call and was surprised and pleased to meet the same people in the same old way. There have been changes of course, but nothing like the radical ones there have been in the personnel of other companies.

There is nothing remarkable about the studio itself. There is the usual stage for series of scenes, the property rooms and offices, everything is in good shape and everything necessary for the making of good pictures is readily at hand. The Vitagraph Company just about owns Santa Monica, and Santa Monica is proud of its possession. The Vitagraph organization has but to ask and is given all it requires, and it never overdoes in allowing liberty to become license. The company has a ready entree to all the palatial homes. Right at its doors is a miniature city, the boundless ocean and the beautiful Santa Monica mountain range with its canyons and creeks, furnish endless variety in choice locations. Take it all in all the Vitagraph is a very pleasant company to be associated with in any capacity.

Writing of Anne Shafer, George Holt, Alfred Vosburgh, George Stanley, William Duncan, and George Kunkel, all artists, would be almost monotonous, as the thrice, nay many times told tales, give details of their ripe experience on the speaking stage—all of this may be summed up thus: "They all went through the best possible schooling in stock and repertoire companies, and have all appeared at one time or another with some of the greatest artists on the boards. All are well known and have been distinguished in their own particular line."

I will therefore sketch them as they are today, motion picture artists.

Anne Shafer was busily sewing when I greeted her

The Silent Drama is distinctively marked by "personality" that vital essence that serves to enhance the viewing of motion picture portrayal. This series on the studio's purposes to bring you closer to the players and their associates acquaint you with the personalities of these remarkable people who comprise the artistic organization within the studios, to the end that your enjoyment of their creations may be increased through this closer acquaintance.

This lady is one of the ornaments of her profession and is never idle for a moment. When she is not acting, she is either sewing or giving good advice to some of the young actresses who are breaking into the profession and no girl has to appeal for advice twice to this handsome lady, always well dressed and never over-dressed. She is always in the pink of condition as she walks to and from her comfortable apartments and the studio every day, and would catch cold if she did not show up at the place on time. Anne Shafer is one of the Vitagraph standbys and enjoys a brilliant record with the company. She is currently much interested in the career of her niece, Jane Novak, who is now with the Universal and who got all her early pointers from her proud and clever aunt.

Stephen Smith, the manager of the Western Vitagraph is an unassuming man of middle age of English descent, with kindly brown eyes and moustache to match. He is the man who managed the world girdling tour of the Vitagraph Company and declares it was a most delightful experience. It was attended with only one disappointment, in that the tour was cut short for business reasons just when the company were preparing to go to London. Mr. Smith had a natural desire to visit the home of the Smith family from which he is descended, who owned many of the oyster fisheries at Faversham, Kent. They have been associated with these fisheries for generations and Stephen Smith was the first of his line not to have been apprenticed for seven years with the fleet (and in connection with this apprenticeship there is a clause that the apprentice must not get married). Mr. Smith is one of seven brothers. "A. E." who is one of the owners of the Vitagraph, has charge of the London office; David, who is now directing at the Western Studio, another is an expert camera man, two others are partners in a hardware store in Santa Barbara, while another, Victor Smith, manages the Vitagraph plant in Brooklyn.

Five of the brothers were in the U. S. Naval Reserve and were prominent in the relief work at the San Francisco fire. I met Mr. David Smith—he is a quiet man who goes about his business without any burry or burrah. He came out to take charge of the scenario department and is now at the directing

end of the Western business, and according to those who work with him, is emphatically making good. This seems to be a habit with this Smith family—making good!

"Hello there," this from George Holt, fine actor and good fellow. Later I had an invigorating swim with Holt and paid my respects to his wife and that fine baby boy of his who spends all of his little out-of-door life on the sands or promenading along the shingle with his proud parents. Little George Junior has been seen in several pictures already, and seems to enjoy the fun. Holt is one of the best heavies in the game and shows up prominently in every picture in which he takes part, and that is most of them. He has an actor's face and has studied the art of expression to a dot. He lives in a little cottage on the beach and never misses his morning swim—summer or winter. Like most of the other artists with the Western Vitagraph, he is quiet and has little to say but George is a fine fellow and a very worthy one.

George Stanley has been with the Vitagraph Company for as long a time as I can remember. George, too, has an actor's face with merry mischievous eyes and a great crop of unruly hair tinged with becoming gray. George is NOT the silent member of the company, for he loves to yarn and is eminently worth listening to. He will talk on any subject, and I have a suspicion that he will take the other side just for the sake of an argument any old time. He is equally good in both straight and character parts.

Next, I had a little chat with William Duncan, who was with the Selig Company for three and a half years, the last year roughing it with the field company. He has been with the Vitagraph for a year now (quite a young member!) and has shown what a sterling actor he is. His work is comparatively easy now to what it was with the Selig Company. Duncan is a dandy on the stage or in the saddle. As an actor seasoned in the standard repertoire, he had poise, power and technique—as an artist in the changing range of the camera he is fine, virile, impressive, and absolutely fearless. If he has brawn he has brains also, for when he was directing the Selig field company in Arizona and California he frequently wrote his own plays and acted in them as well and they were not the conventional cut and dried sort, such as the usual run of plays catalogued in "Westerns". Duncan is well set-up, modest, alert and now that he is out of top boots and corduroys, can frame-up in a dress-suit with the best of them.

There are two other good looking men in the company, Jack Mower and Alfred Vosburgh, both taking juvenile leads. Mower was with the New York Motion Picture Corporation at Santa Monica for some time, and is a comparatively new comer to the Vitagraph. He is making good, and is very much in earnest. Vosburgh is a tall, dark handsome fellow who is particularly adapted for romantic roles. He is popular with the public and especially so with the young people.



Photo by Majumder, Los Angeles

Faces fair, strong, familiar, that have often appealed to you in the silent drama. Brawn, brains and beauty, a fine trinity Vitaphonically—George Holt, Anne Shafer and Myrtle Gonzales.



Photo by Witzel, Los Angeles



Pretty Myrtle Gonzales is the leading woman of the company and happily is blessed with vivacity and good humor as well as a generous share of beauty. Miss Gonzales has done some splendid work for her employers, dresses her parts well and endows them with much earnestness and charm. I caught her when she did not have any new photographs, but to oblige me found the one shown in this article. This indicates that self-conceit is no weakness with this attractive young woman.

Rollin E. Sturgeon was absent at San Pedro the day I called, but I know him well, and it is not too much to say that Sturgeon is one of the few producers of real genius—they are not I can assure you, numerous. He has produced some wonderful pictures for this company and among them I particularize "Captain Alvarez," "The Sage Brush Gal," and "The Little Angel of Canon Creek," each and every one a classic in its way. Sturgeon is the original male Sphinx, and in place of talking, he just smiles, acts and thinks. He figures out every little move in every scene he makes, and he never passes any scene until he has seen results. He will wait patiently for many days if necessary to remake any particular scene, but IT MUST BE JUST RIGHT when it passes his test. I cannot imagine him as compromising—a thing is either right or wrong, and if perchance it is wrong, then it must be made right. He directs in a quiet manner and has the complete respect of his actors, and is thus enabled to get the best out of them. Sturgeon is a fair-haired man of middle height, essentially serious, silent and very painstaking. He is the head director, is engaged upon features only and, although he is not a fast worker, he turns out films that sell, which secure good notices in the press and which are popular with the public, that is what is expected of every director, but delivered by the few.

Olysses Davis is the other director, a hard working man who is the

The economy of time, space and effort is observable in this practical arrangement of stages so that a number of scenes can be taken simultaneously. System and precision so prevail that the highest efficiency is simply secured.



opposite to Sturgeon in many ways. He is all radiant with "Vitaphonic" energy and is never still; he turns out some fine work.

I regret that George Kunkel was not at the studio on my calling day for I do not know him; but, they tell me he is a capable actor and an all around fine fellow. When one's companions say that, it means that it is so, and that is why I cannot leave Kunkel out of this article, although he was out of sight.

Otto Lederer, the character man is a clever make-up artist who has given some sterling sketches and

fine character drawings to the screen. Otto has a big head of hair, and is long of feature, and a mighty pleasant companion. He is a prominent member of the Photoplayers' Club, and is an excellent conversationalist. He lives on the beach and Neptune-like spends much of his spare time in the water.

If you are ever so privileged to go to the Vitagraph Studio do not forget to pay your respects to the conscientious, clever little lady, Doris Schroeder, who looks after the scenario end of the establishment. Her work is arduous and exacting, but she "delivers the goods," and works quietly ahead all the time.

There are three camera men: Walter Stradling, who is an old-timer and whose work is well known; Stephen Smith, Jr., who is an expert, and young Freddy Wade, who looks after the dark-room and sees to it well. Fred hunted up some of the photographs for me and

did what he could, sustaining his reputation as one of the most obliging young men in his line of work. These camera men should never be omitted from the roster of studio studies for they carry much responsibility, and put their minds into chemical artistic energy at all times, otherwise they would never last in this exacting detail. I spent a most enjoyable morning with these good, wholesome, well-poised Vitagraph personages, who put their own business aside as long as they could explain and make it easy for me, all in all make a very happy family, and under the serious conditions which exist in this studio, it is not strange that they turn out such commendable team-work, and produce such altogether pleasing pictures.

Well, well! the sun is shining on the long rolling Pacific and George Holt has finished his work and urges me to join him in another swim, so au revoir, I am going to brother with the fishes awhile and will be back with you next month.

I AM THE PHOTOPLAY

By Mabel Brown Sherard

I am the Force of the Age!

A fusion of Brain and Genius—a welding of Dreams and Realism—the Revelation of Life's intensity—the Transfiguration of Idealism, I stir the souls of Men.

Fiction—a dead thing of black and white—breathes in a glamour of rose, as I burst into life on the Screen!

Men search the globe for my dress—for me; the secrets of the ages are laid bare; from mountain peak to ocean cavern, whirs the click of the camera.

Money and its Might stand behind me; boundless Ambition, ribbed with Hope, bears me aloft!

Passion and Emotion—the soul of the Author—God-given Talent, beat the bars of the brain for Expression—all this throbs in my quivering life!

I amuse the World; I entertain Mankind; sensing the pain of Humanity's life-struggles, I soothe with the balm of the lotus!

I thrill the Masses; as, pulsing with Music, I burn my way into Memory, the hot tears of Comprehension fall; I reveal Life as a level plain!

Education and Upliftment are my goal; Genius, colored with Hope, sees in me, the rainbow dawn of universal Peace.

I am the Photoplay!

—Belton, S. C.

FUTURE FILM FEATURES

"The Sins of the Mothers"

A FIVE PART VITAGRAPH
BLUE RIBBON FEATURE

WRITTEN BY ELAINE STERNE
PRODUCED BY RALPH WINCE

CAST

<i>Trixy Graham</i>	ANITA STEWART
<i>Norris Graham</i>	EARLE WILLIAMS
<i>Mrs. Raymond</i>	Julia Swayne Gordon
<i>Alice</i>	Lucille Lee
<i>Dorey</i>	Mary Maurice
<i>Anatold De Vou</i>	Paul Scardon

The traits of heredity are the strongest influences that make or mar our lives. Special training, education or isolation that might induce change by environment, all seem powerless to eradicate vicious traits of heredity that pulse in the blood. The strange, thrilling and toxic touch in a most natural and interesting play of modernity and motherhood is exemplified in the Vitagraphic feature "The Sins of the Mothers."



Anita Stewart as Trixy Graham

This \$1,000 prize scenario of the Vitagraph, New York Sun competition presents Trixy Raymond, whose mother keeps a female gambling parlor, is fearful lest her daughter be influenced by the environment—so she places her in a convent where she remains until she has reached



Earle Williams as Norris Graham

years of discretion. Eventually the mother sells out—the daughter is restored to her and is happily married. Then the gaming instinct aroused at the bridge party quite overpowers all the high promises of lovely womanhood and contentment in the happy home.



Fresh from the convent's shade, the glare of the lights awakens the inborn taint.



To all appearances the stolen necklace is her husband's love gift.



Once more the taint of heredity prevails, her yielding to the call is discovered.

This seeming innocent diversion of high society, rapidly weakens her powers of resistance and inspires the dangerous desires for the greater risks of the big game. She ventures out into the night-world, where the feverish victims of such speculative mania, play behind drawn blinds. Thus she incurs debts that in turn implant deceit. She happens to be in the gambling home originally owned by her mother, to liquidate her debts, when her husband, the State's Attorney, in performance of his duty, raids the place and innocently precipitates a tremendously dramatic situation which climaxes in the death of the ill-starred heroine.

The shaded side of the loving mother's dual life—the gambler and his partner.



Unable to shake the gambling grip of heredity, she is upbraided for her weakness.



Thus the big moot questions of life, defy the solution of speculative philosophers; and the ancient Levitical law that the sins of fathers shall be visited upon the sons even to the third and fourth generations, is vindicated now, as "It will" be in the ages to come.



THE CRUISE OF CRUZE AND BRACY

And the Black Hundred Did Not Pursue 'Em!

"YER runnin' ferninst the law?" thundered the Celtic cop of Amsterdam, not Amsterdam, Holland, but N. Y., U. S. A.

"Why?" Jim Cruze queried tremulously. 'Twas well he queried in that manner, for had not he and Sid Bracy raced thrice around the Amsterdam block with the Lozier 6-60 muffler open to attract the Amsterdam cop? Well, the dam—that is to say, the Amsterdam—cop had responded nobly and authoritatively, even if it had broken up a spirited game of pitch (alleged)!

"Gadzooks!" breathed James nervously, "and we sleep-weary?" See, officer, we are but honest actor-folk!"

"Egad!" the officer squawked, "tis Norton, the reporter, and Jones, the butler. Tarry while I blow a blast on me trusty whistle. Like as not the Black Hunner are about!"

Thus the events of the Cruise of Cruze and Bracy got well under way. Ten and costs in the a. m., and a heavy "gate" in the p. m.—and the evening and the morning were the seventh day, and they—arrested!

Jim Cruze, alias Jim Norton, and Sidney Bracy, alias Jones-the-butler, are taking a gasoline jaunt cross-country, from New Rochelle, N. Y. (Than-houser release) to San Francisco, Calif.—fair town—passing fair!

They're doing the movie theaters on the way—part film, part corporeal appearance—all thrills!

They are causing agony in feminine hearts—"No, that won't do!" Peggy Snow reads *Morie Pictorial*. They are causing new interest along the celluloid circuit—adventuring, breathing oxygen (made in the U. S. A.), and wondering why the studios held them these weary years. They are marvelling at their multitude of friends. They are spinning along alien roads in the black of night. All these things they are doing well.

Along the countryside near Batavia, N. Y., the movie-motor paused at a farm-house for water and food. A freckle-faced girl of uncertain age appeared in answer to the lusty honking summons. She took one frightened look and squealed. "Hones-t! Gawd, maw, if here ain't a fillum company—Jim Cruze, Sidney Bracy and two of the Black Hundred." (Read the inscription beneath the motor-cut!)

Then Liz-of-the-Pastoral-Places recovered her equilibrium.

"It's a wonder, James Cruze, you wouldn't a brought Florence along. Oh, yes, you married her I seen it all. That's the way o' a dawg-gone Mormon! Deserted her a ready, I suppose, you mean o' thing!"

Between Buffalo and Erie, there is a junction point. A railway branches off for Lake Chautauqua. This fact is proclaimed by a huge bill-board. Next to it is a grape-juice ad. "Pipe the hand of fate, Jim!" Bracy cried. "Chautauqua and grape-juice!" Puzzle. Find Bryan!

WHILE spinning through the Mohawk Valley in "Yorkstate," the 6-60 engaged a brindle hen and reduced her to a fricassee. A cockney woman came running out of the farm house, crying dismally "Ho, ho!" she bellowed, "me poor Napoleon—she's a dead en now, and I'd 'ate to 'ear what 'Enry says."

"Napoleon?" Cruze exclaimed. "This wasn't a rooster; it was a hen. Why did you call her Napoleon?"

"Because," sobbed the woman, "she was layin' for the British!"

The joke was worth a dollar. Jim paid it, and christened the spot Waterloo.



The start from the Atlantic on the long trip by automobile to the Pacific. James Cruze and Sidney Bracy on the front seat—Cruze at the wheel; Lord McCaskill and Al Meltzer on the rear seat.

The Jim-Sid team strolled out of a Buffalo theater—leisurely, of course—when a Knight-of-the-Touch tackled them.

"You'd help a guy, wouldn't you, 'Bo'?" he asked of Bracy. "I know who you be, all right. Oh, I know you, Sid Bracy."

"Who are you?" Sid queried, as he fished for a jitney.

"Me? Who am I? Oh, I'm the guy what keeps track o' famous men. They allus falls for flattery (Then gazing at the nickel) and always accordin' to their pride."

"Here," Jim interposed, "add the two-bits to the collection."

"Gee!" gurgled the tramp, "I ain't seen such proud blokes since I pulled my gag on Billy Sunday."

"What did he give you?" Bracy asked, rather nettled.

"Oh, him?" He blessed my soul, he did!"

In a little Ohio town, the film-tourists decided to pose for a few photographs. They carry a "still" camera with them. The official photographer arranged them alongside the motor, and focused the lenses. Just as he pressed the bulb, a little urchin hopped in front of Cruze, grinning in a 42-centimeter manner. The photographer said things

"Blame your interferin' hide!" he shouted. "What do you think this is?"

"Oh!" the kid answered, "I know what this here is. It's de Pattie Weekly. Ten million goils 'll lamp my map and say, 'Hully gee, ain't Jim's little brother a handsome dog!'"

BRACY found a wire waiting for him at Defiance, Ohio. A telegram always causes Sid to shiver. Any bad news might be wired. He held the yellow envelope in his hand meditatively—and then passed it to Cruze.

"Open it, Jim, I can't."

Very business-like, Cruze tore the envelope open and brought the wire to light. Then he roared. The message was this:

"When are you going to call for the pants you hurried me to press?"

It was signed by a tailor in New Rochelle. Bracy gasped and looked at his nether self.

"Thank heaven!" he murmured, "I did think to bring the other pair."

"Don't you believe you'd have been chilly before this if you hadn't brought 'em?" Jim suggested.

But at that, the journey is not all sunshine. It has its serious features, as witness the following episode:

The party dined at a farm-house in Eastern Ohio one day, and the menu was rich in lamb-stew. Indeed, apart from coffee weak enough to draw its last

friends must die. Benny had to go some time. He was big enough to eat. I hope you didn't see him slaughtered."

"Him wasn't slaughtered," the lad replied chokingly, regarding the coin with satisfaction, and mournfully drying his tears. "Him died."

"Of what?" Bracy shrieked, dropping a portion of Benny from his fork.

"Him died of itch!" the kid explained, ingenuously.

"Keep his woollens on too long," Cruze observed dryly.

But Bracy became pale and hastened to the outer world for air—and—more air!

Even the rubes knew the pair. Fame is difficult to win and more difficult to lose. Sometimes it's an asset, again, it's a liability.

AT ONE farm (not for dinner, however, for they carry sandwiches now—beef sandwiches!) the family gathered around the car admiringly.

"By gum!" the farmer exclaimed enthusiastically, "them's 'um, sure as shootin'! Well, well, I never reckoned to see so many famous men this side o' heaven, assumin' of course, many gets to heaven. See, Marthy, this here is James Cruze, him which we watched in the fillums. This other is Sidney Bracy, him as was Jones and Hargreave. Them other two is strangers, but I know 'em all right. That one over there is the Duke o' Manchester, and the other's Mr. Than-houser. Ain't it queer what notorious folk comes unexpected? Oh, water for your radiator? Sure as you live. Take as much as you like, boys. The only thing we lack in that pump is the movie theater sign. How many? I'll make it a dime a bucket. Flood the darn thing if you like, boys. Maybe you'd want a few apples—eh? Bring a sackful, Henry. I'll make 'em a dime a throw. Better take a dozen, they're fine 'atin'! Why not stay to lunch? I'll fix a fine table at a dollar a plate! Goin' so soon? By gum, we're sorry to lose you. It's a great treat to meet famous folks and show your appreciation of their talents. Good bye, fellars. Like as not you'll see us in New Rochelle some day. We allus buys that kind o' salts and we're near shet of our supply now. Might ship down a few pounds, free-gratis, if you don't mind!"

Cruze and Bracy are "meeting up" with the great rank-and-file they have entertained from the screen, and they're enjoying every minute of the journey. They have a long, long way ahead of them, and autumnal tints will paint colors on the hills of the Golden Gate before they arrive.

Shall we follow them?

Very well!

Let's look for them in July!

THE GIRL IN THE PATHE

By LLOYD KENYON JONES

Illustrated by E. T. Grigware

"It's the girl!" Jack Randley gasped as he nervously clutched Billy Mumford's arm.

"What girl?" Billy queried anxiously.

"She's looking at us," Randley continued excitedly, "right into the camera's eye."

"The Girl in the Pathe," Billy observed dryly, stifling a malicious chuckle in a bored yawn.

Randley gazed hungrily at the blank screen. In a fleeting instant, he had seen the girl of his dreams. She had smiled at him—and the realization of it had stunned him. His long probation of bachelorhood would be broken. His idleness—a fearfully selfish idleness—would terminate.

"Come on, Jack," Mumford urged, as he plucked at his friend's sleeve.

Nope!" Jack persisted. "I stick. I'm going to see her again!"

"Again!" Billy groaned. For months he had urged his club friend to visit the animated photographic theatres. And now, after he had succeeded, Randley proposed to sit through a repetition of the bill Mumford had never noticed such pronounced interest in his chum's features as he remarked now. The finely formed, firm mouth was closed tightly, as though to accentuate a deep resolve.

"Come!" Billy urged, peeved and alarmed at Randley's demeanor. But Jack was a creature of stone—adamantine in his decision. To watch the two reels of flub-dub comedy and the tragedy feature was agony for Billy—it was white-hot inferno for Jack.

And then—the Pathe!

There were some war pictures—marching, sullen soldiers. There was a boat race on the upper Hudson. There were other pictorial offerings, and finally the President's welcome in New York. The scene was in Herald Square. Jack noted the fact narrowly. Just after the executive's motor had passed, the girl appeared—and Randley's blood ran like hot lava in his veins. All his matured years, he had dreamed of a girl like this—and here she was—in San Francisco! No, of course she couldn't really be on the screen, but her image was present and that image would guide Jack Randley to the ends of creation if needs be. He was cementing this promise in his heart when they reached the evening tumult of Market Street.

"She might be married!" Mumford suggested, divining his friend's thoughts.

Then I'll poison her husband," Randley snapped. "She may be dead," Mumford continued, banteringly.

"What a cheerful little pal you are!" Randley retorted half angrily. Then his face brightened. After all, he needed a confidant!

"Billy," he whispered, unashamed, "I am in love."

Mumford gulped. For a moment he was moved to tell a secret, but his sporting blood raced high. He craved excitement, and, therefore, he held his tongue.

"With whom?" he asked, half mournfully, but hiding the twinkle in his eyes.

"The girl in the Pathe!" Jack shouted, and two young ladies near his elbow looked frightened and lost themselves in a waiting limousine.

Mumford saw the incident and grinned.

And I'm going to hunt for her," Jack confided further, "and hunt and hunt! Ah, Billy, it's madness, I know, but tonight has fashioned my fate."

Jack might have elaborated on his feelings, but an argument was being staged at his immediate right. A chemically-tinted woman of flashy dress and embonpoint figure was belaboring a frightened individual in race-track checks. The male contingent was being sadly worsted.

"Leave me stranded on Broadway, will you, y'u



Randley pined hungrily at the blank screen. In a fleeting instant he had seen the girl of his dreams. She had smiled at him—and the realization of it had stunned him.

eel!" the woman screamed, as she brought her parasol athwart the racy gentleman's head. In self-protection, he struck out a hand, and it engaged itself with the woman's mesh-bag. The bag opened, some money and trinkets spilled themselves on the walk. Randley stooped to pick them up and thereby assist a lady in distress. His hand closed on a dainty watch. The gathering mob rushed in, and when Jack righted himself, he was far removed from the militants.

Ethel Laverne, worldly person, and Larry Conday, light-fingered and untruthful and ultra-worldly, might have prolonged the combat that followed their chance meeting had not the police appeared. As between their own safety and the law, they chose the former.

Randley's first impulse was to turn the watch over to the officers, but he thought better of it. Why become involved in a common street brawl? He placed the bauble in a convenient pocket and spying Mumford hastened toward the fringe of the throng. A taxi drew up to the curb. Randley hailed it. Ten minutes later, the clubmen were seated in the Poodle Dog, smiling awkwardly at one another.

Well, I got a watch—a lady's watch," Randley observed dryly as he withdrew his find from his pocket. He toyed with the trinket curiously and then opened the case. A rasping rattle sounded in his throat. His eyes bulged. His lower jaw drooped in drizzling awe. He was gazing at a little round photograph of the Girl in the Pathe.

Mumford winced when he beheld the likeness.

Prodded by growing curiosity, Jack opened the other lid. There was an inscription. It was this:

"Reserved for His Picture—Whoever He May Be—Whenever He May Come."

"She—isn't—married!" he stammered in rapture. "She—is—mine."

At the next table, a small, wiry man with close-cropped black moustache, raven hair and midnight eyes, studied Jack Randley through an aperture he had torn deftly in an evening paper. The little man was Etienne Le Croix, detective supreme. What he said, softly, was "Ah, ha!" Had Randley heard it and known its significance, he would have seen a closely woven web weaving a pattern of despair through his roseate dreams. "Ah, ha!" Le Croix breathed again. When Etienne repeated the chant, his mind was firmly made up. He, too, had seen the watch. It was a clue—a baleful, telltale clue. For two months he had searched for that clue, because it—and it alone—could find the trail's end to the solution of the unfathomed murder of Mabel Conway, the year's most beautiful sacrifice to crime. Jack Randley was a marked man. Nor did he reckon his hardships and heartaches when he beamed upon the sweet, sad, superlatively lovely face of the girl in the case.

Randley marveled when he had time to divert his attention from his romantic thoughts—at Mumford's gluttony. Mumford, not being in love, was satisfying his need of food in a scandalous manner. Poor Randley only sipped his wine and mused up his chafing dish daintily with his fork. Jack was suffering deliciously, as men must suffer when plunged suddenly into the vortex of love. It seemed so simple a matter to find the lady of his dreams, and particularly with her watch in his possession.

"Billy," he confided at length "as you realize, I am wealthy. I could spend a thousand a day on this glorious quest and still be well with in my income. I propose, therefore, that we go out in search of her!" He breathed languidly at mention of her. Billy smiled as he contemplated the havoc he had

wrought on another chop. Back of his congenial grin was a malevolent light. Billy had a sprig of the devil growing in him somewhere, or else he would have made a certain confession. Again, why should he? Billy loved adventure and food. Jack Randley was a lavish host. The journey promised to be long. That meant much eating. With feigned reluctance, Billy agreed to the plans. On the morrow they would start—and New York would be their objective point. If the Girl in the Pathe was photographed there, then that was the logical beginning of the trail.

Etienne Le Croix sniffed the air thoughtfully, pieced together the fragments of conversation his alert ears had caught, and shook hands with himself. From this moment forward, he was the self-appointed Nemesis of Jack Randley and Billy Mumford. A fine bloodhound he was to follow the spoor of two innocent young men!

That evening, all arrangements for the journey had been completed. Trunks were packed, business instructions were given, valets were selected, and Pullman state-rooms were reserved. Finally, Jack and Billy repaired to their rooms. Billy to dream of terrapin and grape and Jack to dream of an alluring, smiling, girlish face with wondrous eyes gazing straight into his from the screen.

And as they slept, the votaries of Etienne Le Croix kept vigil in the spacious grounds of the Randley mansion.

When Ethel Laverne and Larry Conday patched up their differences and discovered the loss of the watch, fear crept into their hearts. All night they kept well in the shadows of a little back room along the Barbary Coast, and discussed ways and means while they sipped beer and ate sandwiches, or drew nervously on cigarettes.

It was the tall guy!" Ethel blurted for the fortieth time. "Ain't I got lamps in a crisis, Larry?

I seen 'im, I tell you. I seen 'im pick it up. He wasn't no fly-guy, neither. Like as not he's honest and has turned it in to the police. He seen us, too. That means a description. Gawd, Larry, what a nut you was to shake me like you did!"

What was left for Larry to do but to admit his error? Ethel was no person to tamper with. Besides, each had the goods on the other in such innumerable instances, had they snitched, the aggregate penal terms for each would have been more than two hundred years a considerable stretch, when one contemplates it.

"Well, what's to be done?" Larry asked helplessly. "I ain't go no plans, Ethel. My poor brain, or whatever you'd call the breakfast food in my hard dome, can't think no more. Kid, I'm beat. I says suicide or surrender."

"Bunk!" Ethel cried hotly. "You wasn't cut out for no sure-enough criminal, Larry Condam. You was patterned for a white rabbit a cute little cuddly bunny, with pink eyes and a wiggly nose." Larry contemplated the sarcasm and felt sorry for himself. Ethel had it on him physically, mentally, strategically and financially. Neither had it on the other morally. That truth rather balanced accounts.

"There's just one reasonable thing to do, Larry," the woman continued, with more composure, as she lighted another cigarette. "It's this 'Safety First' is the slogan. We gotta beat it, get me? We gotta hit the rattler East while the hittin's good. Fortunately, I spilled little kale from that grab-bag. The roll is in the usual place." Ethel looked admiringly at her knees. "We'll book a drawin' room on the Sunrise Express, see? We'll get our meals brought to us. If we can make Chicago unpinched, I guess the hiding will be poor."

This rare strategy explains why Ethel and Larry occupied the drawing room of the Pullman, Raja, and why Jack Randle and Billy Mumford occupied the drawing room of the Pullman car, Orizaba, adjoining. It incidentally accounts for the presence of Etienne Le Croix in a lower of the Orizaba. The stage was set, the trap was baited.

HAVING escaped arrest, it was not strange that the restive Ethel should venture forth from her seclusion the second day out, and shine resplendently in the dining car. Nor was it strange that she should spy Jack and Billy, and also Le Croix, with a single searching glance. Ethel, being a discerning person of broad experience, scented adventure and danger. Jack's presence was a challenge. Le Croix's presence was a hazard. To attempt robbery would be foolhardy. It would be safer by far to keep close to Jack until he had reached his destination, and waylay him there. The game resolved itself into watching and waiting. Nevertheless, somewhere between Denver and Omaha, the watch vanished from Jack's possession, and it was with the utmost effort that Billy restrained his companion from creating a scene—or a number of them. Just one person knew of its location and that person would not tell.

Jack's optimistic spirits began to sag with the vanishing of the bauble. It had seemed to be part of her. And now he felt that, instead of drawing closer to the girl of his dreams, he was being carried farther from her. Love had never made his acquaintance in the past, and now that it had found him, his misery knew no bounds. Billy repented his attitude more than once, but he held strong to

his purpose, and was convinced that he enjoyed the situation. The journey sank into a dull, monotonous, eventless affair. Ethel Laverne, Larry Condam and Etienne Le Croix continued their silent scrutiny. Jack and Billy watched the others suspiciously. But the question each of the five asked secretly was "What became of the watch?" Each knew it had vanished. All suspected trickery. The search was five-cornered now. The Girl herself was most important only in Jack's mind. The watch was the object each of the others sought. It was this way when the travel-weary adventurers reached Grand Central Station in the metropolis.

11

GRACE MOLLAINÉ raised her face from the flowers and glanced up at the postman. The laughter in her blue eyes blended into a questioning glance as she accepted the parcel-post package. Her golden curls tossed in the soft breeze as she glanced around to find her friend, Vivian Sinclair. Then Miss Mollainé untied the bundle, and the puzzled appearance of her features deepened. It was from Omaha. It had reached New Orleans in record time. The package was wrapped carefully, but at last she extracted a small leathern case and held it in a dainty trembling hand. She sensed the horror that awaited her investigation. Stealing herself for the shock, she opened the case—and then screamed and fainted. A small gold watch fell among the flowers and imbedded itself in the loose earth of the flower-bed.

When Grace opened her eyes, she was lying on a couch. Vivian and an athletic, anxious-visaged young man were bending over her. Miss Mollainé moaned a few incoherent words.

"Now, keep quiet," the young man urged. "We have the—trinket. We understand—there, dear be composed." Grace smiled at the affectionate word. She had heard it before, from the same lips. It had never been quite as welcome as it was now. The young southern doctor, Horace Laverne, was growing in her esteem. The earlier dislike she had felt toward him was vanishing. Now she wanted him near her, because he understood. He had heard all the details of the tragedy in New York. He knew about the watch. He knew all about Grace. Besides, he was a friend of Miss Sinclair—and Vivian was heroine enough to stifle her own pangs when she saw the young doctor showing loving preference for Miss Mollainé.

"I don't see why I am haunted with this terrible thing," Grace sobbed hopelessly. "It was enough to gaze on poor Mabel Conway's marble face—the morning after the murder." Miss Mollainé shuddered and covered her blanched face with her trembling hands in a vain effort to shut out even the memory of the tragic incident. Dr. Laverne stroked her golden curls affectionately, and his brow was wrinkled in study, and Miss Sinclair looked on helplessly. After all, beauty in distress was love's cue, and Miss Sinclair had never really been in distress in her life. Fate was robbing her of the only Prince Charming she had ever known, and love of her friend sanctioned the sacrifice.

As the balmy southern days passed, and the young doctor's visits increased, Vivian was left with her memories and heart pangs. That is, she might have been so deserted had it not been for a significant incident. That incident was the receipt of a

letter, which came from New York on the morning's mail. Vivian opened it fearfully. She read:

Miss Sinclair

"Kindly keep Miss Mollainé away from Dr. Laverne. Serious developments have presented themselves in the past few hours, and Dr. Laverne will be involved shortly. Ask him where he was on the night of April 7—the night Mabel Conway was murdered. Be guided accordingly."

The note was typewritten. It was anonymous. Vivian wanted to scream. The man she loved, as well as her dearest friend, were being drawn into the web. It was unbelievable. The merest suggestion of implicating Dr. Laverne was repellent. She would destroy the insinuating missive and close the incident. Had a runaway pony not dashed down the street at that instant, Fate would have been thwarted, but the ensuing excitement caused Vivian to forget her letter, as she ran to the curb. But Dr. Laverne, who was coming through the garden at that instant (a means of approach he had adopted for the sake of romance), was unmoved by the pranks of the pony. The doctor saw the letter flutter to the ground. He had not intended to read it, but he detected his name. For an instant, he was stunned. Then the color mounted to his cheeks and he crumpled the paper in his hands, looked longingly toward the fine old mansion and turned on his heel. Dr. Laverne was beaten—and he knew it.

His room, in an old building in the French quarter, was sunless enough at best, but now it was dreary to the extreme. He sunk into a chair and stared into the blackest corner.

"I should have known it," he murmured. "I should have refused Ethel in the beginning. Family skeletons?" He laughed hysterically. "Indeed, where was Dr. Laverne on the night of April seventh? Oh, well, I can leave." He clenched his fists until his nails tore into his palms. There was a measure of fighting blood in his arteries, and with all his heart he resented the insinuations of the anonymous note. It was not of Ethel's authorship, nor of Condam. How he hated Larry Condam! If these two had naught to do with it, who had?

WORSE than all else, Miss Sinclair had read the letter. Should he go to her and tell her the truth? That would be disagreeable. Should he make an appointment with Grace Mollainé, induce her into a speedy marriage and take her away from it all? That would be cowardly.

Ethel was in New York again. She had advised him of that fact in a dozen letters and wires. She had drawn on him heavily until he wondered if the family estate would ever bear up under the demands. She had reminded him of his guilty knowledge. That was blackmail—but it had served its sinister purpose. The only rational answer to his riddles was to hasten to New York and have it out. He was at bay and he knew it. Disappearance was the point of least resistance. He chose it as his solution.

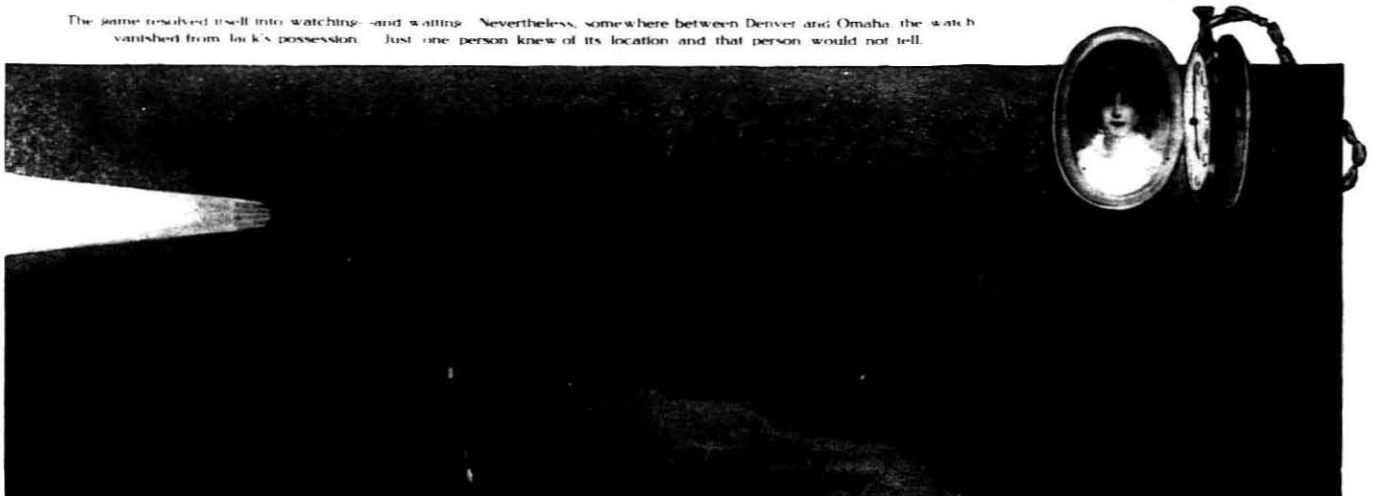
When the very likeable young physician ceased his calls and could no longer be reached, Grace Mollainé felt a void in her heart.

"We must find him, Vivian," she pleaded with her friend.

"But it is best we do not search," Miss Sinclair answered wearily. "Let us draw the curtain over

(Continued on page 24)

The game resolved itself into watching—and waiting. Nevertheless, somewhere between Denver and Omaha, the watch vanished from Jack's possession. Just one person knew of its location and that person would not tell.



O'MALLEY OF THE EDISON

By J. de RONALF



Photo by Hall, New York

His is the natural dignity, the easy, friendly manner that comes when a man has a sure hold on the niceties of manners and position.

ARRIVING at the very business-like Edison Studio in the upper end of New York City, I was told that I would find Mr. O'Malley out "on the floor," meaning, I found, at work on the upper studio floor. As I opened the inner door, I stood perplexed at the busy scene wondering who was who in that medley of make-ups. Noticing a genial faced fireman near the door, I asked where I could find the player I sought. "Mr. O'Malley?" he smiled. "I've heard of him," in fact, I think I've read the book.

"Oh, you mean Charles O'Malley of the book," I said rather impatiently corrective. "I mean Mr. O'Malley, the Edison player." Then I began to think this fireman a strange sort of friendly person when, with a merry twinkle in his eye, he dryly added, "If you're looking for *Pat O'Malley I'm your man*." And in that, I found later, was the keynote of the Edison dare-devil and general favorite, unaffected simplicity and a good natured sense of humor, ever ready to play some little joke on a person. He was rigged to play the fireman in the sterling and sensational feature drama, "Out of the Ruins," from the story "Miss 318 and Mr. 37" by Rupert Hughes, and in which he was featured with another favorite, Mabel Trunnelle.

Then this smiling soldier of fortune told me of the strangely odd life he led before he became a player or as I should say perhaps, a matinee idol, admired for his manly portrayals of red-blooded men of daring. Most frank is this favorite, whether he is talking of the girl he likes most or of what he is and isn't. In fact, I found his simple frankness one of his most attractive characteristics.

It does seem familiar calling him "Pat" but that's what everybody calls him affectionately about the Edison studio. And my short interview with him somehow made me feel that I had known him so long that I did not feel my usual feminine compunctions about being thought unduly familiar. Do not think by this that Mr. O'Malley is lacking in dignity. Nay! His is the natural dignity—the easy friendly manner that comes when a man has a sure

People who believe that the daring diversions required of actors in the making of moving pictures are mere straws underlaid with safety devices to make the way smooth and eliminate risks, will get enlightenment if they read the modest recital of Pat O'Malley. A soldier of fortune, seasoned by daring adventure, up in the air or in the dark of the dangerous mine, he drifted into motography on a hard road and showed these qualities of strength and intrepidity in a zone of dare-devilry difficult and hazardous.

hold on the niceties of manners and position. Somehow he seemed to me to make an ideal figure for those old romantic Irish plays in which the hero seems liked by everybody, radiates romance and even his very manner and walk, in its carefree, almost jaunty air, embody the easy swing of Irish melodies. Perhaps his low-pitched voice with a suavity of tone that almost suggests the Irish accent, tends to heighten this impression.

Good-natured tolerance lights his face at all times, a face rather classically modeled, with the blue eyes and dark brown hair of the Celtic race. In short, as most of us know from the screen, Pat is good-looking as well as a most likeable sort of chap.

But to get back—"I had a hard job to get a footing on the stage," said this soldier of fortune solemnly. "You see the reason of that was that I was up in the air about it, and had a hard time keeping my head." All of which, I confess, had me nonplussed until he went on with a dry smile, "Because I was walking a wire at the tender age of eight years. Heigh-ho! Those were the days of romance and adventure travelling around from town to town, in circus style, with a we-are-here-today-and-tomorrow-we-may-be-a-thousand-miles-away in those days," said Pat with a reminiscent inflection, "and then came a stern father to drag me home to school books and routine."

"But how did you learn to walk a wire?" I asked curiously.

"That was the irony of it," he laughed. "My mother, to keep me out of mischief and keep me busy, stretched a clothes line from door knob to door knob, knowing that it would have to be something exciting to absorb me. Then she gave me two brooms and told me she would whack me if I fell. And to think that was the accomplishment that made me run away from home!"

"Well, my father who was a superintendent in the mines of Pennsylvania—for I was born at Forest City in that state—thought he would provide excitement for me and keep me under his eye by giving me a 'job' riding mules in the mines. Some change! But it was different and I got experience as a rider that has served in good stead since that time." This was his modest way of referring to his horsemanship which is of the most expert and daring ever seen on the screen. "You know, the tunnels are very low in some places and many a time I nearly scalped myself as I rode full tilt over the rough places, scaring the mules into hysterics with the pace and ducking my head just in time to avoid an overhanging ledge."

"BUT wasn't it a gloomy place away down in those dark mines?" I asked, shivering at the thought of a boy working there.

"Oh, I didn't mind while the excitement and novelty lasted," he replied nonchalantly. "I was about fourteen years old then and when I began to fool with the boxes of powder and dynamite, they threw me out—and back I went to walking the wire again, which reminds me of a funny one. At the studio here, they didn't know I could walk a wire and when they put on the comedy, 'Hypno and Trance,' there was an old 'professor' who made the hypnotic passes in a most realistic way. I was hypnotized and told

to walk the wire. When I did, the players gasped with astonishment for they believed I was really hypnotized. Then, at the command, I began to take off my collar, still walking the wire, and then mechanically pulled off my shirt. The girls shrieked and ran away thinking that soon I would, while hypnotized, become Adam-like. But I nearly got mine after," he laughed.

"THEN I thought I'd like to try the roving life and adventurous times afforded by railroad work, so I left the stage and went to be a railroad brakeman. There's where, in everyday work, you get the thrillers!" he exclaimed, in a reminiscent way.

"Tell me some!" I asked all attention.

"The worst I ever got into, I guess, was coming down Aarat Summit which is a sixteen mile long hill. We had a train of sixty cars and on top of the summit, the air-brake got out of order and the train shot ahead. There was only one other way of stopping it, and that was by applying the hand brakes before it gained speed. We had a new brakeman aboard who didn't know that if he tightened up a brake when going at such speed, it would derail the whole train and hurl us to perdition. The conductor tried to holler to the new brakeman who lost his head and was going toward the brakes three cars ahead, crawling, for no one could stand hanging to the walk on top, no monkey ever crawled as fast as I did along the tops of those cars, whirling along, swaying from side to side down the steep hill. Gad! I got to him just in time to drag him back and down, away from the brakes and there the two of us crouched and hung on, every minute expecting the train to jump the track and perhaps before we stopped, crash into some other train. Down those sixteen miles we went in thirteen minutes."

"But that wasn't enough. I guess I have a dare devil bug for though I left the railroad then for four months to be a chauffeur, with its excitement the old lure came back to me and after going all around the country I was again at the railroad business in Chicago in Stock Yards of the C. & J. railroad, known as the most dangerous railroad in the world, because the cars pass within a few inches from each other and death lurks inconveniently near many a time and oft. Seven months of that and then I thought I'd like the adventure of a motion picture player. I guess I had experience in thrills—enough in stock." He laughed at the thought of it.

"So I went to New York City to Kalem where I

His horsemanship is of the most expert and daring ever seen on the screen.





Good natured tolerance—lights his face at all times, a face rather classically modeled, with the blue eyes and dark brown hair of the Celtic race

had a friend. When I got there I found my friend was then stationed in Florida, so I was off to Florida the next day, in pursuit. When I got there, I found my friend had left for another company and I went out one day to the company to watch the open air picture making. I asked Director Clemens if he cared whether I stood around, which he didn't. They wanted a 'Cop' in a hurry and he, thinking that I was a regular motion picture player, told me to jump into a cop's uniform. Well! I didn't put on any make-up for the simple reason that I didn't have time. But it seems that I acted so realistically and grabbed them so hard, pulling them around that several, not knowing me, thought I was a real 'Cop'. That made a 'hit' with the then Director, Bob Vignolia, who placed me largely in war pictures because he said I was 'as hard as a nut' and could stand or do anything along that line. I stayed with Kalem about two months and then went with Sid Olcott and the Gene Gauntier Feature Players.

As a member of that company we certainly had a fine time, visited and played in the Northern part of Europe, in Ireland and England. It was I who had the exciting times in Ireland during the Irish

excitement. I wish I could tell you what part I took in that event, but I'm afraid it wouldn't do for publication," he said, quite cautious for him. "Anyway, enough it is to say that I joined the Irish National Volunteers and am still a member of it. We had to give up picture making when the war broke out as the Government would not allow one to take pictures then, so I came back to America in November, 1913, and played the juvenile in the Sid Olcott International Productions. I had to go in the steerage, coming back, to get here. But it all made up a better day of change. In a three weeks' vacation I got, I played in the Famous Players' 'Eagle's Mate'. I came back to New York and then went to Edison, and that's all."

But it wasn't all, I knew. I had to get a director to tell me the rest. Mr. O'Malley is now numbered among the coveted members of the Edison Stock Company, many of whom have distinguished stage careers both in Europe and this country. He earned this promotion by practically riding himself into the position through a wonderful bareback ride in "In His Father's Footsteps," which so startled even the old seasoned members that an agitation was

started at once to put him in the Stock Company and the film which, at first was intended for an "educational" was, on account of this young man's acting and dare-devil ride, lifted into a fine melo-dramatic play and placed on the regular program. Pat O'Malley has so engaging and open-hearted a manner and appearance, that he practically has never played the villain in Edison films. He has ranged from the rugged but fine-hearted cowboy and workman to the most spiritual minister. In fact in "The Struggle Upward," in which he is featured with Margaret Prussing, he goes the scale from the rowdy of the street, raised through prayer and suffering from love denied, to a fine type of ministering clergyman. His convincing shading of this gradual change is one of his best interpretations.

This young Irishman's star is, indeed, in the ascendant. His already large following of admirers is destined to be tremendously augmented for his innate spontaneous portrayal ability covers a wide range of characterization, in which his charm of person and vividness of representation win the favor of all ages and both sexes—Pat O'Malley of the Edison.

The Scream Club—Why?

By the Screamer Saint Himself



THE Scream Club is here why?

We know not, sufficient it is here.

Benny, he of Lubinville, was responsible, he really had nothing better to do at the moment. Members are stated to have been elected, possibly so, for they were not nominated they were just rung in and told they were there and being helpless, stayed. Of course, the Club has high ideals. Let us see what they are! In the typewritten rules (embossed with some XXXX marks and many corrections) we read:

"The ideal of the Scream Club is to furnish an outlet for the surplus mental calculations of moving picture writers, such as scenarists, publicists, press agents, and representatives of the various magazines and newspapers."

We note therefore that the ideals are not so idealistic but let us look further.

"The primary qualification for membership in this Club is, simple insanity. Even if a member merely is 'buggy' he is not eligible, nor acceptable until he has demonstrated his insanity and proved it beyond peradventure by sending in a press notice of some action of his which denotes him a loon."

The method of gentle approach to members who have to join whether they want to or not is as follows: "You want to be a member of the Scream Club? No?—that is promising anyone who does not want to join us is foolish and passes the first qualifying stage. You have written scenarios? Yes?—still better. You have written publicity and have

occasionally told the truth? FINE! You have ideals? Yes? BILLY! It is clear that you are quite a hopeless person and so you are duly elected. You will be a member if you cannot help yourself! That is the silliest thing of all you are elected and will have a title tacked on to your name shortly."

The procedure appears to be about as follows. Dinners are announced and never given and if there is one of the members who thinks he is a guest, he has to mortgage his next week's salary to pay for them. There is a death-penalty for anyone "talking shop" when they meet, and they in reality do nothing else in fact all of the members are under sentence. When any dinner is held, several of the members get up and prove how really eligible they are by making speeches.

Now let us glance over the membership of this brainy organization the disunited order of Screamers.

The President, Benny Zeidman chose himself, owing to his unfitness for this position or any other, therefore it is clear that he is the right man in the wrong place. Benny started badly, he was quite small at the outset and has remained so ever since. He travels on a half rate ticket, because the ticket man has to lean out of his window to see him and his strident, unbeautiful soprano voice completes the illusion that he is under seven, though we who know him can testify that he is some more than that. His face has a nice baby look which is somewhat interfered with because his nasal organ is a lean to, but not in the right direction. He was entrusted by the Lubin Company with a job to deliver messages, instead of which he betrayed his trust and delivered publicity to the newspapers regarding the hands which fed him and gave himself the name of "Bennie of Lubinville," which has stuck and will be blown in for ever and ever. Later

Bennie went with Romaine Fielding, whom he loves exceedingly. Then he came to Los Angeles and amongst other sins he commits he writes a mere matter of one million press notices for the Reliance-Majestic sufferers each week. His voice is hardly strong enough for the position of President, he is a squeaker rather than a screamer, otherwise he is unfit enough for the dishonor.

Bennie is the Screamer Supreme and the Screamer Supreme and the Vice President, is an innocent, fair haired Mother's boy looking chap, Ford L. Beebe. He is not as innocent as he looks, for he drives a machine which corresponds with his first given name and is woefully proud of his wrong doing. He writes publicity for the Universal. Could anything be more malignant? He has also written scenarios for the same company, yes, he is eligible all right!

Clarke Irvine would never have been invited to be Secretary and Screamer Scribbler only he promised to neglect his duties and to misrepresent the Club to the Moving Picture World and he has consistently done both to the benefit of the society, and the world at large.

Clem W. Pope, who misleads the readers of the Telegraph weekly, is well fitted for the office of Treasurer, or Screamer Skinnum, for there is nothing to treasure and the mythical "funds" are therefore quite safe in his hands.

Chester Withey, merely an actor and writer, is the Sergeant at Arms and Screamer Scrapper and it is pleasing to note that he does a little work when the Club meets—he needs it all right. He is a beautiful threatener if a poor scrapper and that is why he was chosen. We prefer NOT to mention the scenarios he has loosed upon a confiding company.

George Reehm of the Biograph, is nominally the Screamer Sage or advisor, his advice is invariably bad, so again he is well chosen.

William E. Wing is the Screamer Scrubber or Janitor. He has so many sins at his double door

(Continued on Page 25)

BELOW THE RIO GRANDE

CHAPTER IV

By F. McGrew Willis



THE battle had been raging since daylight and it was now the middle of the afternoon. Denman, awakened by Claybourne, had marched with the men the five miles separating them from the fortifications that had been thrown up by the federals in front of Bermejillo, and had been on the firing line during the entire time. The town lay in a small depression among the hills and a part of it was built on the hillsides. The federals had constructed strong trenches extending almost clear across the valley, and had prepared others on the sides of the hills to fall back to in case of retreat.

Denman had secured a position behind a small knoll and had succeeded in scooping out a place large enough to lie in safety, unexposed to the federal fire. He was now waiting for another charge, and had taken the camera down and was keeping it out of sight. The cinematographer fervently blessed the man that invented the crankless machine. During the morning he had secured several hundred feet of good film, himself unexposed to danger. And the steel covering of the case had deflected the course of numerous bullets without harm to the camera.

He had pushed closer to the lines than he had ever dared to before and he undoubtedly had taken the closest film ever made of a real battle. Denman was accustomed to the horrors of war, but he had seen things in a new light today. Not ten feet from him, lay a woman who had been in the front ranks when the order was given to charge. It was inconceivable to him that such could be the case, yet he had only to turn his head to see the proof. He had looked on dead men innumerable, but the sight of the woman lying there, the bloody froth still on the mouth and a jagged hole through the head, the face still bearing a pitiable look of surprise, almost unnerved him. And across from her was the body of a boy not over fifteen.

Suddenly firing broke out in the trenches and spread rapidly along the defenders' entire line.

Denman raised himself cautiously. The aeroplane was sailing directly above the town.

He focused his glasses and could see that hundreds of the men were shooting at it. He watched carefully and presently saw a small object drop from the plane. Immediately there was an explosion in the town and several wooden buildings collapsed.

The boy had been given his chance and was trying to destroy the town by bombs. More men were now aiming at the air-craft. It wavered for a moment, but it was nothing serious and it righted again and another object dropped.

The plane had circled and was coming back over the town. Again and again bombs were dropped but still no serious damage was done. Suddenly the plane swerved from its course and almost upset, but as suddenly it was righted and sailed down the valley toward the rebel camp.

The first person he met was Claybourne, who had been on the watch for him. The correspondent was greatly excited. "I've been watching for you, Denman," he cried running up to meet him. "You haven't heard the news?"

Denman remembered the sudden swerve of the aeroplane. "The boy?" he asked, feeling a curious tightening in his throat.

"You know, then?" responded Claybourne, relieving the other of the camera box and walking beside him. But as the cinematographer shook his head he explained:

"He was shot while at the wheel of the plane. Matero, who was with him, was unaware of his wound until they got back to camp. Matron man aged to land and then collapsed. They took him out and found that he had been shot through the body. He is over at the hospital tent now."

"He will live."

"The doctors think so. The bullet went clear through and if there is no infection of the wound by tomorrow they said he would pull through."

"And Dolores?"

"She is over tending him. I believe she has been afraid of this happening all the time. I could see that it was only family pride that kept her from begging him not to make the flight."

Claybourne grasped the cinematographer's arm. "Denman, old man, I don't know how it is between

SYNOPSIS OF PRECEDING CHAPTERS

John Denman, camera man of the Federal Film Company, having returned from the war in the Balkans, is sent over the border into Mexico to train his new crankless camera on the engagements at Villa in Mexico. The cinematographer's pride in his wonderful new photographic mechanism has a strange diversion in finding a new form of aeroplane that has been invented and perfected by a youth of Spanish extraction, Francisco Magon, who together with his beautiful sister, had given up their big estate to join the forces of the Victorious Villa. The soldier of fortune for the first time experiences a sensation of heart interest.

you and the girl, but I believe she loves you. And I can tell from your actions that you are deeply interested in her. If you do love her, you better go talk to her. She hasn't many friends in the army and she needs some one."

"I do love her," Denman turned to Claybourne. "I don't know whether she loves me or not. Clay, old man, if you will drop the camera in my tent—" Denman was making his way to where the hospital tents were.

HE PUSHED aside the tent flap and entered. The boy was asleep on a cot and Dolores sat beside him. The doctor was bending over another patient and failed to notice his entrance.

"Dolores!" The sight of her caused Denman's love to leap out and beyond control.

She looked around startled and rose unsteadily.

"John!" The one short word and Denman had her in his arms, regardless of physician or patients.

She clung to him, nervous and unstrung. And he held her close in his arms. In the one word she had laid bare her soul. Her heart had been crying out for him, and he had come. And she had called his name in relief and love at his appearance. Presently they were listening to the physician explain the boy's condition.

"He is showing steady improvement," said the young doctor, who was from El Paso. "The wound is not a serious one in itself. The only danger is that there might have been pieces of the clothing carried in by the bullet and this would cause infection. I hardly think, however, that this is the case. Very likely he will be as well as ever in a few weeks. The strain of guiding the plane after receiving the bullet has been a great shock to the nervous system."

Denman prevailed upon Dolores to seek rest at a tent set aside for officers' wives. At parting, she clung to him passionately.

"I have known you such a little while," she said naively. "But I love you, John."

"When the boy is well enough to travel we will take him north."

And he had the future to plan for. Dolores had promised to marry him. He lay concealed in the little trench and thought of the happiness that was to be theirs.

Still, he was ready for the attack. He had placed new batteries in the camera and had brought plenty of film. The motor he had tried out and found it running smoothly, winding the film at the same rate of speed as if being run by hand. His position was in direct line of the proposed attack but he decided to take the chance of remaining.

He had made up his mind to take any reasonable chance to secure a film of battle that would set a new standard and stand for years to come as the supreme height of motion photography. His years of roaming the globe and answering to the call of duty or desire were nearly at an end. With Dolores as his wife, his wanderings would cease and his work as a cinematographer would be at an end, unless it were as an expert for some of the producing companies. As the crowning achievement of his career he would send back a film depicting the horrors of war as they had never been shown before.

Fame, money, love, happiness would be his, and

then he would settle down and live the quiet routine life of the ordinary man.

Denman leaped up and mounting the camera on the tripod swung it around and caught the advancing horsemen in the funder. Several bullets struck close to him, proving that his action was seen by the federals, but he gave these no heed and crouching down, turned on the motor. The horses were coming in a mad race and would pass close to his position. He rose again and turned the camera, always keeping the leaders in view in the funder. Men had begun to fall from the ranks but their places were closed up without disorder.

In a moment they swept by, sabers drawn, and rode into the belching flames of the federal guns. Denman again swung the camera and pointed it toward the trenches. The dust that had enveloped him from the horses' hoofs blew away leaving him a clear view of the attack. The rebel guns had opened on the federal position on the hillsides, preventing them from reinforcing the men in the trenches. Denman had already used up a roll of film, and reloading the camera, swept it along the entire line of attack. Dozens of bullets splattered about him but he was untouched.

The cavalry was not being supported by the infantry and was being slowly beaten back. Riderless horses were dashing wildly about and the embankment was strewn with the forms of the dead and dying. Still the attack was raging hand to hand and the cavalry were forcing their way over into the trenches. Suddenly the federals mounted a machine gun at either end of the embankment and pouring a terrible hail of bullets into the struggling masses, swept them away like dust before a wind. Rebels and federals both received the charges from the guns and friend and foe alike were slain.

A bugler, his battered instrument still grasped in his hand, pulled himself astride a riderless horse and blew the retreat. Instantly the cavalry turned back and rode as they had come, galloping madly and disappeared between the ranks of the infantry that opened to let them pass. Surely, thought Denman, now was the time for another attack, but the infantry was also retreating. Presently the federal fire died out and quiet reigned. Denman again reloaded the camera, but this time he drew no fire from the trenches. The federals were no doubt busy recovering from the assault, and he did not bother to take the camera from the tripod. The federal guns burst into renewed activity as the rebel infantry began massing for a charge. Suddenly the federal guns were silenced and Denman saw that the aeroplane had appeared over the town.

IT WAS coming from the south and had evidently made a long detour to avoid being seen. Through the glasses he could make out two figures in the plane, and he was at a loss to understand who the driver could be. Despite his inexperience, possibly Captain Matero had volunteered to fly the air-craft in hopes of destroying the town and forcing the federals to surrender.

Down the valley the infantry advanced as if by some prearranged signal. The men started forward at a light run, and Denman turned to watch the plane. As it neared the trenches it dropped to not more than two thousand feet above them and a rain of bombs thrown out, fell among the defenders. Denman got the camera in action and tried to catch the plane in the funder but the craft was turning and dipping too swiftly. He turned it around and began filming the approaching troops, who had broken into a fast run. The machine guns in the trenches again started their clatter and the aim was good, for men were falling by the score. But they were coming so fast and in such good order that nothing short of hand-to-hand fighting could turn them back.

The plane was again making for the trenches, and as before was flying low. This time Denman managed to focus on it for a moment before it came too near.

The aeroplane again circled the village and headed back. But the craft was badly disabled. The fabric of the planes was torn by shot and it flew unsteadily.

At this moment the attackers swept by and stormed the trenches. Furious hand-to-hand fighting was now taking place and the cannons were silent. Still the troops poured past and up the embankment. It seemed as if the entire army had been hurled in one

great charge to make success certain. And this was indeed the case, for fifteen thousand men were sent against the federals, leaving only the three thousand cavalry in reserve against possible defeat.

Claybourne ran up and dropped exhausted beside Denman.

"For God's sake!" he gasped. "The plane!"

In the excitement of the final charge the cinematographer had forgotten the air-craft. He looked and saw that it was coming over the town. Part of the upper plane had collapsed, proving that the bullets of the federals had found a mark in the framework.

As the two watched, the aeroplane stopped almost dead in the air, and then a falling body went hurtling down!

Claybourne turned away with a groan. "Dolores!" he managed to say. "Denman, Dolores is driving the plane."

The cinematographer reeled as if from a blow and

he turned on the other with face bloodless and drawn.

"No! No!" exclaimed the correspondent hoarsely. "That was Matero!"

Denman without a word turned back to watch.

Shots were still striking the plane, but it responded to the levers, although it refused to rise any higher. It cleared the town and passed over the trenches. The driver was using every effort to maneuver it to a landing, but the odds were fearfully against the remaining occupant of the battered craft.

Suddenly it pointed downward and dropped two hundred feet before it was righted.

Denman was almost suffocated by the beating of his heart, and grasped Claybourne for support. As he looked again in the air the plane seemed to completely collapse—and then it fell!

Denman was the first to reach the wreckage.

Dolores had fallen clear of the heavier parts of the machine and to one side of the engine.

Denman kicked aside the debris and picking her up in his arms, ran with her back to the safety of the little mound.

He forced water down her throat and made a frenzied examination.

"She's not hurt, Clay," he whispered exultingly, as she began to revive.

But the correspondent, assured of her recovery, had turned and was looking across into the burning town, where the federals were in complete rout.

"God! Denman," he said huskily, "the Balkans had nothing to compare with that!"

Although Denman did not know, and cared little when he learned the truth, the crankless camera was shattered by a shrapnel fragment. He had lost the world's most realistic war picture—but he had gained a wife!

The Lost Chord

EXTRACTING THE HUMOR MINORS FROM THE TRAGEDY MAJORS

BY MILDRED WASKA

With Decorations by Herself

A PERFECTLY good dime and not a soda fountain in sight! And my sister borrowed my best dress, too, to go out with her beau. So I slipped on—the top step and—came down! When I landed, I kept going in the same direction I happened to be facing in and never stopped till I came to the nickel show. I looked at my dime sorrowfully then decided to part company with it.



It was an old model anyway, although it behaved like a self-starter. I planted it on the ledge of the box office and an admission ticket sprouted out. It made me thirsty because it looked so much like a soda check. I walked in and almost got the blind staggers. "The Black Box" was the burnt offering and I began to get curious. Did it contain snuff or



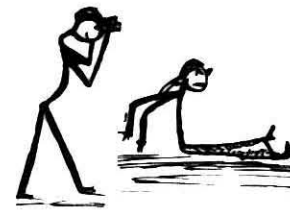
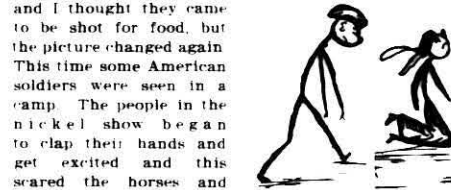
just another mystery warmed over, retrimmed and cut on the bias? The first picture showed some tired people topling across a desert looking for a saloon maybe, because one man kept rubbing himself all over as if he was dying of thirst or he might have been itchy, having forgotten to take off his flannels. He looked through some field glasses and saw a tribe of Egyptians. Thinking there was a chance to get a cigar, he hailed them. When he reached them, he discovered one white man he used to know on Broadway and whom he came to arrest. (Now the plot thickens.) One Egyptian girl named



Feerda, liked the way this man wore his hair so she fell in love with him. His name was Craig—but then that wasn't his fault. Craig knew he was in bad with the other white man, named Quest, so he tells Feerda. They plan to kill Quest. Now Quest had his lady friend along in the mystery stories the lady friends always come in the nick of time to save



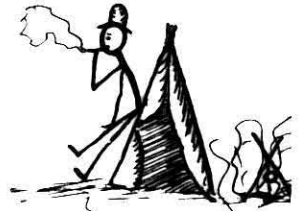
their flascos—I mean fiancées, so this lady friend was needed in the picture. He and the lady (Dolores) were prisoners of the Tribe, so they plan to get away and get their own lunch. Next picture showed some lions and tigers and I wondered what they were doing on the desert, because Teddy Roosevelt never would go there to hunt them, and I thought they came to be shot for food, but the picture changed again. This time some American soldiers were seen in a camp. The people in the nickel show began to clap their hands and get excited and this scared the horses and they cut loose and headed for the prisoners. While they were running Craig was Romeo and Julietting with Feerda when Quest became a crowd and spoiled the game with a muzzle of a revolver against Craig's anatomy and holding his hand over Feerda's mouth, ordered Craig to tie Feerda to a lamp post. Quest was just going to march off with Craig as his prisoner, when Craig found a grape-fruit knife in his belt and was going to stab Quest, when Lenore butted in and said "Wait!" She slipped a revolver into Quest's hand and Craig had to give up the grape-fruit knife. Off they went, beating a Marathon back to Craig's camp. He squeals on Quest and a search is made for Feerda. They light torches in broad daylight and come hunting her. After they tango and fox trot around a while, with their torches, suddenly the



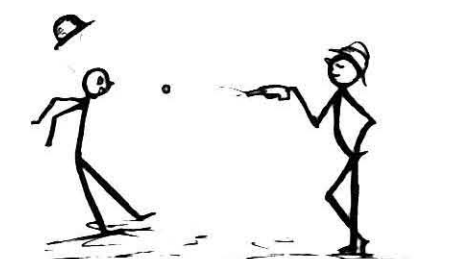
picture becomes red from the glare of the torches. They find Feerda and set her loose and take her along with them. They meet the American soldiers that



came to rescue Quest and they scrap. The European War had nothing on them! Craig nearly got shot in the excitement only Feerda saved him. She saw the bullet coming so she stood in front of Craig. She didn't have very many duds on above the belt, so the bullet went through and killed her. Before she died, she suddenly remembered it would be more fun to kiss Craig good bye, so she got up on her hind legs and took Craig around the neck. He wanted to watch the soldiers and wasn't looking at Feerda, but she pulled

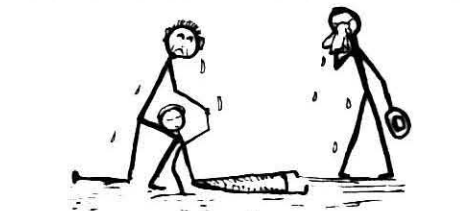


his head down and he had to kiss her. She tried to die then, but there was time left for another kiss, so she got up again and took another. This time she wriggled around and went through a couple of calisthenics and when the director told her to die, she



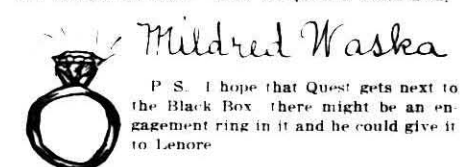
The Scrap

came in. Then the soldiers took off their hats to her because she died. Then the picture faded away.



The Cave In

came in. Then the soldiers took off their hats to her because she died. Then the picture faded away.



Mildred Waska

P. S. I hope that Quest gets next to the Black Box. There might be an engagement ring in it and he could give it to Lenore.

EDITOR'S NOTE:—Miss Waska will continue to enlighten us, from issue to issue on the current thrills of the screen.

On The Editorial Screen

MOVIE PICTORIAL

VOLUME II JULY, 1915 NUMBER 1

LLOYD KENYON JONES, EDITOR
CHARLES E. NIXON, MANAGING EDITOR

Published monthly

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The Editorial page of Movie Pictorial gladly gives its space to an exclusive article from the pen of Oliver Morosco, the vital hope of the drama, one of the ablest and most successful of stage producers, who is now devoting attention to the production of photoplays in which he promises to become a potentiality. As this gentleman has made a close and exhaustive study of both stage and film, he is eminently qualified to discuss the virtues and divergencies of the new artistic alliance, sapiently.

It is observable that Mr. Morosco does not

disguise his meaning; avoids superfluous adjectives and does not punctuate with "ifs" as a sign of hesitancy. He is absolutely sure of his ground; regards moving pictures seriously and believes in their permanency as an art form.

His observations concerning stage stars in pictures are particularly interesting, and his conclusions as they pertain to the solidarity of the stock company in motography, show that he calculates sustaining artistic integrities for picture patrons and increasing the clientele of the silent drama.

What's to Become of the Movies?

By OLIVER MOROSCO

That's a question that is causing more comment and argument in the United States today than any of the situations and near situations that have been developed by the European war.

A few short years ago, the moving picture business began to branch out. Recruits were obtained from every business and from every field of endeavor in every part of the world.

Producers, under conditions of the keenest rivalry, were willing to go to any extent to give the public a new thrill.

At first the thrills were obtained principally through comedy of the French type which always concluded with a grand chase in which several score people participated.

That became tiresome and romance was dragged from obscurity, and every love story the world has ever heard of, was presented to the public.

Following which, we had, in rapid succession, an era of Wild West and cowboy plays, a number of soldier plays and then the chapter of adventure, which has proven a serious drain upon the physical and mental abilities of the actors, for many have been required to participate in the most remarkable, hair-raising stunts imaginable.

Farsighted producers went in for a series of instructive films, and at great expense secured moving picture views of nearly every spot on the globe. They followed this up with tremendously spectacular productions of a historical character, and then in their search for something new, they reached out and began the featuring of former famous successes of the legitimate stage with stars of the legitimate in the principal roles.

That's where the moving picture game stands today.

When the war started in Europe, there was a hurry and flurry in the moving picture camps. The first steamers to leave New York, bound for the continent, carried scores of moving picture operators. These expeditions were financed at enormous expense in many cases.

The producers awaited reports with feverish anxiety, the moving picture patrons awaited results with the same sort of anxiety.

But most of the reports were in the form of expense accounts and the results generally totaled views of some village with an unpronounceable name, five days after it had been evacuated.

In other words, the operators have been unable to get within range of actual warfare, and the war as a spectacle for the moving pictures has not amounted to much.

It is no wonder that the public finds entertainment in speculating upon the future of the moving pictures. They have been fed upon thrills of every sort. They have had the bizarre and the spectacular, and, with each succeeding spectacle, they have said, "This is the limit. Even the moving pictures can go no farther than this!"

They have said this because they have been led to believe that the entire scheme of the moving picture game is dependent upon spectacular novelty.

To a certain extent that is true, because the photoplay business is yet in its infancy. In its youth, the legitimate stage met with the same difficulties until it learned the great lesson that the public wants to be entertained, not necessarily amazed or shocked. And the photoplay drama is rapidly reaching the point where it will learn that selfsame lesson with undoubtedly as attractive results.

No world is born perfect. We have the word of science that the making of a world is a prolonged process of extreme violence, of conflicting forces, of evolution based upon revolution, all resulting in what we are inclined to believe is perfection after the excitement has cooled and a standard program has been arranged.

Such is the case of the moving pictures. Very nearly everything with a thrill of one sort or another has been tried, competition for new ideas and new conditions has been of the keenest sort.

And now, it has reached the point where many of the serious producers of the country, which list includes most of the producers of the legitimate stage as well as those who have only been in the photoplay production, are gradually working out a program whereby they will be able to produce a steady stream of highly entertaining dramas without necessarily appealing to the appetite of the public for "thrillers."

In a discussion of the moving picture game, I believe that I can be absolutely fair, for I have no ax to grind. I am a producer of plays for the legitimate stage and a producer for the photoplay drama.

Of this I am sure, however, that the competition for stars and plays at the present time, is getting so keen among the various moving picture companies that eventually, to my belief, each of the big picture companies will have an established high-class stock company. In speaking of a stock company, I mean a company of all well known and established names. I believe that the members of these big stock companies will become recognized as great as any stars. This has been proven to a certain extent when we take into consideration the number of people who have become great stars of the moving pictures, and have never been anything on the legitimate stage.

I believe that the members of these stock companies will become so prominent among moving picture patrons, that it will never again be necessary to call upon the stars who have made their reputations on the legitimate stage to come to the movies and bring their reputations with them.

The moving picture companies threaten to wipe out the stock companies all over the United States, or at least cause them to deteriorate to such an extent that they will be giving a much inferior class of entertainment. One cause of this is the fact that plays are released for stock purposes to the legitimate theaters and at the same time, or at some prior time, to the moving picture companies, and I believe that agents should protect the stock plays when released for stock so that the moving picture companies cannot present the pictures two or three weeks in advance of the stock performance of the same play. At present that very situation is going far toward killing the stock companies of the legitimate drama.

The same is true of the stars who are now in the moving picture game. I believe that they will learn that their value has been considerably lessened by becoming public property in the 5, 10, 15 and 20-cent houses. They will find this out when they return to the legitimate stage and ask the public to pay two dollars to see them.

I am using stars in the production of my photoplays at present in competition with other producing companies, and I will follow that system just as long as it pays. But I am strongly in favor of the stock company idea in moving pictures, and while I will accept stars just as long as they want to play in my picture companies, I will in the meantime establish my stock favorites, and be prepared for a condition that I believe will be the future of the moving picture business.

The Music Story

THE MUSICAL INTERPRETATION OF MOVING PICTURES

By Mabel Bishop Wilson

EDITOR'S NOTE: This Department was commenced in the October issue. It is for our readers, an arena for discussion of musical topics as they apply to the exhibition of moving pictures. Every reader having ideas along this line, criticisms or suggestions, will confer a favor on the editor of this department by writing to her. Different views, different discussions and new practical ideas will appear in each issue of MOVIE PICTORIAL.



O RAISE the standard of music in motion picture theaters is a great task, indeed. The reason for this is that those who are employed to furnish the music are frequently very poorly equipped for the work.

What it means to be well equipped for this line of work, is so vaguely understood, that the average manager doesn't know how to select. He listens to the applicant's efforts, and if she plays three or four selections for him in a creditable fashion, he sets her to work. We won't discuss whether or not the ability to play fairly well is the most important part of the equipment, but we are all agreed that it is the first thing thought of and that few aspire to accompany pictures who do not consider themselves reasonably capable performers.

Upon further thought, we agree readily that the successful picture accompanist must have temperament—he must be able to interpret music suitable to accompany the sad, serious scenes, as well as the gay. Every musician shows his personality in his art, and the bright, cheery fellow whose environment has been that of a happy home, with no cares, and no thought for the morrow, except in anticipation of the joys that lie in wait for him, will play best the brilliant, gay music, while those of the more serious makeup, who have been sufferers, or have experienced some great sorrow, will cling to those compositions emotional in character, and will interpret them well.

Certain cases have come to my notice, which I must cite. Players who were apparently, devoid of temperament. It was due to their lives of ease and total lack of imagination. These same players eventually developed into very conscientious, capable picture accompanists. The scenes of grief and distress, so clearly and convincingly depicted on the screen, was sufficient inspiration, and a very satisfactory rendition of emotional music followed quite naturally.

But the branch of the picture accompanist's equipment which I want to consider now, is his library of music.

The Picture Accompanist's Library.

The musician of several years' experience, has gathered about him, a large collection of music. Much of this he has cast aside, as his technique developed, and he reached the stage, where things of a deeper musical import interested him. If, however, he takes up picture accompanying, he will find many of these funny little pieces—wonders of his early music life, just what he needs. If he has taught piano the past few years, he will have considerable teaching material that can readily be transferred to his library of picture music also. These little things were written in a simple style to be practical for the performer with a very limited technique, and many times, in the hands of the musician of experience, these homely, simple empty little tunes take on the beauties of a charming little tone picture. The knowledge of harmony he has gathered through these years of contact with the bigger things, and his application to the technical side of the art, have equipped him for making much of little, and when he takes up the work of accompanying pictures, he will gather these as eagerly as any.

It takes so little to make the huge majority of these "cast offs" acceptable. Like the touch of the modiste to the plain little gown, there is an "indescribable something" that gives distinction to the unpretentious little composition, in the hands of one who understands. This is not for the ama-

teur to attempt, although, in some instances, merely the introduction of changes of tempo, holds, retards, accelerandos improve it wonderfully; and transferring a melody to the 'cello register, or playing a passage in octaves, will give surprising style and dignity to the insignificant second grade teaching piece and make it a very acceptable number for the picture program. Again there are many of these which need no embellishing, developing or adapting for this use. Those very easy little 2/4 numbers, when played presto, are ideal for races, for the best music for this class of accompanying, is that built on the simplest form. Rhythm is the great factor in race music. That tense excitement is best suggested by the compositions with the simple rhythmic figure constantly recurring, performed, of course, at a rapid tempo. Well chosen music, tactfully applied, has "put over" more than one slow, poorly produced race. The little trick of accelerating with the approach of the racers is not to be despised, and as their forms are enveloped in a great cloud of dust on the distant horizon, they fade from our view, and we imagine the sound of horse hoofs die away, just so should the music diminish to a subdued murmur. This is not only consistent for the scene described, but the better enhances the effect of the loud music applied to the following scene, which depicts a later stage of the race at close range.

The class of music that the musician finds interesting to his friends, who ask him to entertain them in the privacy of his studio, will be as welcome in the motion picture theatre. But the many things they didn't enjoy as solos, they will welcome in this new work, where the pictures furnish the setting, and lend the correct atmosphere for the real enjoyment of the weird, oriental, gruesome Indian numbers, etc., that, given under ordinary conditions, were universally voted unpleasant. It has been amusing to me to comply with an urgent request to "play us that beautiful oriental selection you used on that picture the other night," and then see how keenly disappointed they were when I had finished.

How these selections, which have aroused such sincere admiration, lose their charm so completely apart from the picture, is always a revelation to the listeners and the player rejoices for this opens a large field for him, and he realizes that practically everything is useful for the picture program.

When I began my collection, it seemed to be hardest to gather sufficient music of the Spanish, gipsy, oriental and Indian character. Among the popular music, one finds many oriental and Indian intermezzi, but they do so little, beyond lending a touch of color, that I find little occasion for their use. My most valuable oriental numbers have come from music of the better class, as have also the best Indian numbers. The Amy Wood Finden Collection of East Indian Songs has helped me out many times. "Will the Red Sun Never Set" is an excellent dramatic number and in this same collection is "Far Across the Desert Sands,"—excellent for caravan scenes. I recall using it on those Cabiria caravan scenes and the house burst forth in applause.

In passing, I want to recommend two other numbers which I have found invaluable in this work. "Danse Bizarre" by L. J. Fontaine is an agitato 2/4 in D minor, which would be generally classed as about grade 4. It is very stirring in character and is excellent for use on scenes leading up to insurrections—assembling forces, etc. "Album Leaf" in A Minor is another fast number that every picture accompanist's library should contain.

I wish we might have space for listing many more numbers that players feel like recommending

to those who are beginning the work. I can only advise you to visit your friends' scrap heaps and you will

find loads of valuable material. Cling to everything on the oriental, Spanish or gipsy order, get familiar with it,—you will have opportunity to use it. With the wealth of Mexican pictures being shown depicting uprisings, you will need everything you can secure that has dramatic tendencies, and, in passing, I want to mention "Gitanela," by Frederick Michael; "Gitarre" by H. Protiwinski, and "Lute and the Mandolin" by Ludwig Schutte as fine for the serenades to the pretty señoritas,—and the love scenes in general, which so invariably are set in some beautiful garden surrounding a picturesque old mansion.

Questions and Answers.

Q.—Will you please suggest a method of arranging one's library of picture music by which it is possible to get a selection of any style needed on short notice?

A.—I went through my library, and sorted it as to character, and arranged it in piles on shelves constructed in the pit within reach, when I am seated at the piano. One pile contained Spanish, another Oriental, another Irish and German, etc. Every other shelf on my rack was left vacant, and as fast as I used from one pile I laid the used selection away on the vacant shelf just below, under the pile from which it was originally taken. This is the only sure way I know of to keep account of how often you are repeating. If placed back in the original pile, there will always be some which will never be selected, while if they are out of the way, the less familiar ones will be used, and it is neither interesting to the player nor the audience to hear a few pet numbers frequently repeated.

The size of one's library will be a guide as to the number of classifications practical. When I first began, I had one pile of "Pathetics," but as my collection grew, I found it necessary to divide it, so I made a distinction between those numbers containing animato, agitato, dramatic strains, and those which were of the very quiet sort. My waltzes, which were originally all together, I have separated so now my brilliant playful ones are in one pile and the regular sets of waltzes are in another. These divisions have been a wonderful help to me. I have a pile containing incidental music of the mysterious type, another containing hurries, another has racing material, another marches, and still another for grand and funeral marches. My "Fill-in" material I bunched and for the want of a better name, called that my schottische pile. I presume the majority of them really were schottisches, but there were other 4/4 numbers and mazurkas—in fact, there was everything of the "Fill-in" nature that wasn't of the waltz variety, and many brilliant little 2/4 which didn't belong to the race or march class. These I have since divided on the same principle as the waltzes—those of the brilliant, playful type together, and those of the more quiet, sober nature together.

My popular songs, I have encased in two separate racks, one containing love songs suitable for use on dramas, and the other containing love songs for comedies only. The songs are arranged on shelves in the cases, alphabetically, each shelf accommodating four letters.

Those popular songs which are just miscellaneous rag songs, are on still another shelf, ready for use between reels or when breakdowns occur. I think you will find these suggestions a help, and I hope if other players have ideas on the subject that they think will be an aid to those starting out in this work, they will be kind enough to send them in for publication in this column.

Film Favorites' Fashions

An Actress Philosophizes on Dress and the Origin of Fashion—*By Grace Darmond*

YOUR request to have me describe my own costumes is a privilege I fear to advantage, as I do some sewing myself and the designing of my own costumes. As I understand it, the male dress-maker has, up to date, been the power behind the fashion and that is why cruel men assume to dictate and deride women who refuse to follow their directions. I recall a pen-point from one of these tyrants: "Fashion is a Goddess who comprehends so variable a creature as woman, etc." This may be a compliment for fashion, but it is a slur on woman. Again an ancient father, probably one who wore a hair-shirt, defined: "A woman is an animal, that delights merely in 'finery'—this is on a par with the work of our French sister we read of in our academic days, describing: "Man is an animal that can cook." This, however, is so peculiarly Gallic that it may not carry conviction here as it does abroad. To enlarge upon the simile: men frequently show judgment by marrying their cooks, but it is far rarer to hear of a woman marrying her man milliner or a man dressmaker.

Possibly I am a bit envious because I cannot luxuriate in Paris gowns with the famous trade-tags of: Worth, Paquin, Pol. Povie, David, or Goupy, as I am forced to depend upon my own modiste—and myself.

The recent troubles abroad have forced Americans to depend upon our native modistes—and their "creations" certainly look good to me.

To resume, the practical philosophy of dress-costuming as regulated by fashion, depends upon civilization, climate, religious, political or personal reasons, for convenience and for love of variety. In such perplexity, what should be the dictates that



govern taste? We venture that dress befitting a woman, should be selected suitable to her age, complimentary to her appearance, adapted for her occupation, and after all be picturesque and becoming. A well dressed woman, in no small measure dictates the disposition and construction of her gowns as her garb in no small measure, reflects the inner spirit of the wearer. We women are, however, more or less slaves to fashion for the majority rules and no one dares to disagree too radically, lest they become inconveniently conspicuous.

We laugh incredulously at the fashions of our grandmothers, and smile at the dresses our mothers wore, as they seem so far removed from present ideals that they really look absurd and awkward. We will all admit that classical costumes were beautiful in their graceful simplicity, while the gowns of the Elizabethan age were curious exaggerations, and those of the Victorian era with hoops and crinoline, were simply atrocious.



The accompanying illustrations on this page show some of the gowns I wore in "The Millionaire Baby"—the Selig Red Seal Production.

Left: This evening dress shows a waist in a combination of silk and chiffon with points running from girle up to bodice, outlined with bead trimmings. It is decollete, strapped at shoulders, and has a large velvet corsage rose. The skirt is draped silk, has a high waist line and is appliued with embroidered motifs of roses.

Center: A morning walking gown of blue and white check home-spun, draped skirt with bustle-back effect. The waist is white georgette crepe, trimmed with moire outlining the vest effect. There is a wide girle of moire with tasseled ends—the poke bonnet has a side ornament, bird of paradise feather.

Right: A simple afternoon dress in empire short-waisted effect. The skirt has eight ruffles six inches deep—simple shirred waist with V neck—long sleeves of lace. The gown is trimmed with bands of black velvet.

Grace Darmond

Remember, this department is open to our readers—we want you to feel it is your information bureau—want you to write at any time for descriptions of garments seen on the screen. All you need to do is to write your letter, giving the information necessary, *enclose with it a stamped return envelope*, and mail it to

THE FASHION EDITOR.

REALISM IN THE MOVIES

A Department for the Discussion of Films Possessing or Lacking Realism

Conducted by Our Readers

Your help toward the accomplishment aimed at by this department is requested. Send in your criticisms. Do not hesitate. Join your efforts with ours. A prize of \$5.00 is given each month to the contributor of the criticism deemed most worthy, be it either for or against the film. Address all communications to the Realism editor.

ANY enterprise savoring of the artistic and catering to popular taste, should benefit from the free, frank opinions of its followers. The new point of view is always interesting and sincere criticism is ever helpful to the artists, the producers et al., who are ministering to a clientele extending all over Christendom. Earnest, intelligent comment is the crux of this department, and is entirely dependent upon you readers for serving suitably—a useful and observing purpose. If the outsiders are welcome to draw a bow in this page, film companies are equally welcome to express themselves.

The following are selected from among the many contributions to this department. It is encouraging indeed to the editor to receive so many letters of comment from the readers—he only wishes that space would permit of recording many more, but it is quite possible that in the very near future he can appropriate more space for publishing the comments of those interested in Realism.

You Can't Fool the Camera

Hartford, Conn.

Dear Sir: Why, just because the great actresses have been a success in their younger days, should they be put on the screen in parts where a sweet young face should appear. I saw one of them (Mrs. Leslie Carter) taking the part of "Maryland" in "The Heart of Maryland." I had seen this famous actress in her "Zaza" about 1938, and she was old enough then; not too girlish looking, but now just because she has been pronounced great on the legitimate stage, is no sign she can carry the idea out in the movies, for in spite of all the kisserias, she can invent, and girlish contrivances, with which she can adorn herself, she looks the part of the soldier's grandmother, or mother at least, instead of his sweetheart, and when she raises her chin defiantly, in the distance, it would look very effective in a younger woman, but in this case it reminds one of the wife of far past middle age. In one of the climaxes to a nagging contest with her grouchy old husband.

We should have our great actresses immortalized on the screen, to be sure, but why not let them take parts where a middle-aged woman, at least, would look at home? It grates on the nerves to sit through the incongruity. One feels sympathy for the healthy young soldier, being compelled to make love to his grandmother—then it impresses one that it is detrimental to the actress, since it makes one who excels for years on the legitimate stage, seem but ordinary in the motion picture and in fact, out of place, nothing like as good as some of the younger "Pick-me-ups" who not much more than "look" the part.

Then why sacrifice the movie patrons' feelings and the general improvement of the film industry, just to get a great actress placed in a popular play, for monetary reasons. Another thing their mannerisms are against them. I still have a picture of this actress, who he ungainly flit up to her mouth, like a baby cutting teeth on some. When they have seen their day, why not give them a suitable part or none at all.

M. P. Macdonald

Released Too Soon!

Rochester, N. Y.

Realism Editor:

In "The Ace of Clubs," a Powers remake of recent date, the father is telling his son of his experience of when he was a young man. During one of the scenes it shows his wife being struck by an automobile that looks to be a 1912 or later model.

Does the father suddenly grow old, or is the time of the story to take place about 1925? Yours truly,

J. M. Buillard

Before the Time, and Behind the Back

Montgomery, Ala.

Realism Editor:

The Laskey production of the "Warrens of Virginia" is splendid; in fact my father (who was in the Confederate Army, 23rd. Va. Cavalry) said it was the finest war picture he ever saw. In the garden scene where the hero makes love to the heroine and writes on her dance

card, "Will you marry me?" her program was one that could have been used twenty-five years later. No. 1 Waltz. No. 2. Two-step. Now the two-step was a new dance when I was a young lady and I think if the dance card had consisted of such dances as "The Cuban," "The Schottische," "The Virginia Reel," etc., it would have been more appropriate.

In the Vitaphone release of "The Official Hand" the young stenographer is in love with her employer and when she discovers he is false to her, she stabs him in the back with a paper knife and almost kills him. His back is to the audience and you could see that his coat wasn't even torn. Now, don't you think that a blow from a knife deep enough to kill a man ought to, at least, leave a snag in the coat?

Mrs. Gaston Lewis.

Did the Banana Peel Cause the Slip?

Chicago, Illinois.

Realism Editor:

Was a seventh assistant property man (or woman) permitted to enter an otherwise perfect picture? And what is the director thinking of when he allows it to be done? I have just returned from seeing "Fanchon, the Cricketer," in which the incomparable Mary herself plays the title role. The cast and acting is superbly utterly devoid of mechanical pantomiming and the usual affectations that spring from screen technique. The costuming is unusually good, accurate, consistent and conforming to its period. And the old country games and dances, with the magnificent scenic backgrounds, are like the faded figures of an old tapestry come to life. Altogether it is a production of the highest rank.

But—and here is where the aforementioned property man comes in—in the scene where the betrothal party sets out on the picnic, they carry baskets of woven wood strips, the ordinary "store" basket of American commerce. A little later, we see that bananas constitute part of the lunch. How do baskets, whose manufacture is impossible except by modern mechanical means, and bananas, the importation of which into climates other than tropics has been made possible only by comparatively late methods of refrigeration, fit into life that is, apparently, to judge from the costumes, sometime in the eighteenth century, in rustic France? And there was a single article of lack of attention to detail in costuming. When Landry, returns at the end of the year to claim Fanchon, according to her wishes, he is still wearing the same black velvet jacket and black tie, tied in the same knot, and Fanchon, has still her striped kirtle and bodice of the previous year. We know that the old textiles were much more durable than the modern kinds, but isn't this stretching it a little too far?

L. E. M.

Freaks of Wind and Weather

Rochester, N. Y.

Dear Sir:

Here are a few mistakes I have noticed in the films. In the Popular Plays and Players film, "The Shooting of Dan McGrew," much of the action is supposed to take place when the temperature is fifty degrees below zero. In one such scene, McGrew takes hold of his rifle barrel with his bare hand, one of the first things a person learns when he is in the far north is not to touch anything metallic with his bare hand, for when the temperature is this low the skin will freeze to the surface. In the same film McGrew receives a written confession exonerating him, twenty-four years later he takes this same confession from a shirt (as the leader says "glazed with dirt") and it is in the same spot, not even folded. It was when he got it, not even folded.

In the Biograph film "Where Enmity Dies" a man's face is horribly injured by an explosion, when the explosion took place the man was standing with his back to it. Now, how did it hurt his face?

Charles D. McCall.

Outside the "Lines"

Spring Hill, Alabama.

Dear Sir:

An Essanay picture called "Otherwise Bill Harrison," shown last week in Mobile, contained a bit of "realism" rather unusual. In a scene representing the lady reporter running down a long

alley after the escaping "dope" sellers, the crowd (which always gathers when a picture is being taken), including the director, were plainly seen at the entrance to the alley. The director waving his arms and unmistakably "directing."

While still running—and just before going "out of the picture," the reporter looked back at the director with the most exasperated "For the love of Mike, say when" expression possible to imagine. While very amusing and interesting as being quite out of the ordinary in "movies," this very good and well acted picture was strangely effected for the stickler for realism.

Yours truly,

A. R. Gordon.

Was the Director "Blind?"

Toronto, Canada.

Realism Editor:

In "The Lady of the Lighthouse" (Vitaphone) the "Lady" takes a small boy to enjoy the Christmas festivities at the "lighthouse," a school for the blind. We are told that seven months elapse after this event. Then the lady and the small boy re-appear together against the (July) weather by a fur-collared wrap and a winter overcoat respectively.

Possibly Christmas fell on a different date that year. M. E. L.

A Good Contrast!

Los Angeles, Cal.

Dear Sir:

A film that did about all in its power to destroy realism, to me, was "Woman and Wine," a World-Brady film. The settings for the scenes were not real. The market had for a background, buildings that were skyscrapers, and not a person or a vehicle traveled on that street during the busiest part of the day. Then again the view from the hotel lobby across the street, they tried to give it a touch of reality by having people pass the door, but across the street was not a soul. That was another artificial back-drop. Then there was the matter of the newspaper. A hunch-backed flower merchant read the same paper as some friend of the accused man in which the account of the murder was contained. The paper was so much the same that the wrinkles and creases across the face of it were identical. There was another thing that one hardly find excuses for. The doctor stepped from the room to phone the friend of a dying man, and the friend arrived before the doctor. The doctor stepped back to the room, picked up the telephone, or he neglected a dying man to talk with an acquaintance, and that, certainly, would be unreal.

Later I saw "The Heart of a Painted Woman," and the acting in that was art, real, life-like, and the way it swung along was in contrast to the one above. "Woman and Wine" makes one a trifle disgusted with films, but the "Heart of a Painted Woman" makes one want to go again. There was one thing, though, that might seem unreal. Martha says, "This institution was founded with but a small part of your money." Or words to that effect. "Your money" was one hundred thousand dollars. The institution as seen in the picture is a several story brick affair, and looked as if it might have been a couple of buildings, and the grounds were plenty large. I am not acquainted with the price of building, but I do not think it a small lot, the work, the material, and the equipment would take more than a small part of one hundred thousand dollars.

Very truly yours,

Harold W. Tucker

Property Cops

Corpus Christi, Texas

Dear Sir:

In "Love and Handcuffs," it shows the Secret Service employee receiving a letter directing him to catch some moonshiners. It was headed "Commissioner of Secret Service." Now my husband is a Revenue man and he says that the Revenue Commissioner of secret service, but there is a Commissioner of Revenue, and that furthermore, that isn't the nature of the secret service duty at all—catching moonshiners. Their duties are much higher up, but in another line, but it is the revenue man's work.

And then another thing; I've noticed in all the western scenes, all the pictures

show the sheriffs with a very large badge pinned on the outside of their coat. The sheriffs don't wear them out in plain view, but usually under the lapel of the coat or underneath it on the shirt, and when making an arrest, they show the badge usually.

Mrs. R. H. A.

Pin-Points from Mabel!

St. Paul, Minn.

Dear Sir:

I wish I knew the quick drying process used by the screen actors to dry their clothing, after they have fallen into the "drink." It would make a fortune in the laundry business.

Why do they spoil a good picture with a "close up" and show how unattractive some of the actors and actresses really are, and all the lines of their makeup. I've seen two pictures lately, in which the women were rather good looking, at the proper perspective, but "close up"—Heavens—so ugly it was startling—especially when they cried.

Why do all the housewives, in kitchen scenes, wear such dirty aprons and have such untidy hair? It makes you wonder how the directors were raised.

Will some one please write a scenario and cut out all the sob sister business over "his" or "her" photograph. I've seen that so often that no nauseated feeling comes over me when I see either one pick up a photograph.

Like the "brook" I could go on forever, but all good things must come to an end. Oh, yes—will some one please rub the "Diamonds from the Sky" with alcohol, to give it brilliancy. I thought it some sparkle till I saw a "close up" when I discovered that I have the twin sister to it—a prism off an old hanging lamp.

E. Mabel Williams.

Westward, Ho!

Chicago, Ill.

Realism Editor:

I recently saw "The Spendthrift," and wonder why producers will be so negligent of details. I do not recall the names of the characters, but here is an idea or two, which may be verified at any time by seeing the film:

The younger sister and her sweetheart are married, and they start for the West to begin life anew. The train they board for the West is evidently a "good" train, probably a suburban train—no Pullman, nor anything else classy. I have ridden West on all roads, including even the Missouri Pacific! I never saw a transcontinental train as cheap and weak looking as this, with a little, light locomotive.

Finally the young couple arrive in the West, and the "train" is but two coaches in length! It steams into the station like a stub train from a poverty-stricken suburb.

If incongruous incidents, as to costumes, etc., fall under the ban, why should not defects in the "effects" also merit our consideration? Many persons in the audience laughed about the train; its incongruity was so palpable. Indeed, nothing indicated sufficient time for even a regular train to get West—from New York or any other eastern point. It was evidently an over-night journey. What! the west—anything the sunsets of the Orange mountains? I hope "The Spendthrift" does not mean excessive expenditures in effects! If the title infers that meaning, it is surely a misfit.

Yours for Realism,

E. M. J.

We consider the above letter deserving of the \$5.00 prize. If a film needs effects, why should they not be expending with the balance of the picture? After one has seen "The Birth of a Nation," make-shift effects do not find much response. If we are to have a transcontinental train, by all means let us have one—even though the actors are obliged to buy regular tickets, and do some honest-to-goodness riding between express stations!

Runaway Realism

Morgantown, W. Va.

Dear Sir:

In "Runaway June" the husband, deserted in the first chapter, pursues the bride all over New York and to Bermuda and back, even into the studio where she is posing, sees every play in which she is appearing as a moving picture actress and never sees the camera man. Could a man in this enlightened age be in a moving picture studio and not know what was going on? In the last episode June and Blye "exit" and the husband has to batter down the door through which they have disappeared in order to reach them. Do actors and actresses usually lock the door through which they exit? Unrealistic? Runaway June as a play is impossible.

Yours for possibilities at least,

Mrs. K. N.

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Lubin of Lubinville

(Continued from page 7)

(Then with a bow) "It gives me great pleasure to reward faithful service."

Some of the uninitiated appear to regard Seigmund Lubin as a sort of stage Lew Fields in real life; but, those acquainted with him pass his peculiarities and respect his capabilities as worthy of consideration far out of the ordinary. J. A. Berst, in speaking of Pop Lubin recently remarked: "Don't make any mistake about Lubin. He sees more with one eye than the vast majority of men do with two—he is a very remarkable man."

As earlier indicated, Lubin is quick-trigger in decisions, but once starting on a scheme he is not a "quitter," and backs his judgment to the limit. His love of children is one of his gentler traits and his only grandson, Kingston Singh, is the very apple of his eye. In every movement for child welfare, he is enthusiastically listed. For a very busy man, he is scrupulously exacting concerning his repertoire of clothes which is enormous and he keeps one tailor well occupied in keeping his wardrobe in order. He is strong for sanitary restrictions in all his establishments, and the rules for order are as strict as those of a battleship.

Seigmund Lubin has recently announced a radical change in the policy of his business, emphasizing the fact that hereafter Lubin pictures will mean the very best in motion photography, and that, the present payroll (said to be \$30,000 per week) will be increased to nearly double that amount when the plans are consummated.

"Philadelphia is to have the best output in motion pictures," said Mr. Lubin. "I realized some time ago that my plant, complete as it is, was not turning out as artistic, as distinctive pictures as some others were. We have the machinery, we have money, and we have the whole world from which to draw for talent, and this will be the crux of our policy in the future. I have been dissatisfied with our pictures. I want something much better and I am going to get it. I have watched films made by my competitors and I have marvelled at their beauty and the wonderful photography. Now, we are going to do better than they do. Just watch us—I dare you!"

"To do this, I shall reverse my policy of former years. Instead of making up a cast out of the stock members of the various companies employed by me, I shall employ well-known actors and actresses for the various roles in order to obtain the types so necessary to convincingly convey the illusion to the auditor. Look out for Lubin Feature productions made in our new Brooklyn studios! The day has gone by when the photoplay can be staged in any old way, with a scratch cast, catch as catch can. Today, the motion picture must be artistic, must tell a stirring tale, be well photographed and have the pep, pull and necessary punch, likewise actors and actresses that can act."

Seigmund Lubin's yesterdays look backward with a smile—elusive with regard to his age, he will admit that he has been making pictures for twenty-two years, back to a time when Edison and himself saw the cinematographic vision. Once the proprietor of a century string of theatres, that he disposed of for the

greater advantage of the General Film Company, he is still active in every detail of his business—ingenious as ever, having only recently perfected a printing machine, that revolutionizes "patching." Enterprising, aggressive—speculative but

singularly safe in all his ventures—he is the owner and controller of vast interests extending from coast to coast—singularly simple in manner Seigmund Lubin is shrewd and far-seeing, a practical progressionist and a humanitarian.

THE GIRL IN THE PATHÉ

(Continued from page 15)

the past and plan on the future. No, Grace, I am not mysterious. I am practical. The doctor had his troubles—mostly in the form of a sister. She was not the sort of sister you would expect a man of his type to have, but he had her. She was not the kind either of us would be inclined to welcome with open arms. He had told me all about her—but—Miss Sinclair struggled on a sob.

"But it would have made no difference with—you?" Grace asked incredulously, as she felt resentment that her friend had kept the truth from her this long. Then her heart softened at the flood of her friend's tears, and she placed her arms around Vivian and sought to comfort her.

"There, there," she whispered soothingly. "We are nearer now than we have ever been. Let us get away from all these terrors. It is different in the West. Will you go?"

Vivian Sinclair nodded her assent as her tears increased in volume and bitterness.

III

Etienne Le Croix rubbed his hands affably as he sipped his wine with Randley and Mumford in a quiet Broadway cafe.

"I am delight!" he gurgled enthusiastically as he arched his brows and lifted his glass of Burgundy. "It ees a pleasure—la, la! Ze watch—ah, how could I know you picked it up! But now—where ees it? For zat watch, I give a fortune—easily." He snapped his fingers airily to prove his contempt for fortunes. After a hearty draught of wine, he resumed: "I accept your commission, Mistair Randley. I find ze girl—sure. It ees difficult—var. Today I visit Pathé Freres. Zer I get a present of ze feelm. Zen I study ze young lady! Pouf, soon we have her, even if fairst we gaze into ze eyes of all ze young ladies in ze world. Soon or later—soon or later!"

"Make it soon," Randley urged, nettled at the hopelessness of his quest.

"By George!" Le Croix breathed, as he half arose from his chair. The others turned their heads quickly in the direction of his gaze. Three persons had entered the cafe—Larry Condax, Ethel Laverne and—Dr. Laverne. Mumford alone smiled. So his note had done its deadly work? Well! A great warmth stole over him. He was admitting to himself that he was clever. In only one point had his cleverness failed. That was knowledge of how the watch had vanished from Randley's jealous guardianship, and how it could have found Miss Mollaine so unerringly. His correspondence with Miss Sinclair had apprised him of these incidents. His own detectives had gathered together the scattered threads of the Laverne record. Back of it all was a deep purpose: The love-germ was creeping into his own soul. Hearing little else than the impassioned speeches of his friend, Randley, was calculated to awaken memories in his own sluggish spirits. What had been a lark in the beginning was shaping itself into a tense quest. That quest made necessary

the permanent removal of Dr. Laverne from the path of romance.

"Ah, ze doctair—ze dear doctair!" Le Croix breathed fervently. "He has come—la! See, his beautiful sister ees now in need of heem—ah! I already feel ze velvet touch of Mistair Conway's thousands. Ze police—bah! What are ze police as compare with ze great Le Croix—uh?" He patted his chest proudly until it echoed like the drumming of a partridge.

"My Gawd!" Ethel gasped, "there's that frog-eatin' cop and his Frisco friends. It was the tall guy, Horace, as had the watch."

"The watch Grace received?" the physician queried anxiously. Ethel nodded her sullen affirmation. Through Laverne's mind ran the tragic facts leading up to his present predicament. He recounted them hastily as he attempted to still the aridity of his throat with a copious draught of cognac. The liquor merely added to the fire. On the night of April 7, while in New York City, during one of his numerous missions to straighten out his sister's ever-increasing complications, he had met a party of southern friends. With them was the beautiful young heiress, Miss Conway. He had joined a house-party, and during the night, Miss Conway was taken violently ill. He had attended her—had administered medicine. Before morning she had died. Numerous gems and considerable money had vanished. A watch she had worn was among the missing treasures—the same watch he had dug out of the soil in the Sinclair garden when Miss Mollaine had fainted; the same watch his sister had just confessed possessing! The physician gulped another brandy as the panorama of tragic incidents raced across the screen of his mind. The coroner's inquest revealed a subtle poison in Miss Conway's viscera. The object of self destruction was missing. The theory of homicide alone was tenable. So straightforward had been Dr. Laverne's testimony, no suspicion was diverted to him—and yet, two days later he had discovered the identical drug in a vial in his medicine case! From that moment on, his sister and Larry Condax were guilty in his mind. Now it was a question of waiting for the law's long arm—and the presence of Etienne Le Croix was almost more than his ragged nerves could bear.

Dr. Laverne felt a strange tension in his head. Then something snapped like the breaking of a dry twig. His high moral sense slumbered. He gazed lovingly at Ethel and Larry. The instinct of crime had claimed him. His sole purpose centered itself in locating the author of the anonymous note to Miss Sinclair. He could feel the throat of the guilty person crushing beneath his strong fingers. Dr. Laverne had gone mad—and a mad light burned in his eyes. Somehow, he associated Randley and Mumford with his misfortunes, and plotted an artistic revenge.

(To be continued.)

THE SCREAM CLUB—WHY?

(Continued from page 17)

that he could not well have been chosen for any other position. Blessed with a deep bass voice this provident person takes down something like a dollar a word for writing comedies. (and the world knows him and owes him). Anyone who writes comedies is beyond the pale. We have nothing good to say of this man.

Don Meany of the Universal is the Assistant Janitor, and is as fit (by being totally unfit) as the man he is supposed to support. He DOES support him with satisfaction to the Club like an unfriendly bull pup. Don Meany has a good job now and it is quite probable that he will be chuckled out of the Club the next time it meets. He is doing so well that he is not longer eligible.

What shall we say of J. C. Jensen, the Screamer Solicitor and the head of the Membership Committee? There are times when it is more charitable, christian-like to say but little, and this is the case with the man who is responsible for the dragging in of many uneligible and suffering members. Jensen writes things ("things" is good) for the Motion Picture News and they published his picture once—just once. Look at it and you will ap-

preciate all that has been said of him. Billy Bitzer, the man who turns the crank for David W. Griffith is the Screamer Shooter and is a member, because he most emphatically refused to be one. He has threatened to live up to his position and do some wholesale shooting and who can blame him?

Russell E. Smith, the Screamer Scripter was taken into the Club, not because he deserved to be a member but because he presents such a contrast to the President. When he stands with his legs akimbo Bennie plays choo-choo trains and uses Smith's legs for a tunnel and Bennie does not have to stoop to do it either. Russell has a pet project, he loves the photoplay schools and writes nice things about them. He is a good PAL and writes seventeen photoplays, more or less each week for side recreation.

Frank E. Woods was taken into the Screeners on "Spec." It is thought that the Club made a mistake and he is being closely watched.

There is a Screamer Saint, far be it from us to criticize him, but we who know this Richard Willis person can testify that he is as unsaintly as he could be and that is why he was chosen. He did NOT accept the po-

sition, it was put upon him. From our own observation (in the looking glass) he is really too good looking, too bright and altogether too valuable a member of society to be a Screamer at all, and he is the only person in the whole disorganization that we can speak well of and we know him well.

There are other members. Some are so nearly fitted for membership that they are beneath notice. Others are not silly enough to deserve mention here. We have merely mentioned the unworthy notables.

To sum them up, to sum the Club up, why be a Screamer? Nobody knows and nobody cares! We were tagged and are "it." The Screeners is a Club because it ain't—one cannot really be a member with brains, although Hon. William J. Bryan and several other Chautauquers have been suggested and turned down.

The Editor of this paper requested an article on the Screamer Club, here it is. I trust I have made myself clear because, if I have, I will be promptly expelled. What more could I ask? I thank you for the opportunity to scream. Farewell!

WEST COAST STUDIO JOTTINGS

NEWS OF THE PHOTOPLAYERS IN SOUTHERN CALIFORNIA

There have been several changes at the American Company studios. William D. Taylor, one of the best producers in the business, has gone to Santa Barbara and will take the big responsibilities of "Diamond From the Sky" serial in hand, with Irving Cummings and Lottie Pickford as his leads. This serial is said to be going strongly. Harry Pollard and Margarita Fischer have left for a month's vacation and their future plans are not announced, but it is intimated that they have something big up their sleeves.

Harold Lockwood is the bright, particular star at the American and has just been featured in "The House of a Thousand Scandals," which is a strong melodrama with several powerful punches, one of which is the blowing up of a big house, a remarkable piece of realism. Harold, the restless, takes periodical trips to Los Angeles in his big King Eight car.

Myrtle Stedman and Herbert Standing are the only original remaining members of the Bosworth Incorporated Company at the Occidental Studios. Miss Stedman is their great stand-by and has been doing remarkable work of late.

The Smalleys who left the Bosworth Inc. Company, have completed two big features at the Universal, their original "home." The first, is called "Scandal," being a sensation-ally good photoplay, in which Lois Weber (who wrote the play) and Phillips Smalley take the leads. They have laid out an ambitious programme.

Another newcomer to the big "U," who has fully justified her being identified with the features, is that versatile and finished little actress, Adele Lane. She is under the direction of Burton King and they make a great alliance, for both have had varied experience and are consummate artists.

Here is a prediction; a very young actress has left the Universal and has gone to the American. Her name is

By BESS POWERS

Helen Rosson, and I prophesy that she is going to make a popular artist. Watch her work and see! She will probably work in the same company with Lockwood and May Allison.

Out at the New York Motion Picture Corporation camp, Santa Monica way, some great work is being done and none better than by two of the "regular" companies. Bessie Barriscale and Charles Ray are showing their quality in an unnamed feature, which enlists both to advantage and Richard Stanton is giving a series of sea-stories which are classics in their way. He not only directs but assumes his own leads and he is a virile actor and takes to "water-stuff" as though he loved it.

Vivian Rich has received a programme from Barcelona, Spain. It was sent her by the exhibitor who translated the nice things said about her. They evidently like her type of beauty in Spain and indeed she looks rather Spanisheque, so to speak, with her dark beauty and coal black hair.

Lots happening these days and lots of changes. Henry Walthall has departed for Chicago to start his engagement with the Essanay company. I do not think there is a single member of the photoplay colony who did not hate to have him leave us, for he is as fine a fellow as he is an actor and one could not well say more. Then delightful Pauline Bush has left the Universal and it is well known that she will take a rest and has a standing opening ready for her when she is prepared to take it. We are hoping that she will not leave the city for she is another artist who could not well be parted with.

I came across three juvenile leading men this week and curiously enough all three of them are appearing in two photoplays at once. It is a coincidence of course. Carlyle Blackwell, who has signed for a long

term contract with the Lasky people is playing opposite Laura Hope Crews in "Blackbirds" under the direction of J. P. McGowan. He is also finishing up a photoplay opposite to Blanche Sweet. Then good looking young Tom Forman of the same company is the juvenile "heavy" in "The Marriage of Kitty" which stars Fanny Ward (my! how remarkably young this actress looks—she is a wonder!) and he also appears with Charlotte Walker in "Kindling." Charles Ray is the third for he plays the son to the father of Frank Keenan and is also appearing as a young army officer in another picture. Strenuous days for juvenile leads.

Harold Lockwood of the American company has been doing "stunts" and has been making the professional stunts look stunted. This last week he allowed himself to be swept off a horse by an overhanging branch. He came a good cropper, too. Then he and Ehfe had a fight which will be as realistic as anything which has ever been done and Harold got a buggy nose and several contusions and remarked with glee "you ought to see the other fellow." Finally he had parts of a mill fall upon his as the swollen waters swept him down stream—a splendid bit of realism. He likes it!

Among other prominent stage stars with us are the famous English actor, Cyril Maude and Raymond Hitchcock, who is thoroughly enjoying his work for the Keystone company. Both have been much feted and dined. Myrtle Stedman is appearing with Maude in "Peer Gynt" following her fine work with George Fawcett. They all like to have Miss Stedman playing with them owing to her experience and her pleasantness. She is always the same.

It is now settled that David W. Griffith's next big feature will be "The Quest of the Holy Grail" and arrangements are already under way for the necessary preparations. It will not be started yet awhile, however.

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Announcement

Beauty, and the pride and joy of it, is universal—something desired by every woman, admired by every man.

While the theatrical stage is partial to fair faces and fine figures, the skillful "make-ups" and the witchery of lights, too frequently induce illusions.

The Silent Drama is the reflection of the camera—the most exacting register of all that comes within its eye. Lights, music, surroundings cannot swerve its truthful reflection. Consider then, the demand upon the film favorites for the maintenance of their natural charm. Where is there as great a field of study of this accomplishment?

Movie Pictorial, inspired by this vital requisite of the silent drama's many favorites, has established a department which will be conducted by an eminent specialist, to be known as, Margery Moore's Beauty Corner. In making this announcement, Movie Pictorial is pleased to publish a letter from Margery Moore.

Editor Movie Pictorial

I have followed moying pictures with growing interest for visualizing personal attractiveness, and am forced to admit the exactitude of the camera in revealing faults, and likewise in registering all the qualities that go to make up personal charm.

Conforming to your suggestion, I agree to co-operate with your publication and to give advice and answer questions.

Respectfully,

Margery Moore

Hereafter, this department will be found on this page. Accept, without hesitation, this invitation to write Margery Moore on any question pertaining to the subject. Enclose a self-addressed, stamped envelope to insure a reply as lack of space will prevent all inquiries being on this page. Address all communications to Margery Moore, care of Movie Pictorial, Chicago, Ill.

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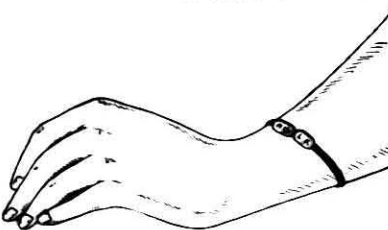
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THE SPLIT REEL

Indited to Mary

Mary Pickford, well I know many odes are penned to you, Some that rollic, flippant, free; some of deeper, sadder strain; But could I live in eons hence, I would ask no recompense Other than to view the films with Mary Pickford back again.

Carbon and oxygen form the ideal flame. A diamond is practically pure carbon. A meteor, coming in frictional contact with the atmosphere (fed by oxygen in the air), becomes a molten mass. Would a diamond from the sky survive? Echo answers: "It can't be did."

The Zoo Complete

Question: The goat is the wildest animal I know, yet I have never seen a goat in the Selig Zoo. Do they have a goat?

Answer: Sure—the actor who plays with the other* animals.

*Other is used in the sense of "various."

Helen-on-the-Spot

Oh, gee, see the railroad track!

Injine puffin' 'cross the fill.

Motor spinnin' down the hill, Bearin' bandits for attack.

Lord! A baby's on the rails!

Gosh, all-hemlock, close your eyes!

Kid's life's measured by the ties!

Here's where heroism fails!

Over yonder's other train,

Picnic party—happy, free,

Comin' head-on—Gee, oh, gee!

Somehthin's whirlin' in my brain!

Sidetracked box-car moves and roams—

Comin' toward the fatal switch!

Bandits, smash-up, baby—which?

Hooray! Here comes Helen Holmes!

A Fortunate Fortune

The modern fortune-teller stands behind the plate-glass window bright—

Golden hair and deep-blue eyes, gown of spotless, filmy white—

Cross her palm with silver, then just pass the portals of the night;

You find your fortune if a seat is waiting you at left or right!

A country correspondent writes: "What is this here Yes-and-Nay business—a legislature?" Mebbe—it has a Chaplin!

No, son, that crowd is not listening to President Wilson, or viewing an accident, or reading the war bulletins, or hunting bargains, or attending a prize-fight, or sampling at a food demonstration; it is awaiting breathlessly the opening of the doors for a Chaplin release!

Just Like the Sunday Film Page

No, Jim Cruze's eyes are not black—but this is written with reserve because Jim is driving his own car across the continent. Oh, yes, James is a good chofe—got pinched in Amsterdam, N. Y. (accent on last syllable). Indeed, C. C. is funny—one might say, most of the time, he's vurr', vurr' nutty. Oh, no, Mr. Anderson is on the job—only they ran out of Bronchos. Not Mary Pickford's own hair? Tut, tut, my dear—tut twice. No, Mary is not making the fortune you think. Each night she goes home, she finds her husband, Owen Moore!

Why is it necessary, in a movie gun fight, to push on pistols when firing them? Can a 20-mile-an-hour push assist a 3,000-foot-a-second bullet?

Inside a Romance Factory

(Continued from page 9)

I rose to my feet and held out my hand.

"I take it that I am meeting one of the actors," I greeted. "This is indeed a pleasure, for it is my ambition to soon become one of your profession."

"Nothing doing on that actor stuff," sighed the man with the cane.

And then the hirer of "extras" introduced us.

"This gentleman is our 'fixer,'" he explained. "When we need a railroad train to hold up, or a swell home to be used for a castle scene, he arranges things for us. If it weren't for him the fans would miss a good many treats, but you never see him in the pictures."

And then "the fixer" spoke.

"Young man," said "the fixer." "If you are a plumber somewhere, or a cigar clerk, a laundry wagon driver, go back to your job and become just the best plumber, or the best cigar clerk, or the best laundry wagon driver that there is in the business. You can be sure then of a certain degree of success. As a friendly tip, get this actor bug out of your head before it has to be starved or pounded out."

"You see," shrugged the hirer of "extras."

"All great actors have met with discouragements," I commented optimistically.

The hirer of "extras" turned back to his mail.

"Hopeless," he muttered as he continued to open letters, "utterly hopeless."

"Awe," I begged. "Put me in a mob scene. Let me carry a spear, announce that the carriage is waiting—something."

"You be out at nine in the morning," suggested the man in the pearl colored linen coat wearily. "Maybe 'Daddy' Baker can use you in that picture he's working on."

Back in the hall, on my way out of the factory, I passed a row of dressing rooms where there were now signs of activity. Through the open doorways I glimpsed men in shirt sleeves, their faces grease painted, their eye rims blackened. A woman tripped past me humming a late song. She didn't have anything on me. I also started to hum a late song. I, too, had broken into the game!

EDITOR'S NOTE—The next installment of "Inside a Romance Factory" will deal with Mr. Sweet's first day's experience as an "extra" film actor

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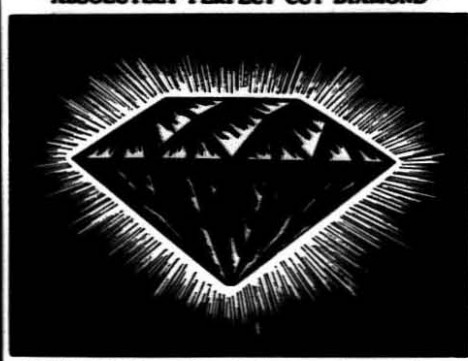
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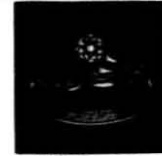
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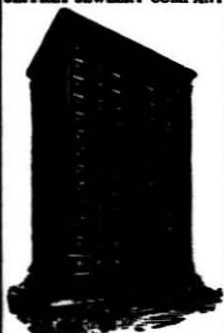
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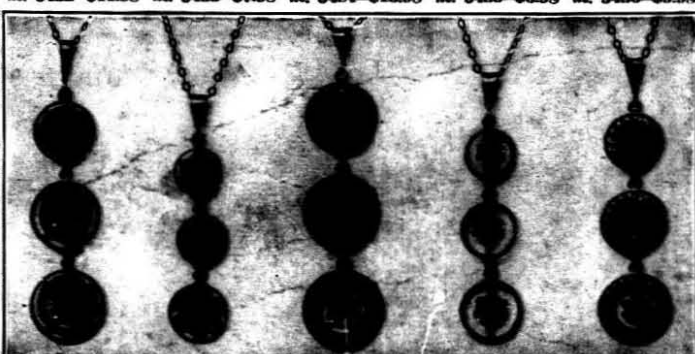
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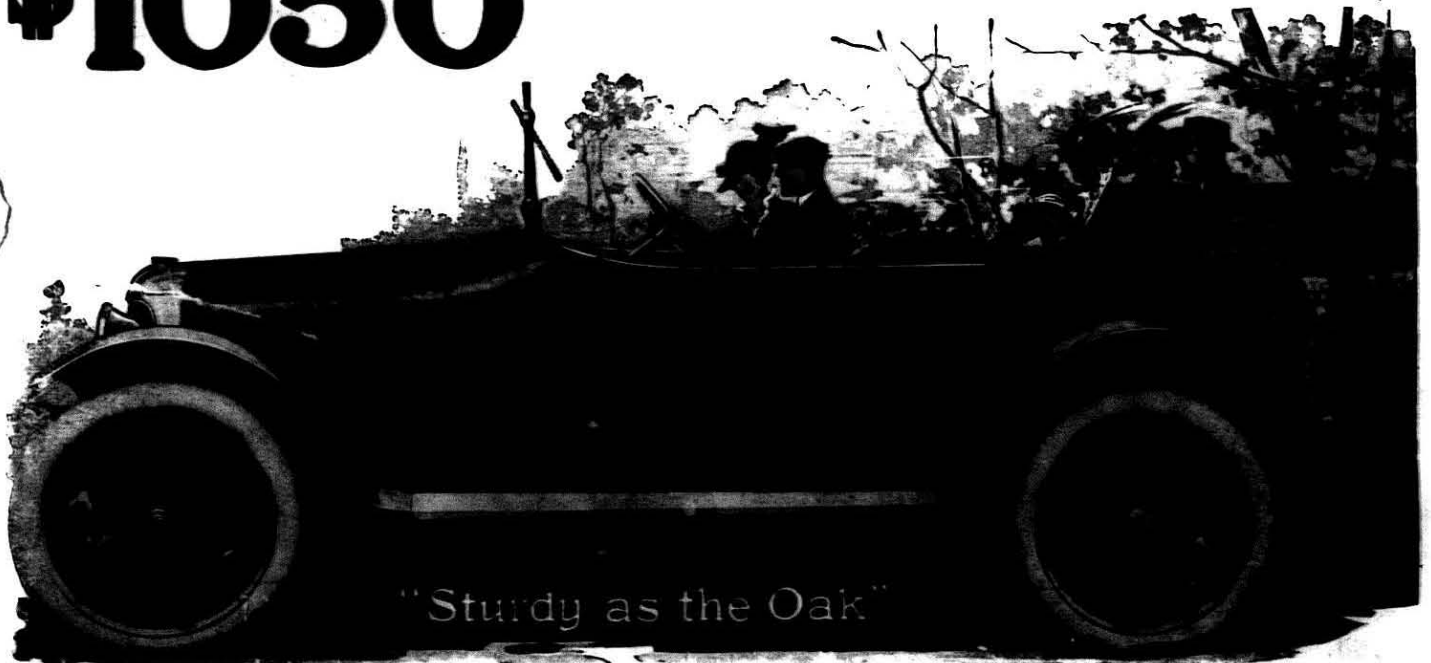
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Margarita Fischer as
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C. Elliott Griffen as
Dan Blair



Her graces bring
courtiers to her
dainty feet
pressing their
suits with titles
and riches.

Thus the "home-
town boy" finds
her unspoiled
by honors and
adulation. Then
just "we two"
far from the
dull roar of the
great city and
its mad'ning
crowds, forget-
ting the world,
but not by the
world forgotten
—the girl—his
girl—from his
town



MOVIE PICTORIAL

IN THE NIGHT COURT

By Mary Ridpath-Mann

ILLUSTRATED BY MILDRED LYON

THE editor pushed back his chair impatiently. It was almost time for the magazine to go to press. In his hand he held the story he had been waiting for and which, now that he had it, was impossible. What on earth could be the matter with Miss Landon? Until the last three months all he had ever had to say to her was "We want a story," and the story had always been ready and satisfactory. But the one for the January number had not been up to the standard. The February one had been worse. The one for March was out of the question. And it was not only the hopeless manuscript which troubled him, either. The necessity of telling her so was much more appalling. For the first time in five years she had turned in work that he could not use.

There was no use beating around the bush, however. He might just as well face the matter and get it over with. He touched a bell on his desk and the office boy appeared.

"Send Miss Landon in."

The boy started on his errand, but just as he was leaving the room Miss Landon herself came in. The editor pushed a chair toward her.

"Sit down," he said.

John Wetherell was a man among men. He had made himself, and as is always the case where men have made themselves there was much in him that never came to the surface. Under emotion or under pressure of business, his manner was so brusque as to be almost stern. But everybody who worked with him adored him. They had found that under that rough exterior beat a warm and very human heart. As one of the staff one day put it, "The 'boss' is tough and knotty on the outside, but he's tender and smooth on the inside!"

He sat for a moment regarding the woman before him. Self-reliance was written all over her in large type. She bore the unmistakable earmarks of the well-born. She was refined, brilliant, *different*. As he looked at her this morning it suddenly occurred to him that, after all, he knew very little about her. Five years ago she had suddenly appeared in his office with a story signed *Marion Landon*. He did not even know whether that was her real name or not. In fact, he had more than once surmised that it was not. But when he had read the story it had made him sit up and take notice! Since then she had brought him many and there had been no falling off in their merit until the last three months. Wetherell cleared his throat and when he spoke, his words were clipped off short.

"I was just sending for you, Miss Landon. I can't use your story."

She held out her hand for the manuscript.

"Very well."

That was all. He looked at her intently again. He could but observe the difference in her bearing from that of the hundreds of others to whom he had had to say the same thing. She was not a woman to cry out when struck. Not a shadow of change passed over her face. She rose from her chair. Evidently she intended saying nothing more. She held out her hand and he placed the manuscript in it. She turned to go, but when she was halfway across the room, Wetherell spoke again.

"Wait!", he said. "Don't go just yet. Won't you talk it over with me?"

She laughed, a laugh natural enough in itself but altogether without mirth.

"Why,—what is there to talk about?" she asked.



But she longed to be free, to just do whatever pleased her,—just to be happy.

"A story is good or else it isn't. You can use it or else you can't. What more can be said?"

"Several things. In the first place, I want to know *why* it isn't good? Is your literary spark-plug out of condition? Do you need a vacation? If so, take it, and come back to us when you feel right again. If you need,—if your—salary—, well,—that w. be all right, you know."

When he glanced at her again she was looking straight at him with eyes as clear as spring water

and as blue as June skies. Her level gaze was disconcerting. Something in it made him turn away.

"You are very kind."

Was there sarcasm in her words? If so, it was so subtle that for the life of him, experienced man of the world that he was, he could not determine. Suddenly she glanced down at the manuscript she was holding in her hand and began tearing it into long strips. Then she laughed again.

"Don't think I do not know how bad it is," she said. "I do. It's rotten. But, after all, it is you, not I, who need the vacation."

"Why so?"

"Oh,—you've fallen into the habit of viewing life from your office window, twelve stories up," she answered. "Down below, on the street, the world is moving. It's moving *fast*. It's going at a gait hitherto unheard of in the history of the race. You know, Mr. Wetherell," she broke off, "it's the *women* who are doing the reading nowadays. The men *haven't time*. And it's the things that make for progress, for the welfare of humanity (which in this case is *Woman*) that they want to read about. But these are the things which you who control the press are determined they shall not read. So every day the newspapers and every month the magazines deal them out the same old dope. They're tired of it. They won't read it any longer. They are wearied to death of beautiful theories and glittering generalities dealt out to them by the men. They want realities. They *know things* that they want the rest of the world to know. But these are the things you will not print."

WETHERELL sat up, electrified. He realized that there was a depth to this woman which he had never sounded before. How splendid she was! Moreover, he had an uncomfortable feeling that she knew what she was talking about. He looked at her thoughtfully as she stood before him, wearing her enigmatical smile, but with something in her face that he had never noticed there before. He decided to hear what she had to say,—that is, if he could get her to say it.

"And just what is it," he drawled, "—this wonderful lubricant that is oiling the machinery of the universe? Suffrage? New Thought? Eugenics?"

She looked at him again with that penetrating glance which seemed to go all the way through him and come out on the other side.

"N—no," she replied, with a little hesitation. "N—not Eugenics—yet. That's a subject far too vast to move rapidly. And it has descended upon us too suddenly for mankind at large to comprehend. It is just like some great, blazing comet. It skidded into our ken without warning. But—it will never skid out! It has come to stay. The trouble is that in order to understand Eugenics men must think as gods. As yet very few dwell on Olympus, you know. The many still prefer the dog show. But it will solve itself in time. That is already proved."

"Proved? In what way?"

"In the way men's ideals are changing. Why,—you know yourself that a generation ago when a man wanted a wife he looked for a 'perfect lady'—one of those pale, delicate, *spirituelle* creatures who fainted away at sight of a mouse."

"Well?"

"Well,—nowadays he hunts up the captain of the basket ball team!"

The editor suppressed a smile. But she was too absorbed in her own thoughts to observe it.

"No," she went on, "the world is moving because the same motive power that has always made it move is still on the job. Injustice breeds rebellion. Rebellion breeds revolution. Revolution makes the wheels of progress turn. But the cause of this rebellion is a much simpler thing than Eugenics. It's money."

"Money?"

"Money. In other words, it is the financial dependence of the wife on the husband. No French Revolution ever equalled the one that is now brewing because of it. And when the explosion comes, it will be heard around the world. You know, the seed which caused the French Revolution was planted in 1250. It was not till five hundred years later that there was fighting in Paris! Do you want me to tell you what it is that has given birth to the suffrage movement, or the feminist movement, or whatever one may choose to name the terrible unrest which now possesses the souls of women? Money. Don't you believe it? Why—that is another thing which has already proved itself. Read the proof in the splendid women you see every day who have elected not to marry. There's a whole worldful of them! Time was when men would have said that it was because they never had a chance. They no longer lay that flattering unction to their souls. They know better. Oh, I know what you are going to say," she broke off as Wetherell looked as though he were about to protest. "You are going to sing the old song that all this may have been true once, but that nowadays most men,—the right kind of men, give their wives a separate bank account. Well, that's a point on which you are mistaken. Most men don't. Why—have you ever been in the Court of Domestic Relations?" she asked suddenly.

"No."

"Well," and her voice dropped low as though she were about to impart something in confidence. "I was there—last night!"

THE editor turned quickly away lest she should detect the gleam in his eyes. He scented a story after all. She seemed to be talking at, not to him. She had the manner of one who was speaking to herself,—just thinking aloud. Wetherell was a man of experience in the literary game. He knew when to keep still.

"You don't know Judge Grey, then? Well, he is that most fortunate of God's creatures, a man with the wisdom of years and the heart of youth. I've known him ever since I was a little child. He presides over the night session of the Court. You know, when people have sorrows they shun the glare of the daylight as much as possible. Well, Judge Grey is a *Heart Specialist*. I have standing permission to visit his Court. Sometimes I go there in search of stories. Never once have I failed to find them, and when I have, they have been the *real thing*. Last night, just after I got there,—a man came in. He was the kind of a man who instantly attracts attention,—clean-cut,—looked as if his thoughts were as clean as his body. He was immaculate, and less than thirty. But when he took off his hat I saw streaks of gray in his hair. He had suffered,—was still suffering. His face was that of a man whom you instinctively trust, the kind of a man you can—*love*, you know. His eyes were dark and deep set and sad. The woman he had come there to meet, his wife, was near his own age, perhaps a little younger. She was fair and had very blue eyes, and with her was a boy of four. The moment the man entered the room he looked up and saw her. Then he walked straight to her and said:

"Good evening, dear."

"The mother of the boy looked up, but her eyes fell immediately after a murmured reply to his greeting. Well,—you just ought to have heard and seen what happened afterward. Such a tragedy as it was! I suppose Judge Grey had heard a thousand similar ones although he listened so sympathetically. There was something about the personality of these two that seemed to make it so vital a thing. He turned to the woman first and said in the kindest voice, 'Just tell me all about it. You know I want to help you both.' So the woman spoke first.

"She told her story simply. Both her parents had died just as she was finishing college. All her father's wealth had vanished at the time of his death. While in college she had been the intimate friend and chum of Helen Garver, daughter of the Governor of the State. After the crash came the Governor had asked her to act as his private secre-

tary. She had held that responsible and high-salaried position for five years. As a girl she had always had her own allowance. She had met her husband when he came east to be best man at the wedding of his old college chum with whom, since their graduation, he had been associated in business and who was to marry her friend, the daughter of the Governor. She and her husband had fallen desperately in love with each other at their first meeting, and when, on the day of the wedding, the bride had tossed her bouquet at the bridesmaids and she had been the lucky one to catch it, he had persuaded her that it was intended to be so. A short time after the wedding of their friends they, too, had been married and had followed them to the coast. Success, financial and social, had come to them. He had given her a lovely home. She had become a social favorite. Her husband adored her and was proud of her social success. But she had soon found a flaw in her happiness. He had seemed unable to grasp one vital fact. All her life she had

The editor sat tipped back in a chair toying with a paper knife which he had picked up from the desk. He was afraid to speak lest she should stop. In a moment she resumed the story just where she had left off.

"The woman talked on. Her manner became a little more intense, although she spoke in the low, even tone of the well-bred. She said that she had found her position at last intolerable. Like many another woman (as she had since discovered) she found herself with unlimited credit and sometimes without car fare. Often when she was urged to join her friends at lunch down town or go to the matinee she had been forced to decline. True, she might have had it for the asking. She was willing to acknowledge that. But why should she be forced to ask for money for some simple pleasure when her husband cheerfully and willingly paid for everything else? One afternoon, she related, she had been at an informal little gathering where it was

suddenly decided to play Bridge. She had found herself in a position where she could not refuse to play and at the end of the game was in debt. Only the accidental presence of Helen at the same table had prevented her having to acknowledge that she neither had money nor could give a cheque. Helen had taken in the situation and passed her purse to her under the table, thus enabling her to meet her loss. During her five years as the Governor's secretary she had saved a little. She now began using it, and after a while, it, too, was gone. The woman stopped talking for a moment. The Judge waited in silence for her to go on.

"It was not till she had found that a new little life was coming that things had suddenly reached a climax. Feeling not quite herself, perhaps a little oversensitive, she was still keeping the knowledge to herself. But she longed to be free to just do whatever pleased her,—just to be happy. One day she had had a sudden desire to go to the Symphony Concert and had found herself, as usual, without money. But she asked for it. And he had put it into her hands promptly and with a kiss. But while he still held her hands in his own he had said, 'Twice as much if you will tell me what you want it for!' She had hesitated a moment before replying, and in her hesitation he had fancied she was concealing some weighty secret which she did not wish him to know. He had dropped her hand suddenly and left the house without saying good-bye. When the woman

related this episode, the man who had been sitting quietly, sprang to his feet as though to protest. But it was not yet his turn. He sat down again. The woman went on.

"A FEW days later she had gone to an afternoon reception. As she entered the cloak room she had been startled to hear her own name spoken by a little group of women standing near. She had stepped behind a screen and had been overwhelmed and crushed to discover that her financial status was public property, although she had never mentioned it to a soul. She had heard her own and her husband's names tossed about like a football. One of the women was wondering whether her husband thought that tickets to the matinee, losses at Bridge, ice-cream soda and car fare could be charged. Another had scornfully ventured the opinion that no woman need try to play the social game on credit,—that Society demanded returns in cold cash. A third, one of her own best friends, had remarked thoughtfully that a man with a wife like herself had better take heed where he stood,—that he must remember that she knew how to make money, and that



"The man's dark eyes glowed like stars. The woman's were wet with weeping. But the boy's arms were tight around Daddy's neck and he was laughing gleefully

been financially independent. She had never had to ask anyone for money."

Miss Landon paused in her recital as though trying to recall some detail. Then she went on.

"She had one day gone to spend the day with her old friend, Helen. While there she had idly picked up the latter's bank book which was lying on the little desk in her room. Helen told her that Bob had given it to her the day they were married and had laughingly washed his hands of her personal expenses. That night she had timidly suggested to her husband that he make a similar arrangement for her. He had looked at her in astonishment, then swept her into his arms, told her how much he loved her, that she could have anything she wanted, but—why bother her pretty head about money? She could have all her bills sent to him. He enjoyed paying them. In the face of his tenderness she could say nothing more. It had always been so whenever she attempted to return to the subject. He had closed the avenue of approach. The man who stood silently by while the woman talked dropped into a chair and covered his face with his hands. I—I could have sworn."

she'd quit him if he didn't look out! In her hiding place behind the screen she had waited only long enough for them to get out of the room. Then she had slipped away and gone home. The seeds of discontent were too deeply planted to be uprooted. She had begun to long for her old life of financial independence,—yes, and to be willing to exchange her present one, even at what bitter cost she knew that exchange must be made, for it. For a week or two she had thought it over, striving to be just to her husband, to herself, to the child that was coming. She loved her husband. She was satisfied that he loved her. And she had made one final effort to talk it over with him, but with the same result. She had found herself close in his arms and had heard him saying against her ear, "It makes me wretched to think that you won't ask me for money. If you loved me you would not care! Why do you mind it?" After that she had known that it would never be different. He could not understand. She could never be happy under such an arrangement, and if she were not happy,—what of her child?

"One day when her husband had been called away from town on business she had packed a suitcase and taken the train for the east. That had been five years ago. She had not seen or heard from him again until three months ago. In fact, he had not been able till then to find where she was. Now, however, he was begging her to return. She wanted

to do what was right and best for them both and for the boy. Their friends were urging them to fix it up. But she had not been able to persuade herself that to do so would mean happiness for either of them. She had agreed to his request, however, to submit the matter to some one older and more experienced than themselves. For that reason they had come to Judge Grey. When the woman reached this point in her story she threw off for the first time the self-repression under which she had talked. "I would do it again!" she cried. "It makes no difference how much a man may love his wife, nor how truly he may wish her happiness! Marriage, when it is based upon financial dependence, upon financial inequality, is like the house that is divided against itself. It can not stand."

"Well, the woman was done. She had no more to say. The man sat miserable and silent. Unable to sense the tragedy in the scene around him the boy played about the room. The Judge turned to the man and asked him to talk and to speak as freely as his wife had done."

Again the teller of the story halted. Wetherell still toyed with the paper knife. He was afraid to take notice of her silence. You could have heard a pin drop in the office. Her voice took on a deeper tone as she continued.

"I shall see that man's face as long as I live," she said. "I shall hear his voice. Manfully he admitted

that she had told the simple truth. He had been blind, stupid. But it was because he could not understand. He had wanted her to be happy,—still wanted her to be. Instead he had made her miserable. He had never known women as some men know them. He could not even remember his own mother. He had never had any sisters. Suddenly he ceased addressing the Judge and broke forth in burning, passionate words to the woman herself.

"Won't you believe me, Dear? Oh, won't you?" he asked. "Won't you try to think that I did not realize how I was making you suffer? You have spoken of the day I left you without saying goodbye. Well, little girl, you don't know all that there is to tell about that day. When I got outside I was horrified, overcome at the thought of what I had done. I could think of nothing except that I loved you and perhaps had been mistaken. I went back to tell you so. But when I looked through the door I saw you open your hand and let the money I had given you roll out on the table. Then you took your handkerchief and brushed off the palm of your hand as though it had been something unclean. I—I changed my mind about going in. I went back down the steps."

"As he talked he moved nearer to the woman. She seemed to have shrunk within herself. Perhaps she was fighting to keep from surrendering to the

(Continued on Page 24)

Blanche Sweet, Idealist

BY RICHARD WILLIS

THE morning glory of the films—dainty as the incense-laden breath of her sunny California—the soul of art and the exponent of its most subtle touches: Blanche Sweet.

She lives and breathes the true artistry of the films, and has searched her soul for art's mirrored depths, and yet her art is so perfectly rounded, we refer to her as "natural"; art's highest test, for art itself is not natural; only its impressions are natural and harmonious.

As Gertrude Hoffmann's most select dancer, Miss Sweet instilled in her that symmetry that has made her the Lady Graceful of the films. And yet her experience on the legitimate stage was so limited, she came to the screen with none of the deep-rooted prejudices that have been the heritage of so many. Screenland seemed her natural habitat; she was one of the favorite and favored daughters of the photographic realm of make-believe from the very first time she appeared.

She originates and her origination comes from the depths of her heart and mind. It is this magnetism that we feel—this something that is neither photography nor ordinary film art. And—she is pretty—with a myriad expressions ready to play over her features like sunshine and shadows over a flower-covered field. She reflects the lightest mood as cleverly and as artistically as she reflects the deepest passions, and Miss Sweet makes us feel what she has felt; we live on the screen with her, because the screen is her workshop, her studio, wherein she blends the colorings of her soul.

Blanche Sweet has a daintiness that has compelled the world to take her to its heart. The world loves her—and she loves the world. Where else could come this wedding of her art to the public taste?

Miss Sweet is different—so essentially different that we see it when she greets us on the screen; not because of the things she does so beautifully, but because of the uglier things she leaves undone—another test of art that many could follow profitably. Some overdo and some underdo—but there is a line between—a feathery line that the eye can not see and the critics can not define. It is the great middle-ground where art finds itself, and where Miss Sweet found art, and where she abides.

But with all her gentleness and talent, she is not aloof. She is not a being apart. She is enabled, through that greater art, to project her thoughts, her feelings to those who watch the screen; and the watchers catch the vibrant message and respond, in laughter or in tears, in sighs or in smiles, just as Miss Sweet wills—just as she felt when she played the part.

She has constructed a pedestal for the film player's art, and thereon she has placed—not herself, but her ideals. They look over her and govern her,



and in the still hours they talk to her, as though they were her good spirits, looking after her artistic welfare.

And when she plays, she is no longer in a land of reality, but she is in this Ideal realm, where her higher thoughts and greater purposes have full

sway, and guide her to do those seemingly simple little things that makes art blend in her work.

Directors have left their impress on her, but only insofar as she chose to select. She has taken their best guidance, and has analyzed it, and when it has run through the mill of her talents, it has come forth the refined product of her skill. Blanche Sweet has not been "made" by any producer; rather, she has profited by what they could teach, and she has perfected herself.

Once, with the Biograph company in England, she was known as Daphne Dane, but since, they have learned her name—and adore her more as the months and years speed by. And America loves her—and Australia, and the tropics—and the far and near places, where the same manner of souls reside, waiting to be awakened by the touch of art.

Her enjoyments are healthy, her view of life broad. She believes in people—and she has faith in herself, and most of all she feels that her part of the world's work is to help others through the medium of the screen. This is her work and it is her life. Before the eye of the camera, she lives—lives richly in a universe that she has created; a universe of sentiments and expression, of art and feeling; a universe where there are many brilliant lights, but no greater star.

The gods of the screen have claimed her as their own, and she has become their darling elect. And if these were not truths, Blanche Sweet would not be Blanche Sweet. We can think of her only as she is, and we never wish to think about her in any other way.

In all her roles, she has that "something different" in her art. As "Judith," as whatever part she interprets, she puts into her work—art; art idealized.

Power, poise, simplicity—all these blend in this superb actress of the screen. She radiates the personality that has captivated millions; she leaves her impress on the memory of those who have watched her in the films.

Men and women alike adore and love her, and desire that she may always be the same Blanche Sweet. As though she detected the sentiment, as though her eyes could really see from the screen, Miss Sweet responds.

She proves that it is acting that makes the play—not the play that makes the actress. Interpretative art goes beyond the settings and action of the scenario, and transcends the energy of the director.

In the Temple of the Heart, she watches the incense of art lift slowly, and wafts its sweetness away beyond the altar—far out along the highways and byways, where its sweetness may be enjoyed by the multitude—the great and the lowly, the mighty and the others; all devotees of this fair goddess of the ideals of the screen—Blanche Sweet.

Salisbury Wild Life Pictures

TO TAKE animal pictures properly one must be a genuine nature lover. It is difficult for you, who watch this easy pictorial procession on the swift stream of the film, to imagine the vicissitudes encountered in securing such pictures. They all meant care, patience and sore trial. How would you like to stand in a fever infested swamp, up to your hips in water, tortured by mosquitoes hour after hour, waiting for the possible chance of game coming within the range of your camera? It means days of exposure, long chill nights of hardship—this quest of the denizens of the wild in their natural haunts.

The writer has experienced these perils, in detail, in tediousness and in variety. I have had my best camera man, worn to the quick by the terrible task, refuse to go a step farther on such pictorial pilgrimages. I recall once he "struck" when we were four hundred miles from anywhere. We were certainly wearied, lugging an eighty-pound camera day in and day out, yet not coming upon a single quarry worth taking.

Jim (we will call him that though it is not his name) finally dropped his freight and declared himself.

"Doctor, I refuse to go another foot."

"Very well," said I, "suppose you go back home at once," knowing perfectly well that he would not do anything of the sort because no man, under any ordinary circumstances, is going to cut loose from his source of supply and travel four hundred miles on foot through wilds, alone. He would rather stay where he knows he is going to get at least one square meal whenever there is an opportunity to cook it. And so it transpired that Jim stayed with us, and the pictures which so many renowned naturalists, and thousands of motion picture fans have enthusiastically applauded, were eventually taken.

Operating a camera in taking wild-life pictures, is not simply pressing a bulb as your subjects obligingly come in front of the camera and assume a pose of easy nonchalance. It means threading the forest or morass, scaling cliffs or roosting in high trees. Frequently it involves the erection of blinds that in conformation and color correspond with the surroundings. On the Pelican Isle, we constructed bush blinds that were so close in "protective-coloring" to the environment that on coming to the blind next day, we had to hunt for an hour or two before we could find them.

The test of one's patience is not confined to the mere building or the waiting for hours or days in one spot—after all the work of preparation and taking the picture has been accomplished, accidents may intervene to spoil the film. I recall waiting for days to get a good view of some shy

By EDWARD A. SALISBURY

Can you picture the fight of the cameraman with the young eaglets in the nest, while hours

were spent getting the camera in position in the topmost branches of the tree—facing a drop of one thousand feet to the lake below if he lost his footing. Yet this particular picture was obtained and subsequently we captured the savage young birds and sent them to the Zoological Gardens.

The impelling motive for my taking these pictures was to supply the Scientific Institutions with the life and habits of wild animals, many of which were rapidly becoming extinct. It was only after it had been suggested by the great educational institutions, that I presented them to the public.

By reason of this and because I do not believe in destroying wild life except in so far as is necessary for food, the taking of these pictures took on certain phases of unusual difficulty. It is one thing to face an eight-foot mountain lion with a repeating rifle—then at least you are sure of as much protection as your aim and nerve afford. However, when you are facing the same animal, armed only with a camera; drive him to a tree and remain under it all night with possibilities of his jumping upon you any moment, the difference in that situation from the ordinary hunt is realized. Ordinarily it is considered advisable to keep as far away from mountain lions as the range of one's rifle will permit.



herons. Eventually two male birds came into range and engaged in a duel. The camera man at once got busy, and the warriors were so fiercely engaged, we congratulated ourselves that at least a thousand feet of the most interesting bird fight ever seen by man, had been safely secured. Imagine our chagrin when we discovered upon developing the film, that a blade of grass had blown across the lens and all the trying work had been for naught. These pictures were taken on the United States Biological Reservations—where it is doubtful human foot had ever before, trod.

I remember another instance of the taking of an eagle's nest in a tree a thousand feet above the surface of a neighboring lake. Can you conceive the difficulties of climbing a pine tree centuries old, with an eighty-pound camera in one hand and a stout stick in the other so as to keep off the mother eagle lest she claw your eyes out with her beak?

OUR dogs had struck a scent of this particular lion early in the day, and we, with heavy cameras and other paraphernalia necessary to bring the quarry home alive, set out with only a sandwich for breakfast, on what proved to be a forty-mile run. If you have ever tried running forty miles, carrying any weight at all, you can appreciate what this entailed. And when you endeavor to keep up with full blooded hunting dogs who are hard on the trail of mountain lions, take my word for it, you have something before you in the way of physical exercise.

We reached the tree shortly before dusk and took a couple of pictures, directly facing the sun, of the most magnificent specimen of a living mountain lion that I have ever beheld—eight feet from tip to tip. Curly, the leader, whom I believe to be the best big game dog in the world, was so savagely ambitious to reach the monster that he tried to bite the tree down, but as it was several feet in diameter, he did not make such progress.

Night was fast falling, and we came to the conclusion that if any pictures were to be taken in connection with this capture, we must wait until morning. The night settled very cold. We, however, had been running forty miles and were thoroughly over-heated; yet we had to remain there.

Only babies! But look them in the eyes for significant expression! Just as winsome as other wee ones of the wild for the real nature lover.



freezing on one side, roasted on the other from the fires which were built, until the morning broke.

The camera man was all ready for the taking of the pictures some twenty feet away, when his mountain majesty had a sudden thought, and suiting it to action, gave a jump of twenty-five feet through the air, landing in another tree.

You could have hung your hat on the ball of the camera man's eye, and it was not until he had safely installed himself and his camera at more than fifty feet from the place where the mountain lion had landed, that we could proceed with our efforts to get this supreme picture. The place in which the lion landed was so surrounded with branches we could not reach him with our ropes. Every time we tried to lasso him, the rope would either land in the branches, or the animal was cute enough to throw it to one side with his paw. Poluse, an Indian half-breed, volunteered to undertake the task of routing him out. Up he went hand over hand, undaunted by the animal's apparent intention of springing on him. During the half-hour fight that followed between the native and the beast, and you may be sure we were all holding our breath for fear of a fatality, the lion finally retired puzzled and snarling to the end of a long limb overhanging the river.

With the quick perception of a woodsman, Poluse saw the advantage of this new position for him, and called for an ax. Supplying his demand and sensing his plan, we ran out into the ice cold water below, stationing the men here and there with

lassos, and feverishly awaited the fall of the "varmit" from the tree. Suddenly there was a loud crack, and branch and lion fell together with



He was eight feet from tip to tip

a monstrous splash, while dogs, men with ropes, all with one common object, made for the lion before he could either regain his foothold or drown.

Three ropes settled round his neck and with this trio, each pulling in a different direction while some beat off the dogs with the end of their lassos, we pulled him to the opposite bank; fastened a collar about his neck; securely tied his legs and succeeded in getting what many audiences have declared the most wonderful picture of its kind ever taken. Such a splashing, such a yowling, such a clicking of foam flecked jaws and ripping clawing, made the struggling animal a horrific example of fright and fury. There was no hesitancy on the part of our gunless hunters.

This hunting without a gun, without designs upon the life or happiness of the denizens of the wild and quiet places, is curiously fascinating not to remark hazardous for the hunter.

All sorts of game, fur, fin or feather, are keensighted, sharp-eared, singularly sensitive, so that the difficulties of capturing them with a clicking moving picture camera, are far removed from the mere taking of instantaneous snap-shots.

All wild life ends in tragedy—those that prey and those that are preyed upon—so, it is alert for, and suspicious of, every alien sound. They must become accustomed to the disturbing note of the camera, if one is to visualize them naturally. This all requires untiring patience, studied care and a "close-up" knowledge of the haunts and habits of the desirable subjects.

EDITOR'S NOTE.—This is the first of a series of three Salisbury stories. The second will appear in the September issue.

Inside a Romance Factory

PART II—MY FIRST EXPERIENCE AS AN "EXTRA"

By Oney Fred Sweet

THE moving picture actors' day begins at nine o'clock in the morning, and I made it a point to show up on time. I didn't intend to crab my career by not being punctual. No great demonstration attended my arrival at the Essanay studio. In fact, no one paid any attention to me but the office boy and he pointed his thumb toward the stairway that led to the basement. The motto on the door of the dressing room at the bottom of the stairway bore the label "Extra Gentlemen."

We were a great bunch—extra gentlemen who lounged about on the benches, waiting to be called by the directors. Certainly any sort of a type desired could be selected from our midst. There were flippant youths who wore late style hats on the backs of their heads; there were middle-aged men who had had years of barn storming experience; at least five of the men were wrinkled and gray.

There was something pathetic about these old men with "actor" written all over them, waiting eagerly for a chance to appear as an extra in a film at \$2.25 a day. Their hopes on the stage for which they had trained had vanished, and they realized that their chances for ever starring in the new field were slim. Sitting there, unwilling apparently to take part in any sort of conversation, they seemed occupied with reveries of the past and worries for the present and future. These men with deep, Sir Henry Irving lines down the sides of their hawk-like noses, and their eyes sparkling beneath shaggy, Joseph Jefferson eyebrows, seemed to take little interest in the new generation of film actors, who chatted about the "dolls" they had been out with the night before. Since that morning, I have, on attending the movies, recognized those old "extra gentlemen" in the roles of pompous senators and captains of industry and millionaire fathers.

No one attempted to make friends with me. The first I attracted any attention was when the assistant for Director "Daddy" Baker, passing along in front of the benches, motioned me to follow him. The assistant led me out into one of the main studios, where mansion settings and bar room scenes and miners' cabins were scattered about. No further than the frame formed in the camera's eye did these settings extend, and they looked frail like children's play houses.

I was not given much of a chance to observe the acting taking place in front of these settings for "Daddy" Baker, the camera man, the electricians, a couple of other "extras," and a gentleman with a cane and I were soon huddled into a big auto bus

and hustled away. I knew not where we were being hustled to. Why should an "extra" know?

I thought at first that the gentleman with the cane was an actor, but his eyebrows weren't penciled nor was there any rosy stuff on his lips. I soon discovered that he was of more importance to the production of a scenario than any ordinary character who is raved over upon the showing of the finished film down in Paducah or out in Ottumwa, or up in Grand Forks. The gentleman with the cane was "the fixer." Although he was a youthful appearing individual, in bygone day he had gone in advance of a circus in order to protect the tented amusement attraction from being stung by the natives. Now, as we rolled along in the auto bus, he began to rave over certain scenic possibilities on the boulevards.

"That mansion over there would make a swell place for a castle scene, and that strip of lake—what a dandy place it would be for a desert island shipwreck!" he commented.

"DADDY" BAKER, who had managed a stock company in Rochester in the days when folks had cared for such things as stock companies, was fumbling at a bundle of legal looking papers. By edging close to him I discovered that he held the scenario which was prepared to the finest detail for being produced. It was some arrangement with red ink lines drawn through the typewriting where scenes had already been taken, and containing notes and instructions enough to fill a dictionary. The piece that I was starring in, I observed, was "Vengeance—a three reel drama."

"By the way, Mr. Director," I suggested. "Do you realize that I have come away from the studio without any 'make up' on?"

The director didn't answer me, but "the fixer" did. "Young man," broke out that gentleman, "I wouldn't worry about the lack of grease paint and cold cream on your countenance if I were you. Don't start getting 'up stage' right away. You're a new one I can see that. You came out to the studio this morning, no doubt, with wrinkles in your stomach; but in a month from now some girl who may see you in a mob scene, will write you an admiring letter and 'Daddy' here will find you hard to handle. You'll be 'deserted' that 'cawn't do this and cawn't do that' 't surprise me at a.

we are about to take won't be spoiled because your eyebrows aren't blackened. It costs this plant \$250 an hour to operate and you want to be careful not to gum things up when that camera starts clicking."

It was on reaching the Union station that we came to a stop. The temperamental electricians piled out of the machine and "the fixer," flourishing his cane, immediately hunted up the railway officials to climax the arrangements which he had previously made. "Daddy" Baker began to make chalk marks on the depot platform and the electricians began to wire for the artificial lights, the battery for which they had brought along in one of their trunks.

"Sure, we got to have the artificial lights," exclaimed "Daddy" Baker, answering me rather gruffly as he glanced over his spectacles. "There ain't light enough in this train shed to get anything at all. Gee, look at that smoke coming up in the archway! That'll photograph great."

I SAW the camera man begin planting his machine behind one of the great steel pillars. The train was due at 10:55 and it was announced that she was "on time." "Daddy" Baker took me over to the baggage room and in no time at all had me rigged out in a regular baggage man's jumper and cap. The director tilted the cap on the side of my head and told me to leave it that way. Then when we got back to the place where the train was to come in "Daddy" Baker wheeled one of the depot trucks into a position desired.

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AT RELIANCE-MAJESTIC STUDIOS

By DICK MELBOURNE



Top row, from left to right: Dorothy Gish (photo by Blackwell); Henry Walthall (photo by Witzel); David W. Griffith (photo by Bangs); Mae Marsh; Fay Tincher (photo by Blackwell). Lower row: Irene Hunt; Lillian Gish (photo by Hoover); Frank E. Woods; Mary Alden (photo by Witzel); Benny Zeidman.

TO ADEQUATELY write up the Reliance-Majestic Studios would necessitate far more space than the hard-hearted editor of this magazine will allow. To mention in one short article, all the clever and well-known people working there would merely be a roster of names, so I am just going to let you meet a few of them this time and later on we will make another visit for the *Movie Pictorial*.

My! What a busy looking place the studio is from the outside. The first thing which strikes one is the big open space reserved for the "extras" looking for employment. There are hundreds of them waiting, some besieging the window of the Bureau and others sitting about on the benches provided for them, awaiting their turn. Some of them will get work and others will go away to try other studios.

These studios constitute a wonderful place in which to wander—there is "something doing" all the time. Was there ever a busier motion picture concern? This impression of very active business conditions is enhanced by the somewhat prescribed area of operation and the number of directors at work. There are eighteen, I understand. It has been said that the actors have invented a new game—every visitor is to be blindfolded and let loose on one of the stages and if he catches anyone but a director, he gets a prize!

Talk about your variety of costumes! Given a month in this studio and you would be able to write a book on the costumes of all ages, from the year one down to date.

As I walked to the largest stage, I met David W. Griffith, who had just returned from one of his eastern trips, during which he had been arranging for the appearance of his wonderful "Birth of the Nation," in a big city. Bright and alert as ever, he shows but small traces of the astonishing amount of work he gets through—of the many things he controls. I told him I had seen his masterpiece five times and he answered dryly, "How you must have suffered." He was on his way to the enclosed stage to rehearse a new and important photoplay where-with to again make the world gape and wonder.

I made my way through to one of the further

dressing rooms where the one and only Henry Walthall makes his residence during the daytime. He was "at home" and gave me his usual pleasant welcome. His friends call him "Wally" and those who really know him recognize what an extraordinary personality he possesses. He looks frail and almost delicate off the stage, and might be a poet or an artist and, as a matter of fact, he is by nature, both. There is nothing distinguished about his dressing room; it is merely a workshop and nothing more, but Walthall fills the room with his magnetism and one does not notice much else except the man. He has a musical and softly modulated voice and is always courteous as the southern gentleman he is. He told me all about his acceptance of the big offer made him by the Essanay people, and was, even then, finishing up his part in "The Pillars of Society" and packing his goods and chattels. The man who directed him, Raoul Walsh, was, likewise, making ready to leave to fill an engagement with the Fox people back east.

If course, I looked in on the Gish girls. They have a dressing room worth looking at; a frame almost worthy of the two vital pictures it contains, for both girls are delightfully pretty and there is a quaintness about them which gives added charm—Lillian with her almost prim little ways and the mischievous Dorothy, who is never still a moment. Both girls have matured during the last year and are on the top rung of the ladder of success right now . . . just think of the many years they have before them! Neither of them thinks there ever was such another man as David W. Griffith and, close to his record, they name Billy Bitzer, the king-pin of camera men.

I was "shooed" out so the girls could make-up and I ran into that self-same Billy Bitzer, who took me along and showed me some marvelous new effects he had invented. "They will soon be copied," he said, "but I don't care; I have plenty of other new things to give them." This genius never appears to be in a hurry, yet he gets through an incalculable amount of work and oversees all the camera work of the studio. The regard in which he is held was voiced by . . . Hill, one of the best cinemat-

I am here now and I am with the greatest man in the business." Bitzer can command respect and get what he wants without overriding anyone or getting swell-headed.

Mae Marsh and her elder sister, Marguerite Loveridge, were sitting together talking to a bright, fair-haired little girl, Betty Marsh, their niece. Miss Loveridge, she of the wonderful red-brown hair, is as beautiful as ever and is glad to be back in California. Miss Mae is equally glad she has returned, as she worships this sister of hers. I do not think there is a soul who is not pleased that Mae Marsh has attained the high position she enjoys in the motion picture world—she is a generous-hearted little soul and bright and witty all the time.

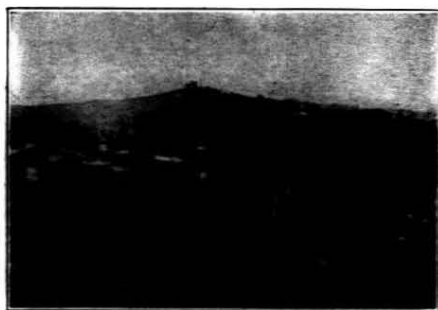
WHILE not actually beautiful in the sense that many actresses are, she has what most of them have not—that spark of genius that means everything when it comes to artistic and, yes, financial success. That same little wistful look so familiar to us on the screen, is just as much a part of her in private life and it is vastly becoming to her too. And little Betty, well—she too, is endowed with a very generous portion of sweetness and cleverness.

The three "feature" directors under Griffith are about as unlike one another as it is possible to be. Jack O'Brien is as Irish as his name, a ruddy complexioned young man, tall, dark-haired and dark-eyed, vigorous, incisive and persuasive. He lives in his work. Christy Cabanne is short and trim and alert, with closely cropped moustache and a dapper air. Lloyd Ingraham is heavy of jowl and frame; a man who knows just what he wants and gets it. He has had long experience on both stages, the speaking and the mimic. All three are first-class directors.

I dropped in on the distinctive featured Irene Hunt, for whom I have a great admiration. I have never met a more earnest girl and she has worked hard and long to win her present unquestioned success. Her hair and eyes are lighter than they appear to be when seen on the screen and those eyes can talk and are talking all the time. Miss Hunt's intense earnestness in her work and desire to please is demonstrated in her studious application—she is

always thinking about her parts and studying out just what to do and how to do it.

Made up for her part and sitting on a bench, I ran across clever Mary Alden. She was reading some deep psychological subject, for she rejoices in such material and loves to find someone to talk to about it. Mary Alden is a woman of experience and



The Reliance-Majestic Studios constitute a wonderful place in which to wander—there is "something doing" all time.

possesses a big outlook on life's problems. Hers is an intellectual face. She thoroughly enjoyed the parts she has played in the several Ibsen dramas with Henry Walthall and would like to have other such parts to play.

People wonder if Fay Tincher is as funny off the stage as she is on it. Miss Tincher would be rec-

ognized almost anywhere with her humorous and comely face and her bubbling spirits. Yes, she is just as amusing off the stage as on it, and where she is, there is also a running fire of fun and chaff. Like more witty people, she is generous and good-natured and this costs her lots of photographs and takes up much of her time autographing.

I had a chat with little Benny Zeigman, the publicity man. He is little, but, Oh, my! Bennie is here, there and everywhere, getting notes, writing them, using subtle cunning to get news out of reticent people, watching every little incident and transferring them to odd little bits of paper which he has to hunt for when he wants them. Bennie is still known as "Bennie of Lubinville," the title he received when he was with the Lubin company.

OUTSIDE of David Griffith, the dominating factor in the Reliance-Majestic studios is a quiet man with kindly eyes almost hidden by heavy lashes and brows, Frank E. Woods, the one-time "Spec" of the Dramatic Mirror. What this quiet man accomplishes is almost passing belief. He reads the manuscript of every play that is put on and it has to have his "O. K." He sees every photoplay run and suggests alterations. He writes occasionally, though where and when he gets time to do it is a mystery. He is the "man behind" and is so unobtrusive that one would never imagine it. He does not hide himself and will see anyone on business, and with it all he preserves his equanimity and his cheerfulness. He is a man in a million and not enough credit comes to him. How could it? He works, but his work is of that nature that does not

show outwardly—it is an "essence" that enters into the work of all sharing in the creation of the products of this organization.

I met Spottiswoode Aitken, Ralph Lewis, Elmer Clifton, Francis Billington, Elmer Booth, Eddie Dillon, Robert Harron, Signe Auen, Charles Clary, Thomas Jefferson and a number of other well-



This impression of very active business conditions is enhanced by the somewhat prescribed area of operation

known players but it is not fair to pass them by with an "also ran" casual mention. I prefer to go again and have another wander through this interesting studio where, not only so many famous photoplayers are to be met but where so many directors, artists and camera men are "made" under the guiding hands of D. W. Griffith and F. E. Woods.

Their First Quarrel

A Satirical Comedy—By Lottie Briscoe

[Her mother said "He" was in the wrong. I think "She" was a little at least to blame. What do you think? She was a young bride of three months standing, and he, her husband, had just come in from the office. After the connubial kiss and his startled look at the sofa on which was carefully draped the coat and hat of an elderly woman and his gasp "Your Mother?" and her affirmative nod of the head, the conversation started.]

She: "Did you mail my letter?"

He: "No, I didn't."

She: "That's just like a man. You swear you love me, and you neglect my first request."

He: "But my dear—"

She: "Now, don't argue with me; there's no excuse."

He: "If you would let me tell—"

She: "Yes, if I let you tell a lie, you'd be able to excuse yourself, wouldn't you?"

He: "But it isn't a lie. You—"

She: "That's right, commence to call me names. You were going to say something awful then when I stopped you?"

He: "No, I wasn't."

She: "Yes, you were."

He: "I was going to—"

She: "You said 'You' and then I stopped you, and it's a good job I did or else you would have called me some awful name, and I never would or could have forgiven you."

He: "I wasn't."

She: "There you are, contradicting me now; trying to make me out a liar as well as yourself."

He: "I didn't say you were a liar."

She: "If you didn't, you meant it anyway." (Breaks down and sobs.) "To think that I should come to this. Married only three months and my husband neglects me, tells lies to me, I can't trust him any longer, and then he insults me." (He moves towards her on the sofa.) "Go away, don't come near me. I don't want to see you." (He tries to put his arms around her.) "Go away, don't touch me. My mother was right; she always told me that men were all beasts and that you were a brute." (He throws his arms up in disgust and walks over to a chair and sits down. Dead silence for 50 seconds.) (She turns around.)

She: "That's right, sulk. Go on, be sullen and don't speak to me. Mother always said that you had a bad temper." (He steps hurriedly towards her.)

She: "That's right, hit me now, beat me, strike me. Mother always said you looked like a wife-

beater. For all I know you've been married before. I can never believe you again now." (He tries to speak.) "Don't argue with me, you only make matters worse. Don't attempt to contradict me." (He takes a cigar, walks over to the window, lights it and proceeds to smoke.)

She (sobbing): "That's right, show how little you care; you can stand there and smoke that filthy tobacco when your little wife is finding out after three months that you don't love her." (He throws away the cigar, trying to reach the cuspidor, but misses it, and the cigar falls on the rug. To escape further blame he rushes to put his foot on it as she rushes for the same reason. They collide and bump. Before she can speak, he blurts out.)

He: "I beg your pardon, I'm so sorry, my dear."

She: "So you should be, trying to set the house on fire."

She: "You don't care whether its burned down or not. I believe you would like to see me go with it, and then when I try to put it out, you try to stop me—by force. Look at that big bump on my head." (He comes near to look at it.)

She: "Go away, I won't have you near me. Get out of the room." (Stamps her foot.) "Get out of the house." (She almost hustles him out of the room and locks the door after him and sinks down sobbing on the sofa. The other door of the room opens and the mother enters and sees her daughter in tears.)

Mother: "Why, what's the matter, child?"

She: "Oh, my husband."

Mother: "I knew it, I knew it. I always said so."

She: "But wait till I tell you."

Mother: "No need to. I know the beasts; I know the brutes. I wasn't married for nothing. It's true I was only married for two years, and then your father died, and I hope he's being punished hereafter. Why I've seen that man come into the house without wiping his boots, and he never would put his comb back in the brush in the bathroom, and I've seen him scatter ashes all over the house from his dirty cigars."

She: But its worse than that mother. He lied to me, and he was going to call me names, and I think he wanted to hit me. Look at this big bump on my head."

Mother: "My poor child. What happened then?"

She: "And then he left me here alone, and I think he's gone out of the house." (Bursts into louder sobs.) "He's deserted me."

Mother: "You don't surprise me at all. Of

course he's worse than your father. As the world grows older, the men grow worse. Its only after you've married them that you find them out. Well, don't cry, dearie, we can easily get a divorce. He has called you names, he struck you and he's deserted you."

She: "Well, he didn't exactly call me names, he said "you" and then I stopped him, and he didn't exactly strike me, I said I thought he might, and he didn't exactly desert me, because I pushed him out of the room, and I don't know that he's left the house, and (breaks down) I wouldn't like to divorce him (with a flash of spirit) not yet, anyway, and I couldn't go on the witness stand and (with a shriek) if I divorced him he might marry some other woman."

Mother: "Well, we'll soon find out whether he's deserted you or not." (Goes to door, unlocks it and opens it quickly which lets him in, for he has been standing outside all the time.)

Mother: "You beast, what have you been doing to my daughter?"

He: "Nothing."

Mother: "Look at that bump on her head raised by your cruel fist."

She: "No, mother, he didn't hit me, that was a bump."

Mother (angry): "Let's get down to the facts."

He: "I wish to heaven we could."

Mother: "That's right, swear, now swear. How did it start?"

She: "I gave him a letter to post, a most important letter. It was a letter to Mrs. Pringle, asking her where she got that blouse I saw her wearing yesterday."

He: "I know it was a letter to Mrs. Pringle."

Mother: "That shows it wasn't carelessness—that he didn't forget it—that he didn't post it just for malice."

He: "No, it didn't have any address on it, and I didn't know Mrs. Pringle's address, so I brought it back to her to put Mrs. Pringle's address on it."

Mother: "That's another lie. I don't believe it."

He (giving her letter): "Here it is."

She: "Why didn't you say so at first?"

He: "You wouldn't let me."

She: "Now don't start it all over again, you know I asked you to explain."

He (seeing that it is hopeless): "I'm very sorry, forgive me. I was to blame all through."

(She goes over to him, puts her arms around his neck and kisses him.)

Mother (gruffly leaving the room): "What fools women are." (Curtain.)

FUTURE FILM FEATURES



Former close friends are waited upon by the proud daughter

Edward Lowe's romance deals with variants of love and ambition in the sacrifice of a high-bred girl, Janet Strong, for her aged father whose fortunes have ebbed away, and a wholesome youth, Howard Stone, whose aspiring mother has planned for him a brilliant match with a cold, proud, wealthy beauty, Velda Browning. Despite her aristocratic lineage and the protests of her impecunious father, Janet Strong seeks humble service in a millinery shop, keeping her father in comfort to the day of his death. This event leaves her quite alone in the world, and Howard Stone now urges his suit so stubbornly, she becomes his wife. His snobbish mother emphasizes her vexation by forbidding them her palatial home. The young couple struggle along, comforted by the voice of a baby that has come to bless them in their adversity. Presently the father's health fails and burdens bow the young mother whose smile still cheers the ailing one.

Mrs. Stone learning of their desperate plight, still selfish for her own, offers to take and care for her son on condition that Janet will relinquish

Weary in body and soul, she submits to his plea



"When My Lady Smiles"

(In Three Acts)
BY EDWARD T. LOWE, JR.

PRODUCED BY
ESSANAY FILM MANUFACTURING CO.

CAST

Janet Strong.....RUTH STONEHOUSE
Edward Stone.....Richard Taber
Colonel Strong.....Thomas Commerford
Mrs. Stone.....Florence Oberle
Velda Browning.....Ann Kirk

Thomas H. Commerford, the grand old man of the Essanay Company invests the part of the proud but penniless old Southern Colonel with a fine air, pathetic and picturesque, while Ruth Stonehouse, as the patient gentle daughter to lost fortune who after sore trials wins peace and plenty, is a most winsome type of young womanhood, giving clear, true poetic quality to a clever drama of the day: "When My Lady Smiles."



Ruth Stonehouse as Janet Strong

Deft, decisive and sympathetic treatment of a modern romance is always welcome for the screen, where the wholesome qualities of heart interest are highly esteemed.

The simple theme, the plausible story, the transcript of every-day life, with love, home and the child as component parts, make a safe play and a reasonably sure winner. These elements adroitly used and cleverly contrasted make a most serviceable showing in "When My Lady Smiles"—good taste in surroundings, a good caste in enlistment, and a romance that interests and never offends are Essanay characteristics.



The good grey Colonel and his dutiful daughter

her little girl as well as her husband. This is a supreme test of the love and loyalty of the young wife, but the greater desire for the life of her husband subdues the mother love to make the sacrifice of her child for its comfort. Her smile saddens but her heart is hopeful.

Despite all the skill and care that the wealth of Mrs. Stone can conjure for her son, his mind weakens and its only vital memory is for the absent wife. They tell her the only hope for his recovery is the blessed presence of his brave little wife. Fear and remorse possess the mother, and she makes a penitential pilgrimage to the humble abode of Janet to induce her to return to save her son.

The two women meet face to face—the scornful bowed in despair, the sacrificing still eager to serve the love of her life. From the moment Janet hugs her child to her breast and clasps the nerveless hand of her husband, the old miracle renews itself. The man begins to mend mentally and physically—through the healing quality of love that triumphs over all.

The redeeming quality of love triumphs over all



THE CRUISE OF CRUZE AND BRACY

It's a Gay Life and a Busy One

DOING a cross-country jaunt in a motor car, appearing at picture play houses en route and answering several million questions, isn't all French pastry and chocolate parfait. But—Jim Cruze and Sidney Bracy didn't mind.

Of course, there were streaks of sunshine piercing the dun clouds of hard work. The Hicks furnished the greatest amusement.

At a little town in Iowa (one of those towns that consists of about seven doors, eight windows, a few shingles and a chicken-coop), something went wrong. The car stopped. Al, the big driver broad of beam and deep of keel, clambered down to investigate. Opposite the point of motoritis, seated in a wheel-chair on a shaded porch, was an old man; as dried and yellow as a parchment from the book of Job, and about as happy.

Finally, Methuselah wheeled down the walk and adjusted his one-cylinder run-about convenient to the car. He looked on silently for some moments. Then he brightened into speech—if it was speech.

"By cracky!" he squeaked at last, "them's a dinged nuisance. Cost most as much as these here pecky chairs. Fifteen dollars a chair and three chairs the last thirty year! Forty-five dollar in thirty year! Too dinged much! Ain't got no tobacco, have ye? I read in the paper a piece back that the men who chew are the men who do! That's so, by gum! I'm doin' you fer a chew! Haw! Say, I fit in the war—both battles o' Bull Run! See that old monkey over there cuttin' grass? Claims he wuz a drummer boy! Hell! I was all through the war and didn't see him once. He's comin' this way, consarn him. Don't pay no attention to what he sez. He's a dum-gisted liar!"

The other patriarch had deserted his mowing and was coming toward the boys. A pertinent brush of chin—alfalfa stuck out defiantly. Its owner had espied the hero of Bull Run and suspected malignity. The second relic approached gingerly and motioned to the boys cautiously.

"Don't pay no heed to that o' hound," he began. "Likely said he wuz a soldier. He never saw no battle-line, the old hedgehog. Lor' lookit this arm. Got it at Gettysburg! I'm a soldier, I am. That dish-faced old scallywag, why he's just doin' Uncle Sam out a pension. I'll get the law on him yet and they'll railroad him to Leavenworth, lies, bones, chariot, and all. Probably told you that durned old wheelbarrow cost fifteen dollars. Well, it didn't! I seen it when it come from Montgomery's and Ward's. It cost eleven dollars and eighty cents and five o' that the old walrus cheated me out of playin' cribbage!"

"You look as though you might have been a general," Bracy suggested, by way of flattery.

"Haw, haw!" the old chap cackled. "Say you'd never guess who I be."

"Who are you?" Cruze pleaded.

"Won't tell!" and the brush on the chin stuck straight out like a machine gun in a trench.

"Go on, do!" Bracy begged.

"Wouldn't never believe it!"

"Oh, tell us," Cruze urged. "What's your name?"

The old fellow gazed at both questioningly. He was approaching the zenith of his fame. At length he squared himself around.

"P. T. Barnum!" he exclaimed proudly.

From the other side of the car came the dry gurgle of the hero of B. Run.

"He's right, consarn him, he's right! But remember, boys, P. T. Barnum's dead! He's right, the old short order o' sarsaparilla!"

The rube loves to be "cracked off." Cracking off is the process of announcing the victim through one of the stage jests. The victim, who is in the audience, hinges his entire evening's enjoyment on this bit of fleeting fame.

These ruralists so!—dit the notoriety; beg it, crave it, like some men seek strong drink. The newspapers may give others liberal space, but getting "cracked off" is fame par-excellence.

In an Illinois town, one of these Godgiven "He-haws" went to six shows just to finally get "cracked



Cruze and Bracy newly arrived in an expectant town, mud-spattered but ready for their act

off." When the long anticipated crack came, this is the way Cruze handled it!

"You notice our car on the screen. Well, it looks dirtier now. It has some scratches, too. There's a big scratch on the back—an ugly scratch. That's the signature of one of your local celebrities, John Blank. He did it with a jackknife. He wanted his name to keep company with us. All he did was tear off about one square yard of varnish. That's as well as John can write. Most other people were satisfied to write their names with lead pencils, but John was born to be a sculptor.

"**HAW, haw!**" John roared, from his seat in the front row. "That's goin' some. I'll bet if I'd actually writ my name, there'd be a mob outside inspectin' it. Anyhow, Jim made good. He cracked me off, by heck!"

In another little mid-western town, a freckle faced boy got as near to the car as possible. He had cabbage-roses and rusty hair, but he was bright and burning. For a long time he gazed at Sidney Bracy, and a look of incredulity set firmly in his features.

"You're Jones—the butler, ben't you?" he ventured at length.

Bracy admitted the identity.

"And you let that doggone Braine get took to Roosia, didn't ja?"

Bracy again agreed.

"Well," the boy observed dryly, "you needn't worry none. If the igit ain't in Sibery, he's in Warsaw, and the Germans'll clean the slate of him pretty soon. Anyhow, my pa says he ain't no regular Roosian, that Braine guy, I mean. He's English. An' my pa says he looks jest like a darned English landlord, and he says to tell you fellers if he'd been in that there Million Dollar Mystery, he'd o' copped Mr. Braine afore the third eppysode. He'd adone it, too."

"Who's your father?" Cruze asked suspiciously.

"Who's him? Why, he's the only Irish cop in this here town, and he kin lick all the darn English and Roosians in Americky without no club! He saw all them eppysodes, jest so's he could cuss at Mr. Braine. Gee, if he'd only been Florence's sweet-heart he'd a' spattered that darned Mr. Braine all over the screen, he sez, till the audience would a thought it was a Dago sunset or a case o' blind staggers. Gosh, my pa hates English landlardy-lookin' guys!"

In an eastern Nebraska town, an old lady waited for a long while till she could grasp the players by the hands. She was little and pathetic and shrinking. Finally, she approached them timidly.

"Of course, you don't know me," she said softly. "I've seen both of you often—on the screen. They let us see all the Mystery eppysodes, but they very good to us."

She jerked a thumb in the direction of the silent, long-suffering type

"So I came to see you. I enjoyed your acting so much. It made my life happier. That's why I'll be so glad to tell the others. I'll say I shook you both by the hand, but nobody will believe me."

"Why not?" Bracy asked anxiously.

"Oh," the old lady faltered, "they're all crazy. You see, I live out at the county farm—the asylum."

"And what do you do?" Cruze questioned sympathetically.

"Oh, I'm crazy, too."

As the man led his ward away, Cruze and Bracy gazed at each other in amazement.

"Well, anyway," Cruze ventured, "she paid us a beautiful compliment."

"Yes," Bracy, admitted dryly, adding, "but you see, Jim, she's crazy."

In a northern Colorado town, a torrential rain fell. The streets oozed with mud. But the theater was jammed. A tall, raw-boned rancher, marooned by the storm, came in to pass the time. He sat humped up comfortably on a front seat and applauded so loud, Bracy nicknamed him the Cheer Leader.

At the door, he shook the actors' hands heartily and beamed down on them benignly.

"By gosh, fellers, I sure am glad to know you. It's a funny thing about it, too. I no more expected to see you boys in the flesh than I'd expect to see Harry Thaw, Mr. Morgan or Von Hindenberg. But, I have you in mind frequent-like; got namesakes o' both out to the ranch."

"Twins?" Jim asked hopefully.

"No, not exactly; they don't belong to the same litter. But, gosh, fellers, they're growin' fat."

"Litter?" Bracy questioned warily. "What are they?"

"Why, they're hogs. Don't take it as no insult, fellers. It was meant in good part, right enough. You see, they was such hungry little devils, I sez to my wife, 'Marthy, it don't seem as though we'd ever fill 'em.' 'You're dead right, Pete,' says she, 'They're as much filler to these critters as they was in the Million Dollar Mystery—eppysode after eppysode.'

"By gosh, so help me boys, I then and there names 'em Sid and Jim. But wait! The joke don't end here. This ain't where you laugh."

"Where do we laugh?" Cruze asked dolefully.

"Why, we're gettin' to it fast. When I sez they're reel hogs, that's the place—now, all together!"

"**O**H, Mr. Cruze," a young creature gurgled—as much as she could gurgle with her glad clothes and summer furs, "I have waited so long to meet you, you don't know, really, what a pleasure it is. In fact, it took me most a week getting my things packed."

"Oh, you came a long distance?" Cruze questioned courteously.

"No, not at all—I live here."

"Then why the packing?"

"Oh, I'm going with you. Do you know, I could drive that car. Really, I'm a little daredevil."

"Going with us?" Jim asked hopelessly.

"Certainly, with you—your great, big tease."

Cruze gulped. He felt the clammy hand of disgrace fastening on his throat.

"Oh, no you're not," he managed to tell her finally.

"You're not going with us at all. That's terrible. That's positively silly. What ever put that awful notion into your head?"

"This newspaper item," the girl sobbed hopelessly.

"If you don't mean what you say, why do you say it?" She handed a crumpled bit of paper to the astonished star. He read it, blinked hard, read it again and passed it to Sidney. This was the "item."

"Cruise beneath sunny southern skies, where the air is tangy and bracey. Skirt the Islands in the sapphire sea. Prepare to go at once."

Address

The name of the steamship company was blurred. Beneath was the confusing line:

"See Cruze and Bracy in Person at the Pastime Movies Tuesday afternoon, sure!"

"Well?" Cruze asked, smothering a laugh.

"Well, the girl boo-hoed. 'I'm here. I'm the



The Hall of Education, with its severe solidity, invigorated with a high arched entrance and is attractively capped with flat arched domes. It is in pastel shades, typical of the superb San Francisco color scheme, a rare study in tints, environed with redolent greenery, while the water front mirrors its myriad mellow beauties shimmering by day, shadowy or glowingly amid the twinkling lamps of nightfall

Unique, vastly varied and impressive architectural creations as beautiful

MOVIES AT THE

By BEATRICE

THE movie fan's idea of Paradise—miles of streets bordered with moving picture shows, where one may start in the morning and go from show to show and have enough to last all morning, all afternoon and all evening; where there is no ticket window with forbidding sign, "Adults 10c, children 5c—How many?", an Elysium where you can go to the movies until filled to satiety with the film pictures—has been discovered right here on earth, without the "passing" assistance of Charon and his boat from across the River Styx.

Real moving picture shows, and so many of them they all cannot possibly be seen in one day, and all as free as the air you breathe. It is almost too good to be true and you are tempted to pinch yourself to discover if you are really awake or simply dreaming of Arcadia.

This is what is waiting for the movie loving public at the two expositions on the coast; the Panama-Pacific at San Francisco, and the Panama-California at San Diego. You can start in systematically at the entrance; go down one side of the avenues and come back up the other in this pilgrimage, and, going or coming, in almost every building you enter, you will find a lecture room with exhibitions of moving pictures, which may be advancing certain industries or may be explaining an interesting travelogue.

The San Diego fair is exploiting localities of its own great state. You will observe pictures of the products of the different counties; they show how the fruit is planted, cultivated, irrigated, from the blossoming time to the ripe fruit, the picking and its packing; they conduct you through all the processes of the grain growing from the planting to the time of its reaching the ultimate consumer in various forms; or, they will take

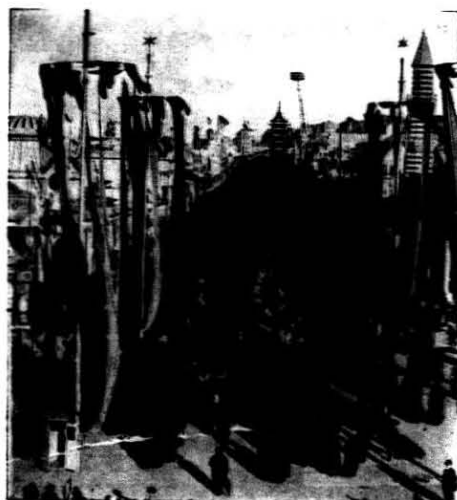
you for a trip through their county showing views of the beautiful land of wondrous California, embracing all climates and varying conditions.

The San Francisco Exposition is a national fair, and the pictures lead you into broader fields, showing the child-welfare movement, the pure food exhibit and all the manifold ways in which the public is protected against adulterated food; the building of pianos; the making of butter and pasteurizing milk.

In the various state buildings you may again enjoy a trip through their demesne and be shown all the natural wonders and cultivated advantages of each state. Usually each exhibition is accompanied by a lecture. If a person did no more than attend the free public exhibits on the grounds he could procure a liberal education, and at the end of the day would have as good an idea of the scenery in sections of your United States as if he had spent months in tiresome traveling.

Judging from the crowded exhibition halls, the public is taking advantage of these exhibits and thoroughly appreciates them. After you have tramped around the grounds for a half day and are thoroughly wearied it is indeed very pleasant to stop at one of these moving picture shows and be entertained for an hour, while you rest.

After watching these exhibitions for a while, you are brought to a realization of what a wonderful industry the moving picture business really is, and begin to wonder just how the pictures are made, and how the amusing comedies and thrilling dramas you see depicted on the screen, are produced—that desire for knowledge can also be satisfied at the Expositions.



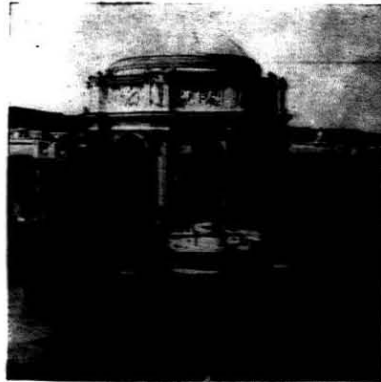
The Zone—a way of wonders where time fleets carelessly



The Tower of Jewels, the showiest feature and light, a joy by day, a dazzle



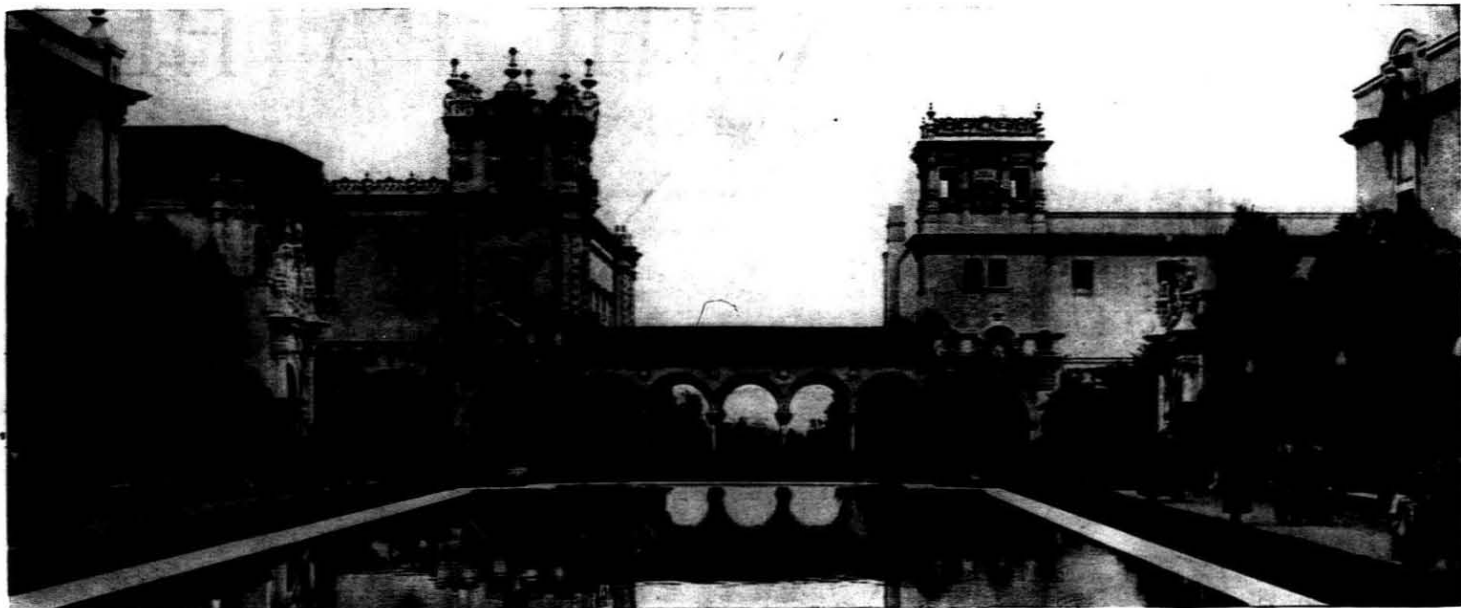
the continent, pillars artistic antiquity



The Temple of Art guards a lovely lagoon, flowering moss about its base adds color charm to nobility



The Genius of Creation is shown above the



as the filmy fabric of dreams; the spirit of the old world living in the new

E EXPOSITIONS

E. F. BARRETT

If you happen to be at San Francisco, just head for the Zone and watch for, "Filmland and Miller Brothers 101 Ranch, combined Movie Factory," or, if you are on the Plaza de Panama at San Diego, take an electroquette down The Isthmus and look for the "Panama Film Comp.ny: See How the Movies Are Made." No, you won't have to look for the Barker, he can be heard from afar, crying: "Right this way! See the movies taken, made and shown! Right this way; tells you all about the movies; all about real actresses and actors, and real scenes. Moving pictures taken while you wait! Come in and see how the movies are made. Come in and see the real movie actors. Show now starting—right this way! Only one dime, ten cents! This way to the movie factory! Watch your step!"

After paying your dime, you enter and see a crude studio erected at the front of the enclosure, with the arc lights properly arranged, a camera man in place all ready to turn the crank, the director with the scenario in his hand, ready to begin. The performance opens with a short lecture, explaining to the audience how the films are made from the writing of the scenario to the task of the director; the studied "make-up" of the actors; the skill of the camera man in judging light and shadow; how the inserts, cut-ins and leaders are made and afterward inserted in the films; how the films are developed, followed by the printing, the cutting and placing in the order of the scenes; all of this giving the audience a good general idea of the actual work.

At one performance I attended,

they were working on a four reel western drama, the setting being the crude interior of a mountain cabin. The scene was taken in the regular way, first, however, the director gave a brief outline of the plot of the play, and the action required in the scenes we were to see. Then came the familiar call: "Get ready! Begin your action! Commence grinding!" and the real work began. The actors have but a little rehearsing before the picture is taken before the audience, but the director calls the directions and the actors take their parts in the regulation way as if they were simply in the studio, without hundreds of people watching them in their making of visualization. After three scenes are photographed, the audience is shown through the developing room, the drying and cutting rooms, where the several processes are explained; and, from there are taken into a theater and shown the finished product in three or four reels of film thrown on the screen. Really, you begin to feel that you are quite on the inside of the picture business by the time you get on the outside of the exhibit, and there is no doubt that the public can get a good general idea of how the movies are manufactured.

If you are still possessed of the movie spirit, walk on along the Isthmus and drop in at the Selig Zoo and watch the circus acts performed by the trained animals from the Selig Polyscope Company's Zoo. You may recognize many of your film animal friends in real life.

The new art of motography which has suddenly advanced to rank as the fifth industry is attracting universal attention. In view of its importance both in artistic and commercial sense, it is significantly appropriate that moving pictures should be so adequately represented in the superb Expositions that have risen seemingly by magic on the restful, changeful, romantic shores of the wide western ocean.

Picturesqueness the Moors gave old Spain has been reincarnated in San Diego Fair, white walls with dignity of line, deep set windows ornately capped, lovely entrances sentinelled by twisted columns, while red tiled roofs show square towers with tiny spires silhouetted against the turquoise sky. Twining vines flow over all and flowering plants make patches of color—all a bewilderingly beautiful garden



Feeding pigeons in Plaza de Panama is a unique dissipation



The California Building, most striking of the architectural group, with niches about its entrances filled with storied statuary



Varied industries sheltered within embowered arches and vine-clad walls, with invitingly ornate entrances



Westward on Del Prado Avenue, may be observed an enchanting vista of superbly ornate facades



her hands in benedit-Bour of Honor

THE GIRL IN THE PATHÉ

By LLOYD KENYON JONES

IV

JACK RANDLEY, Billy Mumford and Etienne Le Croix sat patiently in the exhibition room of Pathé Freres, as reel after reel of the Weeklies were projected for them. Dates had become confused in their minds. But the third attempt brought the coveted reel and Jack shouted gleefully. "Now, watch," he urged, as he clutched Le Croix's arm. "She'll enter the picture from the left. There she is! Now she will look into the camera!"

"Ah, poor Miss Conway!" Le Croix breathed reverently, thinking the while of the Conway reward.

"Miss Conway?" Randley shouted. "The murdered girl?" The screen was dancing before him. He was suffocating—choking—with the suspense.

"Ze murder girl!" Le Croix assented.

"You're a liar!" Mumford snapped, but regretted his haste.

"How do you know?" Jack questioned hopefully.

"Ah, do I know? Why—well—this event occurred late in May. Miss Conway was murdered April seventh."

"Zat ees right!" Le Croix agreed. "Zee lady here ees not Miss Conway—oh, no, only—"

"Shut up!" Mumford snorted in the detective's ear. Le Croix gulped. His zeal was likely to ruin a lucrative commission for him.

"No," he continued, as though buried in meditation, "ze girl you see ees not Miss Conway. I almost forget ze feelm. Run him again. Alway I think of Miss Conway."

Randley did not recover from the shock easily. To see the vision of his dreams taken from him was more than he could bear. To have her brought back from the tomb, as it were, was a counter-shock that was almost as severe. Again and again the film was unrolled. Jack purchased it outright—and that afternoon bought a projecting machine and a screen, so that he could gaze at will upon the likeness of the Girl in the Pathé.

A dozen detectives were on the Randley payroll. Each had viewed the smiling lady in the Weekly until it seemed as though she must live near Herald Square. Jack had even gone so far as to have her likeness reproduced in the form of half-tone engravings, and, despite the violent protests of Billy Mumford, had inserted ads from Coast to Coast, and from the Provinces to the Gulf. He offered a reward for information leading to the location of the young woman. The name used in the address was purely misleading. He was working under cover.

"You finance a romance like some men would finance a revolution," Mumford objected. "A thousand tips are arriving daily. All are wrong. It is costing you a thousand dollars a day. You will be the laughing stock of the nation. Besides, what success may you expect? You don't know her height, her coloring—not a blessed thing about her!"

Randley refused to be moved by reason. He was going to find the lady of his dreams if his entire estate vanished in the process. It was this thrill that controlled him when the big incident occurred in Central Park. It was cool and lonely and inviting in the big park. Randley found solace in the seclusion. He preferred to be alone. Mumford was too everlastingly critical. The young, romantic clubman puffed lazily on a cigar and listened to the twittering of the birds in the foliage that screened the direct rays of the sun from him. Jack did not notice the motor-car that stopped a few yards distant. Nor did he see the wild-eyed man who crept through the brush toward him. He did feel the powerful arms around his throat, and the ropes that bound and gagged him. A minute or two later he was within the cab, trussed and helpless. Dr. Laverne glared down upon the hapless victim.

"Well, I've got you!" he hissed. "Here, Larry, hold this gun. If he wiggles, get him." The motor purred, the cab jerked forward. Jack Randley's kidnapping was accomplished without a hitch! No one intercepted the cab as it sped northward, through the Bronx and out through Mt. Vernon—and beyond—to a lonely mansion facing the Sound.

"Well?" Randley queried, as he rubbed his numbed limbs and looked at the high-ceilinged,

windowless room in which he was imprisoned. "Now that you've got me, what are you going to do with me?"

Dr. Laverne glared down at him in gleeful contempt.

"I'll teach you, you viper," he replied hotly. "You'll come between me and the girl I love, will you? You'll steal the watch containing her picture, and then mail it to her mysteriously—eh?"

"Watch—her watch?" Randley gasped. "Do you know—her?"

"She's my sweetheart!" Laverne roared.

Jack gasped in unbelief.

"I'll give you a million dollars if you tell me who she is," he pleaded.

"A million, indeed! No—not for a billion, you miserable lizard. What's more, within a fortnight, I'll express your treacherous head to her. Man, you're as good as dead this minute!"

The mad physician left the room, laughing demoniacally.

V

JACK RANDLEY began to regret his haste. How did he know he was in love? Persons are not always like their photographs. Once he had seen a cousin who, if the photographs were correct, was a twentieth century reproduction of the Venus de Milo—except for the defects of Venus. In the flesh, she was dumpy, fat and pimply. Of course, cinematograph negatives are not retouched. Still, we know folk in the films only by contrast. Some seem short and are tall; others seem tall when they are short. If all the members of the cast were tall or short, they would seem to be of normal height.

As Randley pondered these problems, he looked up. The mad physician was gazing down at him malignantly.

"Serious, this dying business, eh?" Laverne grinned in ghastly manner. Some fiendish purpose had claimed his thoughts. "Do you know," he began in a leisurely, professional way, "I have a remarkable theory. I believe that souls are mere essences. No physician has ever seen a soul. I am going to see—yours!"

Randley's teeth chattered. He preferred to keep his soul to himself.

"The way I shall do it," Laverne resumed, "is to make an incision in your spine, near the lumbar vertebra. That's where the soul lives. Well, when the spine is opened, your soul will become curious, and will creep out for air. I'll trap it in an amber tinted bottle. Then, I'll have a rat handy, and make an incision in its spine and hold the rat to your back. The rat's soul will enter your body. Do you like cheese? Or cats? Oh, you pretty boy, but you will make a wonderful rat! Tonight at midnight, I perform the operation. A surgeon of souls, ha!"

In a far corner of the room a shadow appeared—and moved nearer. It was a rat; perhaps the rat. An icy chill crept up Jack's spine. So that was his finish—paralyzed, with a rat strapped to his back?

Somewhere (seemingly in a basement), a door slammed. Laverne straightened up and listened. The muffled sound of voices reached them. Then all was silent.

"My assistants!" Laverne chuckled. "Do you know what they are planning? Well, they have made bets with me. I say you'll live and become a rat in human form. They wager you'll die. Both have records for murder. I must watch them closely, because if the operation fails to kill you, the chances are they'll finish the job to secure the wager. Droll, isn't it?"

The physician left Randley without another word. It was nightfall now, and the thongs cut cruelly into the young millionaire's flesh. His mind was numbed because of the pain and his dread anticipations. The rat came closer and regarded the helpless human studiously. A fellow feeling gripped Randley's heart.

"Poor little devil," he breathed. "I may have your soul in my body in six hours! Lord, rat, can't you find a way out of it for me? Can't you do like story-book rats have done; chew my bonds and set me free? Oh, no, you can't do it, rat. This is where the film flickers at the reel's end. I'm done!"

The house was unusually quiet. No sound came from the world outside. The silence was preaching a sermon to Jack Randley. It was censuring him for wasted hours. It taunted him with a thousand wanton memories. After all, what right had he earned to live? That rat was active, and needed little. He was inactive and fancied that he needed much. As Randley's thoughts raced in madcap fashion, his head nodded. The excess of exhaustion claimed him and he was soon asleep. Three things woke him in an instant, hours later. One was the moon. It had just crept up from behind a clump of poplars and smote him in the eyes with its spooky beams. The second awakening influence was the rat; it had clambered to his lap and poked its nose into one swollen hand. And the third source of agitation was the mad doctor.

"It's eleven-thirty," Laverne hissed nervously. "It's time! Come, fellows. Pick him up, chair and all, and bring him down the hall."

The men advanced. Without warning, the rat sprang forward, and, fastened itself to Laverne's throat. The doctor screamed madly. The rat kept its grip. The physician cursed and struck wildly at the infuriated rodent, staggering around the room. The rat retained its hold. They were nearing the window now, but the pest was not to be discouraged. With a scream of despair, Laverne plunged headlong staggered against the sash, and crashed through the window. An instant later, the impact of his body on the rocks below told of his fate. A rat had been his undoing.

The two figures in the shadow moved toward Randley.

"Well?" One questioned curiously. "You're left to us! You didn't think we'd let the fool butcher you, did you? Oh no, our dear sir, not when you're worth a million dollars alive. You'll do there first-rate till we get the nut and plant him safely. Then we'll talk turkey."

Without thinking, Randley attempted to move his left hand to his forehead. He was startled beyond belief; his hand actually moved! Had the rat gnawed the cords? Or—? It was no time to speculate. He tore at the knots. He was feverishly inclined to hurry. Besides, his body throbbed with pain, and any moment his assailants might return. It seemed ages before he could extricate himself, and when he did, he removed the rope from his mouth—the gag that partly muffled his articulate efforts. His tongue was swollen to thrice its normal size. He was blind with thirst. He must have water if he forfeited his life for it.

Randley staggered across the room and leaned heavily against the door. Then, slowly and painfully, he found his way down the stairs. From somewhere, a confusion of sounds arose. What they were, he could not guess. All he knew was that the moonbeams fell on a bright tin pail on a table, and within that vessel, cool water invited him. He crept to the table's edge, and tipped the bucket toward him. He fastened his lips to the brim and drank—and drank—all the while universe seemed to be one vast, refreshing spring. He splashed water over his face, and hands, and head. He drank more and more, until his stomach protested. Then he fell in a swoon beneath the table, with the balance of the water lavishing his fevered brow.

VI

THE United Fruit Co.'s steamer, Parismina, was leaving her pier in New Orleans, bound for the Canal and the banana groves of the tropics. Dr. Webb, the ship's surgeon, gazed meditatively at the vanishing town and then turned his attention to the passengers. Strange stories had reached the genial physician about the antics of his wealthy cousin, Jack Randley. Dr. Webb, tall, slender and amiable, resented these family sensations. But blood is thicker than the fluid that made temperance famous, so he must be tolerant. Two beautiful young women were walking toward him on the promenade deck, and his interest was aroused; a little nearer went the doctor! His face blanched. Could it be she? Indeed, it could be none other. The trip promised adventure.

Grace Mallaine and Vivian Sinclair glanced about furtively. Shame, remorse and fear kept step with them. So this was a penalty of being beautiful? Well, they would trade it willingly for a little quiet; that is, they thought they would. Few women would part with beauty that easily.

"The bracing sea air will do you good, dear," Vivian was saying soothingly.

"Oh, I know it," Grace replied wearily, adding, "shall I throw it overboard here?"

"Sh-h!" Miss Sinclair cautioned, "we'll wait till tomorrow night. Then we'll drop it in the deepest water. Poor little Mabel Conway! Why, all the papers are talking about that—!" She was going to say "watch," but managed not to.

Purser Young, who was coming from starboard to port, heard them. His dark eyes flashed suspiciously. "I'll have 'em watched," he breathed. "I'll put McGuire onto them. Nothing escapes McGuire."

THUS, Miss Sinclair and Miss Mallaine started their journey under most unfavorable auspices; they were suspected. In five minutes, McGuire was apprised of the situation. Jerry McGuire was a New Orleans sergeant of police, who had put fear into the hearts of more crooks than most crooks have hearts. He doted on lady crooks—and particularly on beautiful lady crooks. Purser Young, on the other hand, doted merely on beautiful ladies.

The long stretch of the lower Mississippi, with its low-lying Delta banks and its smooth sailing, promised no end of pleasant days to the young women, although without the Delta, the waters of the Gulf were too turbulent for even the sportive porpoises, which accounts for the absence of Vivian and Grace at their assigned table in the dining salon. McGuire, faithful to his instincts, had procured the stateroom next to theirs, by special arrangement with the purser. But what he heard had no air of mystery about it. Rather, it was a wrenching medley of discordant sounds.

The second day out, the young ladies were able to be on deck, and, as a result, they were noticed and smiled feebly at the antics of the children. Surgeon Webb was becomingly attentive. He loved to minister to ill young ladies. He had the tenderness of a mother. There was so much attention, the ladies despaired of losing the hateful watch. They were objects of sympathy as well as suspicion, and of the two they did not know which they feared the most. Grace had the watch about her throat, secure in the folds of her waist. She was counting the hours against the coming of night. The sea would tell no tales. Yet the day dragged on and the bow and stern played seesaw, and schools of flying fish skimmed the billowing deep, and all the universe seemed to be a circle of water. At times, Grace closed her eyes on the beautiful monotony, but each time she essayed a nap, the watch ticked its solemn requiem of unhappiness. Carelessly, she had wound it and it needed winding only once in eight days!

Finally, the sun dipped low in the deep, and painted a crimson daub in the west, and the low, fleecy clouds of the approaching tropics caught the color, and bathed the sky in blood. Others raved, but Grace and Vivian shuddered. So much unwelcome tragedy had come into their young, blameless, lives, they were sick of heart and soul weary.

All things must come, and according to schedule night came. With its protecting shadows, Mike Muldoon, able seaman, strolled along the cabin deck, bent on borrowing a pipeful of tobacco from the cook. Most of the passengers were in for dinner. Grace and Vivian clung to the shadows, and, unsteadily, began to pace the promenade deck. They approached the rail cautiously. From his position in the gangway McGuire surveyed them narrowly. Grace took the chain from her neck. She gathered the golden film about the watch and plucked up courage.

"Now!" Vivian breathed nervously. Just then, Mike Muldoon, on the deck immediately below, fancied he felt a spatter of rain. He leaned over the rail and held out a hand, expectantly. Grace, on the deck above closed her eyes, held her hand out as far as she could reach—and let go. The watch fell upon Mike's providential fingers. "Ah, ha!" breathed McGuire.

"Glorious!" muttered Muldoon, pocketing the trinket without examination, having no spleen for questioning fate or its ways.

"Thank Heaven!" Grace sobbed, as Vivian comforted her.

An hour later, the young ladies ate a nourishing meal, and even consented to dance, much to the

delight of Purser Young and Surgeon Webb, and to the equal disgust of Jerry McGuire.

"It's the habit o' vile female crooks," he told himself. "Let them be after slaughtering a man and they'll immediately order chocolate frappe an' lady-fingers!"

Early the next morning, the Parismina passed through the straits of Yucatan, with the extreme western point of Cuba blinking from its berth in the sea.

The sparkling Caribbean, with its wealth of mystery, stretched before them, and the hot breath of the tropics greeted them. At night, the friendly old Great Dipper receded farther toward the northern horizon and strange star patterns illumined the sky. Besides, Purser Young and Surgeon Webb were most agreeable, the former relenting of his suspicions, and at times vainly pleading with the inscrutable McGuire to lay off his vigils. It was as fruitless as telling a humorous story to the sphinx.

"It's th' blindness o' youth," McGuire insisted. "I tell ye, boy, them is a pair o' lovely devils. I've seen the same before, many's the time. Like as not they're on their way to Panama to corrupt some diplomat. Ah, I know th' breed!"

The night of the captain's dinner, Surgeon Webb succeeded in enticing Vivian in a love walk around the deck. Suddenly, he turned toward her.

"Do you know Jack Randle of San Francisco?" he asked quickly, imperatively.

Her breath caught in a gasp. Then she looked at him solemnly.

"Only through—hearsay," she replied slowly. "And," after deep thought, "from what I have heard of him, he's the greatest fool in America."

"Oh!" Webb retorted, and then counseled his thoughts rigidly. After all, Miss Sinclair was right.

"By the way," the surgeon began, after an awkward silence, "we have a celebrity aboard. He's under another name, but the wireless tipped us straight."

"I HATE wireless," Vivian confessed. "It is always—tipping somebody off." Its buzzing drives me mad. I can't bear it. It's like a great cat overhead, looking for some poor unsuspecting mouse."

The Doctor's suspicions returned. After all, McGuire might be right. He would say no more, except in generalities. He sought to change the subject.

"Who is this celebrity?" Miss Sinclair queried anxiously, partly through her natural feminine curiosity and partly because she loathed mysteries. She was surfeited with mysteries now, and she wasn't too sure of physicians since Horace Laverne's strange departure. At any rate, she was beginning to admit she was glad he was gone. Away from her, his hypnotic presence lost its charms, and his presence had been hypnotic. It was well, too, because poor Laverne would obsess her no more.

"Who is our celebrity?" she persisted. "I'll tell you in the morning," Dr. Webb replied. "Captain Johnson is looking for me. Pardon me, please, but I must go."

Vivian hastened to join Grace. There were evil portents in the air. They hastened to their stateroom and shivered in the dark. They could feel an evil presence. It was with this fear they finally dropped off into troubled dreams.

The morning dawned blistering hot. The ship lay in quarantine off Christobal, and the passengers were arrayed along the deck for inspection. The girls were glad when it was over, and the Parismina steamed slowly to her dock. They could feel the heat now. The concrete structures danced in the sun. The white-clad ladies on the pier and the men in their Palm Beach suits, also seemed to dance. Slowly, the passengers fled down "Jacob's ladder" onto the pier below. Dr. Webb was near Vivian and Grace. Just as they stepped into the crowd, the surgeon laughed.

"See that tall gentleman?" he asked Vivian. She nodded. "Well, he's our noted guest—the Secretary of War. There, the motion picture camera has taken him—and us."

"And us!" Grace groaned. "Why, what camera?" "Why, the Pathé man was waiting for us—and caught us all!"

"The Pathé?" Grace moaned, gazing blankly at Vivian.

"The Pathé?" Vivian echoed, staring helplessly at Grace.

VII

When Jack Randle opened his eyes, he occupied

a cot in Bellevue hospital. Billy Mumford and Etienne Le Croix were at his side.

"Where am I?" Jack questioned in confusion.

"Tut, old top, keep quiet. It's all right. Laverne died—with a rat at his throat."

Jack shuddered. "No more about rats awhile," he begged. "They are henceforth my most dreaded friends. Say, you've been eating Roquefort cheese, Billy; please breathe the other way. I don't fancy cheese."

Mumford sighed in resignation. So Jack was opposed to cheese? Alas, were the gastronomic pleasures to be curtailed in the future? Now that Randle was safe, Billy's thoughts again turned toward banqueting.

For a time, Randle kept his eyes closed. He was attempting to piece together the remnants of his memory. It took him some seconds to get back to the object of his adventures—the Girl. Then his blood pulsed stronger and a little color crept into his cheeks. They might delay him at times, but they would not stop him altogether. In a few days, he would mend sufficiently to go on the trail again. The next few days dragged by unevenly, except for his troubled thoughts.

Then one morning, Mumford came rushing into the room breathlessly. "Read this!" he cried.

Jack reached for the paper, glanced at the indicated article casually, then furrowed his brows and read it carefully, and whistled. This is what caused his perturbation!

CLUE TO CONWAY MURDER

Mysterious Watch Found on a Seaman Arrested in Colon.

Colon, R. P.—Mike Muldoon, able seaman on the United Fruit S. S. Parismina, was arrested in a drunken brawl in a Front St. resort. He was searched and on his person was found the identical watch that disappeared from the body of Mabel Conway, the murdered heiress, in New York last spring. The trinket was positively identified by Sergeant McGuire of the New Orleans police, who is here on business. Two beautiful girls are being shadowed as suspects.

Only a moment did Jack Randle blink into space. "Hand me my clothes, Billy," he commanded.

"What in blazes are you going to do?" Mumford asked in alarm.

"We're going to Panama!" Jack replied with finality.

At that instant, Etienne Le Croix raced into the room.

"Ha!" he exclaimed, "et is hell to pay. The police are coming to hold you as a witness in the Doctor Laverne death. Et is awful, yes!"

"Hurry, hurry!" Jack commanded. Mechanically, stupidly, Mumford obeyed. Randle, still weak, got into his garments.

"How much money have you on you?" he demanded of Billy.

"TWO thousand, something," Mumford replied with excitement now claiming him.

"Then follow me," Jack insisted, as he rushed from the room, bumping against furniture and door, but progressing rapidly. Le Croix was at their heels, relishing the fun.

"No, Mistrail Jack," he whispered hoarsely. "Zis way—here—ze fire escape—quick!" Internes and nurses were absent for the moment. Only a river pilot saw them coming down the fire escape.

"Bugs!" he muttered indifferently. A few moments later, they were hastening from the grounds. The pier lay but a short distance away. A tug was made fast, awaiting orders.

"Here," said Jack to the captain, "take this hundred and get us over to Long Island. Quick, now!"

The captain looked at them questioningly. Then, counting the bills with distracting care, he motioned them to the deck. They obeyed with alacrity.

Just as the tug steamed out into the East River, two bluecoated figures raced through the hospital grounds.

"All the speed you've got. Say!" and Randle's face was white as chalk, "don't know of any tramp steamers bound for the tropics, do you?" The captain's brow contracted in a myriad wrinkles. He shook his head slowly.

"Can't you find one?" Jack insisted.

"Mebbe," the other responded absently. Then he glanced back. Lord! he moaned, "we're in for it. Another tug is after us—bills aboard. It's the Johnny J. How I hate that tug! What have you fellows done, anyway—murder?"

(Continued from page 25)

PRETENSES OF PAULINE

BY PAULINE BUSH

IF ASKED the chief requisite for screen success, I would quote the title of the well-known play by Oscar Wilde, "The Importance of Being Earnest," and would follow this up by adding the necessity of good health, good spirits, and the ability of being a good "pretender." I can not think of any better training for a budding actress than the art of "pretending," for, after all, what is acting if it is not the ability to pretend that one is someone else?

I feel entitled to write on this subject from this angle, because I was not always healthy and strong. As a child I was small and delicate and could not stand the strain of long hours in school or anything approaching hard work. The result was that I spent most of my time in the open air. An only child, I was left much to myself, and, being of a naturally imaginative disposition, I was forever pretending.

Probably I was a strange child and yet with all my self-imposed isolation, I was never lonely, for I had lots of companions who were human to me, if they were not actually humans.

We lived in Nebraska and I had my own pony, my dogs and cats, prairie dogs and squirrels; then there was a pet coyote, a raccoon, some pigeons and a pet lamb. We were a happy family, and it always seemed to me that my animal friends understood that I was pretending scenes and they were pretending with me.

I AM quite sure that Christopher Columbus understood. Christopher was an English pug-dog and a beauty—even if our colored maid did say he was an ugly, little beast; but then there was a feud between them. Pearl-Ellen had been "dog-bit" once and had never forgotten it, and I am sure that Christopher did not steal any more than any other dog would have done. Anyhow, Christopher was a bosom companion and no matter how I dressed him up or what I told him he was or what he had to do, he would put out about three feet of tongue, pant and grin and submit cheerfully.

I spent hours every day educating my animals and we had a constant stream of birthdays, Christmas days and other celebrations. Every day was picnic day!

There are some children in this world who naturally attract animals and I was one of them. The result was that our house was the meeting-place for waifs and strays, and when I rode over to my uncle's big ranch, I was generally followed by all kinds and conditions of dogs and when my uncle's canines greeted our arrival with a salvo of barks—answered with interest by my happy hoboos—uncle would say: "Here comes little Pauline with her family."

I used to read a lot too in those days, and I was fond of fairy stories and would read any adventurous book that I could get hold of. The dramatic instinct was strong in me then, for I used to pretend I was this character or that and would actually feel their joys and their woes.

I still pretend and I hope that I will never get beyond pretending, for when I do, any power I may possess as an actress, will have left me. When I play a part which calls for sorrow and pathos, I feel the pathos and the grief; or if the part calls for joy

I feel the pleasure of it and that is one reason why I prefer to act without any big audience while playing for the screen. On the stage it is different; there are the glaring lights which almost shut out the audience from view, or at least blur them, while with acting in the open, spectators are real and make remarks and fidget, so that an artist is unable to pretend properly.

THERE is one thing about the speaking stage which has an advantage to the pretender, and that is the opportunity to pour out one's heart in real words and not in clipped sentences. But this advantage is lost on account of the stifling atmosphere and the unreality of one's surroundings. It is an almost even break, with the balance in favor of the fresh air.

I enjoyed the time I spent on the stage, but I could not keep it up and it was by doctor's orders that I left New York where I was doing well, to come to the Pacific coast. This gave me my opportunity to go into pictures. I was really educated for the concert platform or the operatic stage and studied voice culture and music for many years;

but, although I could lose myself in my music, it was not the same as acting and I longed to go back to the days when Christopher Columbus and I pretended so many nice or awful things together.

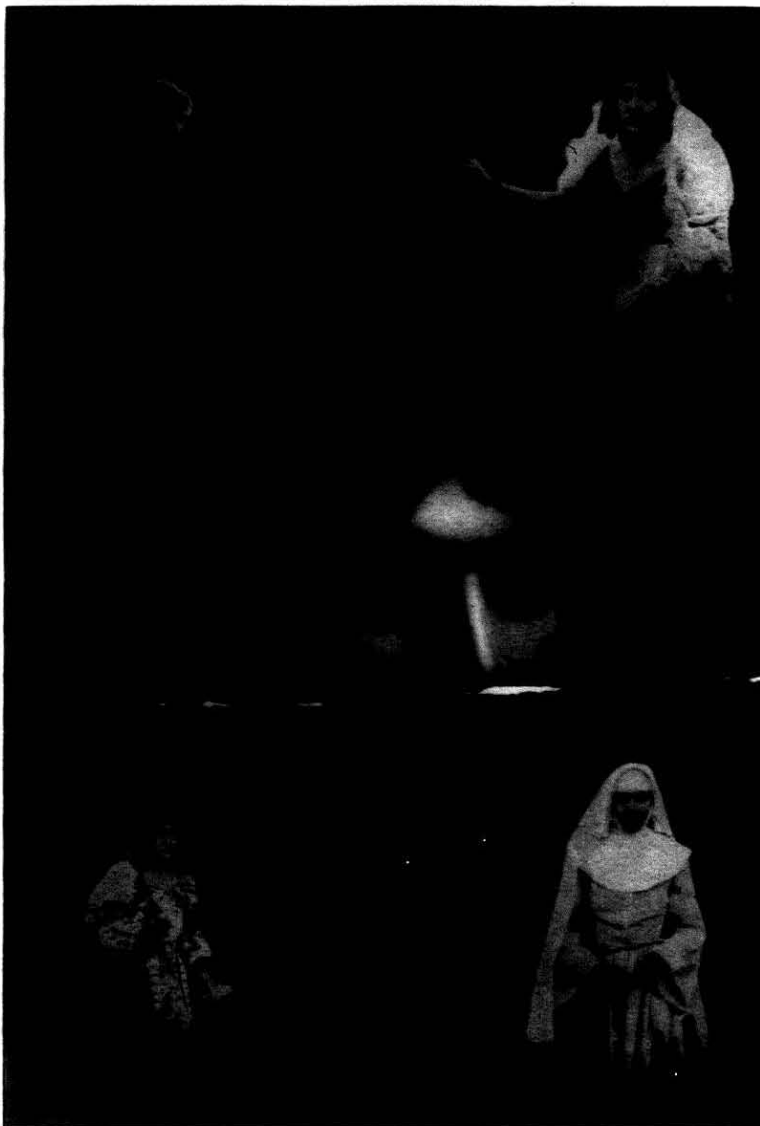
I have delightful remembrances of the earlier days of my picture career. I well remember riding into Santa Barbara with Jack Warren Kerrigan, Jack Richardson, Louise Lester and George Periolat, for we were about the first members of the American company to enter that city. I played the leads opposite Mr. Kerrigan and was to have been there a week or two; but remained for over two years. We were then putting on "westerns" under Allan Dwan and I loved them, for they gave me opportunities for riding, but I did not get the full opportunities for "pretending" until I joined Mr. Dwan at the Universal and we put on psychological and social dramas all the time. Mr. Dwan taught me all I know of the photoplay and, when he left the Universal to join the Famous Players, I missed him sadly. But, Joseph De Grasse came along and I have been with him for a long time now and we have been raking some good photoplays, believe. I have certainly enjoyed a variety of characters.

I HAVE often been called the "highbrow" of the movies, but this is because I have acted in so many serious and pathetic plays and because I am naturally rather quiet, I believe. It does not follow that, because a girl is quiet and loves to read, she is a highbrow. I am glad to think that all those who really know me—and this includes the members of the Universal company—know that I am as full of fun as they are. In fact, with the increase of good health, I have been one of the happiest women alive and I find real pleasure in most things.

Oh! you mothers! If you have girls or boys who get into corners with dolls or animals and talk to them and go through "grown-up actions," don't tell your relatives that the children are "so queer" and forever acting curiously. Let them go on pretending, for they are having the keenest possible enjoyment and the time will come along soon enough for them to be entirely practical. The child who can pretend is likely to turn his abilities to writing, acting or painting, successfully, later on. Let the children alone, and encourage, rather than discourage, their pretenses.

To me, acting on the screen is a form of expression—the expression of thought as well as of feature. That one can express thoughts which carry from an artist to the audience, even though dramatic action is not used, is a psychological problem hard to explain, but it is a fact nevertheless. Such expressions of thought can not be successfully carried unless the artist really feels the message he or she sends. In other words, the pretending must actually be a part of the sender. Mere acting will not accomplish it.

I have had bad days when I have not been able to feel it at I have been doing—times when my thoughts have strayed and I have dreaded to see the scenes when they have been shown on the screen, for I know they can not have been convincing.



I cannot think of any better training for a budding actress than the art of "pretending,"—for, after all what is acting if it is not the ability to pretend that one is someone else?

I have written a number of photoplays, chiefly psychological subjects, and I have always acted them in my mind before completing them. I have thus been able to alter what did not seem natural and to leave out what I felt could not be successfully expressed.

In writing for the magazines, I can let my thoughts flow more freely, for there are many things which can be put into words which might be misconstrued on the screen. I can sense all the thrills of my childhood pretensions as I allow my imagination to roam in "plantain land," seeking for plots with which to encircle my make-believe heroes and heroines. I can create castles with hoary ghosts and dreaded moats or humble cottages where the flowering vines breathe of the joys of true simplicity. I love writing, and in it I find an outlet for many of my thoughts.

Here is a curious fact: I was a bad student while at school and when my romantic thoughts made me beg my mother to send me to a south-

ern college, I spent most of my time in creating and originating, rather than in book-learning. I was not graduated and I prefer to think it was because I had to leave on account of my health and not be-

cause I was a laggard student. I did not regret it then and I do not now, for I have lived many lives while wrapped up in my creations and thoughts, which I would not have missed for anything. Fancy calling a girl a "highbrow" who was not even graduated!

Go and see me as the little "slavey" or in a comedy and see for yourselves whether I am fond of fun or not. I have the keenest sense of humor, although I laugh but seldom. One does not have to laugh to enjoy things after all.

Well, I am going on pretending as long as I live and when I get too old to pretend for the screen, I am going to pretend to myself and put thoughts on paper. Maybe I shall write up some of the things that I used to pretend when Christopher Columbus used to sit in front of me with his tongue out and with a grin on his dear, old face.

Meantime I shall continue my "pretending" under the sky or under the skylight as the occasion demands—all ways with keen enjoyment.

AT THE MOVIES

What care I for wind or weather,
Icy blast or snow!
When my friends and I together,
See a 'Movie' show!

Though the summer sun be torid,
There is Iceland chill!
If the heat is simply horrid,
Arctic's colder still!

Were I trousered, young and boyful,
There I'd find it all—
Indians, Trappers, Cowboys, joyful,
Ride and fight and fall!

Were I girl with heart a-throbbing,
For the joys of life,
Soon I'd find myself a-sobbing,
With neglected wife.

Then as my poor heart was breaking
With its throbs of pain.

In her arms her sweetheart taking
Makes me live again.

If I want my drama red-hot
From the Mills of Fate!
There I find it and I dread not
That its out-of-date.

Would I travel far from home-land
But have not the farr,
I can enter into roam-land
Once I'm seated there.

What care I for sorrows tragic,
Rain or summer sheen!
All are banished by the magic
Of the silent screen.

What care I for wind or weather,
Icy blast or snow!
When my friends and I together,
See a "Movie" show! —LOTTIE BRISCOE.

The Lost Chord

By MILDRED WASKA
With Decorations by Herself

EXTRACTING THE HUMOR MINORS FROM THE TRAGEDY MAJORS

RAINING again—and me five miles from the corner of United States and 2 o'clock! One umbrella in the rain is worth four in the umbrella rack. But this won't save the pink roses on my hat. Not a jitney in sight, so I'll walk between the drops.

One drop too many. Somebody dropped a movie ticket. Always choose the line of least resistance, be sure to go in the direction of the wind. 'Tis a strong wind that blows you where you don't want to go,—but I blew into the movies.

Hist! The Broken Coin. It all happened because Kitty Grey was tired of pounding the typewriter, so she joined the newspaper brigade.

somebody belonged to a coin that somebody else wanted, and in trying to please everybody the coin broke. One half told where some hidden money was and the other half hid a secret about some valuable papers hidden in the king's clothes closet. Kitty wanted both halves to paste together to wear as a locket. King Michael owned one-half of the coin and when Kitty heard that, she asked the newspaper boss to give her a holiday so that she could call on Mike the king. She did. He invited her to the ball—and now for the first thrill.

King Mike gave Kitty his half of the coin, so she sent it to the bank to draw half-rate interest on it.

Count Frederick needed money, so he had his friend hold up the messenger, and gave the coin to Count Sachio, who wore a sample mustache. He put the coin into the lapel of his coat to give him an even balance. Kitty was dancing and didn't know that the coin the king gave her to play with was stolen.

When the music stopped, she remembered her gum she had pasted under a chair in the Louis XVI room and was going after it when she heard voices in the next room. Curiosity killed a calf once, but she took a chance. Colu...us took a chance too and didn't come to harm. Her eyes flashed, she gnashed her teeth and would have tore her hair—but she couldn't spare any. (Rave on.)

She sent for her friend Roleaux and told him her hard-luck story. They knew the way to Count

Sachio's hunting lodge, so they hauled out their gasoline buggy next day and were on their way when they met Count Sachio and his door tender, riding towards them. They hid behind a bush until the other machine passed.

Kitty started to drive on when someone told her the lake was ahead of her (foiled again) and gave her an invitation to drop in. Crevel would. Count Frederick wore his best clothes to make a hit with Kitty, but she turned her nose up at him.

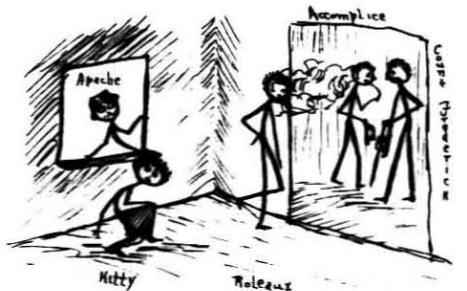


Mountain Slide.

When the poor people were stirring up a riot against King Michael, Count Freddy wanted to show off before Kitty, so he went out on the side porch and gave them the stump speech without giving any souvenirs away. He told them to keep off the grass and fooled them into going away. When he came back, King Michael was so scared that he kept picking his mustache. Count Fred told him to quit picking it or it never would get well. For all of that, Count Freddie didn't score a hit with Kitty, so he might just as well have saved his breath for blowing soup.

While Sachio was riding home, Kitty and Roleaux jumped out of their machine and slid down the mountain to reach the lodge before Sachio did.

When they got there, they found somebody ahead of them. It was Count Frederick's accomplice. While he was rummaging in the desk Kitty and Roleaux sneaked in and gagged him with handkerchiefs. Kitty's handkerchief fell to the floor. She should worry, she was through with it anyway.



Hunting Lodge.

Before they had a chance to do their own stealing, in walked Count Fred. He saw his man on the floor, but didn't want to remove his gloves, so he called in the private secretary to untie the man. Not that Fred cared much, but he needed the handkerchiefs he was gagged with. The man squealed on Kitty, but Fred didn't know who the man meant by "the woman" when he saw Kitty's handkerchief on the floor—picked it up, and identified it by the perfume on it, kept it. Kitty and Roleaux dashed for the kitchen. She hid under the window sill while Rol hid behind a puff of cigarette smoke.

A wandering Apache came along looking for the coin and traced it to the lodge. He was going to crawl in through the low window when he saw Kitty and her friend. He couldn't find any crack to hide in, so he drew out a bread knife from his vest pocket to snuff out the lives of Kitty and Rol, raised it high up in the air and—we got a perfectly good stop-over for seven days of shivering suspense.

Mildred Waska

EDITOR'S NOTE:—Miss Waska will continue to enlighten us, from issue to issue on the current thrills of the screen.

On The Editorial Screen

MOVIE PICTORIAL

VOLUME II AUGUST, 1915 NUMBER 2

LLOYD KENYON JONES, EDITOR
CHARLES E. NIXON, MANAGING EDITOR

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*They copied all they could follow, but they
Couldn't copy my mind,
And I left 'em sweating and stealing
A year and a half behind."*

—Rudyard Kipling.

"The Birth of a Nation"

The moving picture business, now nominated as the fifth industry of the world, makes kaleidoscopic changes so rapidly it puzzles even those to keep pace who are most deeply interested in the business and its progress. "The Birth of a Nation," a new mile-stone in film artistry, has astonished even the most sanguine by its success, and has inspired the most drastic new departure, in disputing the supremacy of the theater.

It is too late now to remark the various points of pride or prejudice involved in this epoch-making film production. It has so far surpassed the bitter and sensational source of its inspiration, "The Clansman" that the Dixon flagrances have been lost, or shadowed by the more impressive and awe-some visualization of the Griffith genius. All the art and artifice of advanced motography have been called into the mingled pictorial play of history and malign romance, to make some of the dark phases of Reconstruction, vivid if not convincing.

No pictorial producer appears to better understand the force of the recurrent idea as illustrated in his frequent and favored device of the "cut back," while his "close-ups" for detail are most ingenious. Many of his repeats might be voted tiresome if perpetrated by a less famed producer; and yet he is forgiven for his unerring instinct in the utility of the psychological moment. The on-rush of the night riders with their pale paladins, frequently repeated, is never lacking in tremendous sweep—and is the greatest moving force of the flying film.

Percy Hammond, the critic, has written sagely and fearlessly of the work, decrying its denotement as a matter of birthright—admitting its scenic virtues as remarkable, and denying its dramaturgy as a matter of construction. He has thus established a precedent concerning film masterpieces that challenge criticism. Up-to-date the writing on film productions has been patronizingly easy rather than scientifically severe.

As the "Birth of a Nation" continues to attract at high-class theatre prices, the public interest is undeniable. Furthermore it has inspired the new Triangle Film Corporation which is to minister solely "the motion picture play" in high-class theatres. Harry E. Aitken, the organizer of this corporation, with David Griffith, John Ince and Mack Sennett has released a prospectus, that claims the services of more than forty stage stars who have been engaged to appear under the personal supervision of the directors enumerated. The plan further embraces a fine theatre in every city of consequence for the exclusive showing of these first releases.

Morals and the Silent Drama

Beautiful Charlotte Walker whose presence in a film radiates wholesomeness, has raised an emphatic protest against the aspersions of the Morals Efficiency Committee of Los Angeles on the members of the motion picture profession. Her public statement said in part: "For a long time it has been conceded the quickest way to acquire publicity is attack the stage as being immoral, and now the lash has fallen upon the shoulders of the motion picture industry—the cloak of immorality has been torn from the stage and it eventually will be from motion pictures, when it becomes known that those who are sincere in their work and regular in employment, must necessarily lead the cleanest of lives."

Lois Weber and Anna Pavlova

A notable new departure has been quietly staged in Chicago for several weeks past. Midst the ruins of a summer entertainment park, where the dual genius of Lois Weber Smalley has been directing the incomparable mistress of the dance, Anna Pavlova, in the visualization of the ancient opera "Mase-niello." The scenic surroundings and the properties were of most attractive and enduring character, shaming the ordinary fittings of picture plays in elaboration and stability. But the trials that vexed the producer were equally unusual. Primarily Mr. Smalley's well laid plan to have the aid of California artisans familiar with the plans of himself and his gifted wife, were balked by the Stage Union until they acquiesced in every demand. Then capricious Chicago weather did the rest—usually a placid summer resort, it has been under a cloud much of late and the rain has been falling pro and con. So that open air photography has been a matter of luck between showers.

To the majority, Pavlova, is known as a wonderful classic dancer whose art may be enjoyed only by the wealthy who pay \$5 with alacrity for the privilege of entrancement at an exhibition of choreography.

Excepting Caruso, this famous Russian artiste, it is claimed, is the only individual star who could fill the Metropolitan Opera House in New York at \$5 a seat. Fourteen times in one season, Pavlova sold out the big Auditorium and to this day she is the only individual attraction to test the capacity of the Century Opera House. In Chicago at the big Auditorium, Pavlova drew \$8,500 at a matinee and twice in Los Angeles, the sale of seats for her entertainment had to be stopped by the Fire Department.

The establishment of this tremendous drawing power inclines one to wonder what goal could possibly induce her to change her artistic environment. When asked to explain her motives in making such a change in her career, this is what Pavlova answered:—

"At best I can appear even in America in only a score of the Metropolitan cities. Aside from London, Paris and a few great continental cities, I have never appeared at all. In these and other war stricken nations, including my own beloved country, I am unable to face the public in the flesh under the appalling current conditions. So I have elected to enter that branch of art which enables me to perpetuate records of my artistry. It was this goal—these perpetual film records and what they would mean—that determined me to harken to the call and I am now convinced after some days in this wonderful new environment, that my art will be immeasurably enhanced."

Silence In and Out

A few months ago W. A. Brady one of the shrewdest of theatrical magnates "put one over" a most influential publication in explaining at length: "Why I went into the Movies." The alluring prospectus this must have turned out to be, should have

served the organization, substantially, whose goods were so advantageously posted. Other theatrical magnates who were already in silently "sawing wood," only increased their efforts in mining at the end of the motographic rainbow, and the shrewd picture producers who long ago embarked in forwarding the popular new art form added to the facilities of their own establishments without engaging brass bands to hunt further profits.

In thus proclaiming the flood, the trumpet-pen prophet must have neglected the manning of his own ark of safety for he has loosed a wall that, it is even greater than he considered, as his classic-stock has been led astray and signed for service with an outsider. The shining mark in this instance being Robert Mantell who lo! these many, many years has thundered in the Shakespearean repertoire. Now the moving picture feudist, adroitly named Fox, who has chained the tragedian to silence, to add poignancy to his capture announces the star will not be permitted to act on the theatrical stage while enlisted in his service. Manager Brady once hotly resented the idea of filming his singing coterie in the Gilbert & Sullivan Operas, but they have yielded to the siren spell of the celluloid contract, so De Wolf Hopper and his associates will presently appear in songs without sounds.

Oliver Morosco's ideas are sound and certainly free from prejudice in the moving picture field, as he has taken it up not as a matter of mere expediency but to work it out in artistic and rational lines in a plant of his own with his own stock company adapted to presenting the productions he will elect.

Because actors are distinguished in certain roles does not indicate that they are photographic subjects in the motographic sense. If the universal rush to enlist them without such points are not well considered, there are bound to be disappointments. Again the fact that a play has been a pronounced success—does not always insure its perfect adaptability for equal favor on the screen. The moving picture game has vast variety in its opportunities—but it is not always as easy as it looks.

Nat Goodwin Observes

Nat C. Goodwin, one of the greatest natural actors America has produced, wearied of the hardships of the road, has taken to motion pictures. He remarks out of studied observation: "The public are demanding and getting better actors every day. I think slap-stick comedy is on its last legs and will soon disappear. I would like to see the companies produce more historical picture plays, plays constructed about the figures of this nation's history, as well as the famous warriors and statesmen across the sea. Such plays would then have both an instructive and entertaining value." Mr. Goodwin has a sympathetic associate in the veteran producer Otis Turner, under whose advice he has taken up motography.

Upward and Forward

W. W. Hodgkinson of the Paramount Picture Corporation deplors over-production of pictures and haphazard methods of doing business. He predicts there will be a narrowing down, elimination process, and declares that we are about to see the beginning of the last struggle for the survival of the fittest in the motion picture industry. "This business today is one of the greatest industries the world has ever seen, and is rapidly enlisting the largest capital and the best brains in the land. Those who are in it must advance with it or drop out. No great thing has ever been accomplished without an ideal—we recognize in censorship one of the big problems, but going on record as denouncing it does not solve it—the wholesome and helpful class of pictures are largely in the majority in this country."

The Music Story

THE MUSICAL INTERPRETATION OF MOVING PICTURES

By Mabel Bishop Wilson

Editor's Note:—Does your sense of sight tell you more of hearing into blank submission?

Do you think of music according to its title, or have you a deeper sense of musical interpretation. Any old music, appropriate or at cross-purposes, seems to be the order of the day. Why should it be? If music does not reach certain moods through hearing, how can sight extract moods from the photographic mirroring of dramatic action?

A \$5 Prize

Movie Pictorial contends that in a country that boasts as many places as America, there must surely be some idea of the sense of music. A rag-time riddle during a death-bed scene, or the Auld Chorus during a wedding, is certainly unfitting. In order to crown this musical sense Movie Pictorial will pay a \$5 prize for the best letter telling of musical interpretations. If you will read "Reasons in the Movies," and apply the same idea to the relationship between music and the film, you will gather the thought.

Why should music in the photograph house be accepted without protest when the same kind of music in your own home would bring forth a riot of disapproval? Unless you feel the musical harmony with the scenes, irrespective of titles, your musical sense is dull, and that is a fearful blight. Prove that you have a musical sense, and remember that your suggestions may help many picture play pianists, orchestra members and pipe-organists, to escape from the throes of their tendency to commit that sacred art.

Mabel Bishop Wilson has played in picture theaters for years, and plays correctly. She has played in legitimate and vaudeville theaters and on the concert stage. She has accompanied capable vocalists, and she has played in churches, and graduated years ago from one of the foremost musical schools in America. She has taught music—has helped make many creditable musicians. Let her guide you in this struggle for fitness in picture theater music. Tell us of examples of your musical interpretations. Send the brick right letter. Incidentally, win that prize. We are anxious to read it to you, provided you can earn it with a genuine Musical Reason!

We do not wish to discourage music in the picture houses, but we do wish to discourage certain kinds of music—*if, indeed, music is the power term to employ.* It is better to hurt somebody's feelings than to jar the musical sense of a majority of the twenty million picture play patrons of the U. S. A. Get your letters in early—about 100 words each! Address them to the Music Editor, Movie Pictorial, Hartford Building, Chicago, Ill.

All Classes Patronize the Movies

THE motion picture entertainment, given at the modest admission price of 5c and 10c, has brought much to the middle and lower classes of humanity. None are too poor to avail themselves of the entertainment of the Movies. It attracts them because it offers an insight into life which has always been a blank to them, and from an educational standpoint as well as that of a clean amusement, these people have been greatly benefited by the Movies.

We attend church, perhaps, and hear a wonderful sermon, most convincingly delivered, and we regret that we are not able to share its benefits with many, who we realize, need the lesson more than we do.

There is a class of people that the religious societies find it hard to reach. This class, who need the lessons which our great ministers are teaching from their pulpits and our great actors are giving out through the medium of their art, are crowding the motion picture theaters of today, absorbing everything the Movies have to give them.

Granted that the Movies are, first of all, an amusement—every program exhibited, has, at least one drama, with a well defined moral. The wrong doer eventually meets his fate and the wickedest man in the audience would be the first to denounce the film that failed to mete out justice in the end. These film lessons are lending their influence for good, and while it may be a slow growth, such pictures are, unmistakably, gradually accomplishing much. Now, how much more quickly and effectively might they accomplish this end, were the music performed during the exhibition of these pictures, of a nature that is thoroughly in sympathy with the action depicted!

The combined efforts of the playwright, producer, and actor, have been to make us feel a

great hatred for him, who, apparently, now is about to win out in his vile scheme, and feel much anxiety for those who seem doomed to be victims of his cunning treachery. During these scenes, when the tension is greatest—the climax of the whole story—were we to have placid strains of music applied, can't you see that this music is going to work exactly against everything which the picture has striven for from the very first, in that it soothes our wrath, calms our anxieties, and puts us in a sort of reassuring mood; and when the villain is finally outdone and things are again righted, we do not greet this with any feeling of relief or satisfaction. The whole thing falls sort of flat, and we are, on the whole, disappointed.

The work of the finest actors, most conscientious producers, combined with the charm of the most exquisite photography, is terribly marred, and many times thoroughly lost, if the music is not in harmony. I have sat in theaters and seen some of the most impressive scenes lose their hold on the audience, because that thoughtless, rattle-brained piano player was ranting on with a jingling, tingling tune of jollity, which, though unwelcome to most ears, would be heard and could do no more than annoy and irritate.

It is needless to go further to establish the fact that the combined libraries of all the picture accompanists in the business, arranged by the most approved system, would be worthless in the hands of one, who committed the unpardonable offense of applying music not suited to the action depicted.

These offenses may, sometimes, and justly too, be attributed to carelessness, a moment's relaxation or forgetfulness—any of which are serious and unpardonable enough—but don't rise up in rebellion when I dare to declare that a surprisingly large percentage of these offenses are due to the fact that the musicians haven't sense enough to know any better! Many of them haven't taken more than twenty lessons in all their days, and as a consequence, have a very meager idea of what music means. It has never meant anything more to them than something to pass the time away with, and make them feel happy for the time being, and since they have been hired to furnish the music for a place which is generally considered a place of amusement, they feel perfectly capable, and proceed to apply their giddy tunes to everything that comes on the screen.

Let There Be Consistency

Nowadays, we insist upon consistency in all things—but the accompaniment of motion pictures! Let us hope that we are fast nearing the period, when picture fans will be aroused and demand consistency in this. The absurdity of the whole thing strikes me so forcibly that I marvel at this condition having been tolerated as long as it has, and it is with a great feeling of rejoicing that I hear of men and women, here and there in our great cities, who have gained musical recognition, taking up picture accompanying. As I look back five years and note the great progress in the world of motion pictures, I cannot help but feel that now, since a few musicians of ability have made the break and taken up this work, more will follow and am tempted to predict that five years hence, these offenses now so common among picture accompanists will be the exception rather than the rule.

Oh, that the great army of picture fans could be made to realize what is in store for them if they would just demand "Music to fit the pictures!" In every department of the manufacture, production and marketing of motion pictures, the demands of the public are catered to to the very letter. Someway the music end of the business has escaped them entirely, but if a certain drama warrants an expenditure of many thousands of

dollars, to secure capable actors, furnish the necessary costumes, etc., etc., isn't it

worth while to employ musicians who have the brains to accompany these film stories, which have been produced with such great care in every detail, with music that is going to be in harmony with it; music that is going to put the mind in a condition that makes the action most convincing; music that adds realism and drives the thought home? There surely exists a deplorable lack of appreciation for the work of those who have given their all that a film may be thoroughly gratifying, when careless, thoughtless, rattle-headed performers are allowed to accompany pictures at all! Music with the pictures either adds or detracts. Appropriate music adds, inappropriate music detracts. The best film that was ever produced, cannot afford to lose anything. Those less carefully produced need all the help that capable, conscientious musicians can give them. Therefore, there should not be any demand for the incapable, undeveloped player. We must have consistency. There are musicians enough to supply every picture theater in the land with good talent. With the universal realization of this fact, we may expect results. Won't you become a "Music Detective" and join our crusade for "Better Music for the Movies."

Common Sense a Necessary Attribute

In last month's "Music Story," we talked about a very important part of the picture accompanist's equipment—his library of music. We talked about the different classes of music that could and should be included, and suggested manners of classification, etc. Some numbers were suggested as especially fine for certain kinds of scenes, and I want to supply now, the name of the composer of "Album Leaf in A Minor" which was omitted by mistake. This most valuable little treasure was written by K. Kolling, and is Opus 147 No. 2.

The branch of the motion picture accompanist's equipment, which I want to consider with you this month—I hardly know how to name. It is such an ordinary quality and at the same time such a rare quality, that I hesitate to name it. Do I hear someone suggest that we call it plain "common sense?" For the lack of a better term, suppose we do call it plain "common sense!"

Considering that we have found in our other walks of life, such wholesale lack of this thing we call "common sense," it is not to be wondered at, that we find it figuring very insignificantly among the commonly considered requisites of the picture accompanist's equipment.

The piano teacher alone, can realize how little music actually means to the average music student. It is safe to say that nine-tenths of the music students show no interest in anything but that which tickles the sense of hearing, and at the same time affords the opportunity of displaying a certain amount of skill to perform. The average musician (from the ranks of which the huge majority of picture accompanists are chosen) plays only "for my own amusement and others' amusement."

The fact that music is the expression of thoughts in tone, just as language is the expression of thoughts in speech, has never occurred to them, although they, of course, have a sense of distinction between extremes—they can tell a fox trot from a funeral dirge. The successful picture accompanist must have developed the power to distinguish between musical thoughts of much more nearly related natures, however.

While the Movies are first of all an amusement, to the serious minded musician, the wonderful opportunity to do a great good in the world through the medium of good accompaniment to the pictures, is very evident. If you feel in sympathy with the many well-known institutions and societies who are striving to help struggling humanity to a higher level of righteous, moral living, and have never felt that you had just the chance to do anything that really counted for much, won't you consider the great opportunity that intelligent, conscientious accompaniment of motion pictures offers you?

Film Favorites' Fashions

Apparel in the Camera's Eye—By Edna Mayo

Artists and producers are becoming more and more keenly alert to the call of costume as it befits the searching eye of the camera. Photographically, certain colors are complementary—others are receding—others blanch, some are diffusive, while many are ineffective.

The clever camera man knows the resultant of chemical changes when it comes to colors in costumes, but there are strange exceptions to rules in this regard. As an instance, I have a red dress of peculiar tint that invariably takes white, whereas red usually photographs black. I suppose there are other curious instances wherein color combinations have surprised even experts in their revelation in film.

Without having a scientific knowledge of photography, I should say that considerable snap, "color-value"—photographic life so to speak—is obtained directly through decided contrasts. The important thing in costume is not so much in fabric as in *Line*, the great essential for registration in moving pictures. In modern photoplay subjects, you cannot rush madly to the costumers and take whatever is handed out with certainty of favorable results. Such reckless runs will soon find you out of the *Line*, a mark, but not a shining one.

I have observed many pictured scenes of social functions—banquets, receptions and dances—that were pathetic absurdities both as to the *Line* and *Line-up*.

Most women have a sixth sense—"trig-ness" that makes them instinctively feel the fashionable line. This saving grace will lead them to adjust or change a costume; but, the difficulties of modern simplicity in skirts and sleeves are certainly puzzlers to the sisterhood who, through lack of means have not the advantages of close association or unlimited credit with a modiste, can testify.

But the men! Ye Gods. They can walk to triumph right over the tailor's fashion plates, wearing clothes of any old vintage and seemingly defying comment of adverse nature. Probably the majority of men do not worry about their attire other than to make the best of what they have, rather than to seek out or abide by the dictates of the Tailors' Association. But, I have seen "leads," real male beauties, who were strong for apparel, yet wearing dress coats with velvet cuffs, velvet lapels and

such. Shades of Beau Brummel and Berry Wall! Such trimmings seem more fitted for the song and dance stage rather than representative for our swell social leaders. Yet, such strange toggery, has seemed to win the approval of audiences, or at least to escape adverse criticism.

Now a woman's gown, her hat, her gloves and her shoes must be modish, or apparently all of the feminine contingent are sure to observe and remark it, and any glaring departure from up-to-dateness in costume will be heralded in a shower of letters of complaint. Many an actress in moving pictures has experienced manifold heartaches because the force of her financial necessities has prevented her from displaying even her individual taste.

The camera is relentless. It shows the *Line* accurately and it reveals fine fabrics as distinctly as it shows up cheap lace and the shoddy. Good hats (not the sort that are so large they obscure the wearer's face by shadows) are certainly advisable. It is astonishing how conspicuous feet appear upon the screen. I have observed button-less shoes and run-over heels that showed up sickeningly. It may be remarked in passing that the short-vamped shoe so long in theatrical favor, has given way to the current vogue for the slender aristocratic shoe.

The clicking picture camera may be cruel to be kind, and is awfully clever in picking out defects. You can't fool it worth a cent. Cheap and mangy furs will show just what they are, and I am inclined to fear that imitation pinchbeck jewelry will be shown at its actual valuation.

Personal and artistic pride should induce the people of the pictures to adopt the good and the genuine and, if possible incorporate the stylish in every detail of dress for it all counts in the showing, believe me!

The costume pictured on this page has a white serge circular skirt, crepe de chine waist with a black silk necktie finishing the rolling collar, and a blazer coat of black and white flannel. Large patch pockets ornament either side of the coat and the fulness is held in at the waist line with a soft girdle finished at the ends with white silk tassels. The panama sport hat has a broad black and white band. The pumps are of white buckskin and white silk stockings complete the cos-

tume which is simple, effective and absolutely harmonious.

I am fully aware that the sisterhood of flimdom have about all they can bear in the burden of dressing, but this is one of the penalties imposed by a "showing" profession. The management

"finds" for character and costume plays, but when it comes to the last word of modernity in fashionable apparel, the purse pinch becomes painful for the people who are expected to appear properly garbed, without arguing with the clock. The social functions, parties, dances and receptions, that gratify the sight of film fans, frequently rack the emotions and squeeze the resources of the girls who only flash in the scene long enough to register.

People who guess that the moving pictures are easy and that they can break in without any wardrobe, have another think coming. I believe it is the rule in all well organized picture plants to ask all applicants for positions if they possess evening dress or up-to-date costumes that will pass muster in scenes for social conquest. This is certainly kindly and considerate in protecting minor people from embarrassment that is bound to come the moment they are called upon to appear in other than street scenes, or massed in mob, shouting frantically at the cool and unresponsive camera.

Ever since woman left Eden, the dress question has been at once her joy and her sorrow, her elation and her despair—all the same, one of the most comforting essentials of civilization.

Edna Mayo

We believe many of our readers see at times on the screen, articles of apparel, dresses, suits, street dresses, etc., that appeal to their taste and feel the desire to possess garments just like them, but the constant movement on the screen the lack of reproduction of color effects, prevent the obtaining of a complete and strong enough mental picture to allow the reproduction of them.

At any time you see on the screen, a dress or suit or garment worn by a film favorite and you wish a description of it, such as we have given in connection with the illustrations on this page, just write to me (the fashion editor) giving the name of the film, the name of the film company by whom it was produced, the scene in that film in which it appeared as well as the name of the actress who wore it and I will endeavor to secure a description of it for you. Of course, I may not always succeed, but I will do my best to get it for you.

Remember, this department is open to our readers—we want you to feel it is your information bureau—want you to write at any time on this subject. All you need to do is to write your letter, giving the information required, as stated above, enclose with it a stamped return envelope, and mail it to

THE FASHION EDITOR.



Photo by Matzene, Chicago

REALISM IN THE MOVIES

A Department for the Discussion of Films Possessing or Lacking Realism

Conducted by Our Readers

Sharpen Your Pencil

WRITE more to the point. Many persons send in Realisms, and some are inspired to write a book. Confine your criticisms to one hundred words. If you write about more than one film, write more than one letter, even though all your Realisms are enclosed in the same envelope. Also be sure to write your name and address on each Realism, and if you wish only initials used, tell us, and your wish will be obeyed.

Realisms can be found in most film plays; several, occasionally, in each play. The producers have their troubles. They are fighting a thousand details each day. It is easy to make a mistake in costuming or dramatic action. But the public likes to see reality in the pictures—likes to live the photodramas. When there is something incongruous, then one is brought back to the truth of the animated screen with a shock. These errors are bad for one's nerves.

In the "Buffalo Bill" pictures, Bill came riding lickety-split with the "Injuns" on his trail. His hat flew from his head; it was no time to retrieve hats. Bill kept riding. When he arrived at the army post, his hat was on. The audience invariably tittered. Now, as a matter of fact, Bill did not do this riding continuously. These were two different rides, but he and the director forgot about the lost hat. Let us help the producers and the artists remember these trivialities. In life itself, the most trivial things often count most. In film plays, sometimes nothing but the trivial seems to count at all.

Sharpen your pencil, and go after that prize—plus the satisfaction of tossing a brick through the other fellow's masterpiece. But—be fair. If any scenario author or producer or star writes to us and complains of your inaccuracy, that person gets first place. This is not a court of last resort, but it is a court, and justice demands a fair deal of the cards to all the players in the game. Play fair—but play hard, and see what you can flash on the screen that is worth reading.

"Kindling" Splintered

Washington, D. C.

After paying many beautiful compliments to plot, action and players, our correspondent unearths the marks of the ax in "Kindling:"

The wife seeks to hide the newly bought cradle from her husband. She places it beneath the kitchen table, with the cloth over the table-top, covering one side but leaving the other side bare. When the husband returns from work and goes to wash, he is on the bare side of the table, but does not notice the cradle, although visitors noticed it, even from the covered side. On the landing of this rookery, is a wobbly balustrade. Any one familiar with New York City life, knows that the tenement inspector of the district would not permit this for a minute. When the detective arrested the wife, he put her through the "third degree" in the presence of her husband—something the husband should have never countenanced. While these are minor defects, they mar the perfection of the play.

(Signed) Arthur Lenox.

If that balustrade had been in Chicago, Mr. Lenox, it probably would have been there yet—had it not fallen. However—a gentle pictorial slam at even a New York inspector might not hurt so much. As to the detective, there is such a thing as

Your help toward the accomplishment aimed at by this department is requested. Send in your criticisms. Do not hesitate. Join your efforts with ours. A prize of \$5.00 is given each month to the contributor of the criticism deemed most worthy, be it either for or against the film. Address all communications to the Realism editor.

the brutality of police; not of all police, but of some officers, and third degrees are not infrequently dished out in the sanctity of homes, or even in the streets. But the cradle that was supposed to be hidden, that was, indeed, the Blindness of Virtue.

Eighteenth Century Concrete

After deprecating the mistakes in costuming in scenes, this correspondent points out the following specific example:

Chicago, Ill.

In the play that would have otherwise been almost perfect, the Cardinal gave his ward a concrete palace as a wedding gift. Did the French have concrete in the 18th century, and did they have big electric globes, one on each side of the entrance?

J. M. W.

As to the concrete, we are not sure. It might have been a "dobe palace. As to the electric lights, we feel more certain. We have seen electric cars passing along the streets of Rome during a sixteenth century hand-to-hand battle. But—Rome was a wonderful city always.

Sh-h-h-h—the Papers!

What would a play be without "the papers?" Indeed, the papers are as much needed as scenery. The only other thing needed almost as much is a lock. Locketts are very valuable acquisitions to plots—as are also pearl and diamond necklaces, and triangles. Let us now examine the papers:

Yonkers, N. Y.

I noticed, in a recent Vitaphone Western release, where the hero did a most marvelous thing. Having some papers which the villain wished, he was pursued, shot and thrown from a cliff on a sharp rock below—at least one hundred yards below. He was rescued by his lady love, and after being restored to consciousness, without either water or stimulant, he was able to stand unsupported and take his sweetheart to his heart in a strong lover's embrace. How could Death be thus cheated?

In the wonderful picture, "The Jugernaut," when the trackwalker examined the bridge, it was in such shape, it would not have held even a single man. How could the other trains have escaped disaster? And when the trackwalker telegraphed the president, I noticed that they communicated over the telephone, just after the telegram was received. Why didn't they telephone in the beginning instead of wasting so much time? And—why did the bridge stop suddenly in the middle of the water? I didn't know that bridges were built that way.

(Signed) Penelope Rowland.

As to the hero who could fall a hundred yards, strike on a sharp rock, and recover so readily, we admit it is beyond fate. Maybe he lived a hard life—or perhaps he really was ably "supported" by the young lady who played opposite him. But the use of the 'phone, when the wires were employed in the regulation Western Union way, is beyond belief! If the trackwalker had later relented to think he had trusted an A. D. T. Mercury, he well should have used the 'phone—or written a letter!

Another Steve Bradin!

The hero mentioned above is not the only high faller, as we may glean from the following Realism:

Amarillo, Texas.

In "The House of the Lost Court," where four young people start out to climb a steep mountain, Nina, one of

the number, slips and falls off a cliff several hundred feet high. When they get her, she is alive and shortly recovers.

Yours for Realism.

(Signed) Margaret Herring.

What we said about the probability that the hero in the preceding Realism had lived a hard life, that will surely not apply to Nina. We once read about the inglorious demise of a steeple-jack, who had risked death a thousand times, only to fall backwards from a tilted chair, to the floor in his own home. His neck was broken. But steeple-jacks never were to be compared in hardihood with film stars—never!

Putting the X After Francis

Miss "T" who writes the following, admits she admires Mr. Bushman's acting, but even Francis X can't get away with this stuff. Witness:

Indianapolis, Ind.

In "Graustark," Miss Bayne and Francis go for a walk. Mr. Bushman wearing a business suit. Before going far, he hears the locomotive whistle, and after a mad dash, gains the platform, only to see Miss Bayne being left. After vain efforts to stop the train, he jumps off, without having entered the coach. A few minutes later, having joined Miss Bayne, we see him at the window of the telegraph operator wearing an overcoat. Riding in the old coach at breakneck speed, they meet the train at the next station, with Mr. Bushman again in the business suit, minus the overcoat. Why the change?

A. M. T.

Francis, Francis, we never thought it of you. We are disconsolate—truly.

Nowhere Except at Coney

To soothe their consciences for the brick they are about to toss, many correspondents pay beautiful compliments to the pictures they are about to slam. It is too much as though the hangman kissed his victim farewell. It is understood that all pictures have beautiful phases—but, alas, we are not here looking for beauty. We are vandals—for the sake of Realism. When you bring your dirks, pray forget your bouquets.

Atlanta, Ga.

In "The Island of Regeneration," a man, raised from infancy on an uninhabited island, became an educated gentleman in three years, with only a girl and a bible to study with. Why should it transpire so quickly when it takes a generation with our men and boys, here in civilization? And—would the man of the island have known the harm of the woman being on the yacht for two weeks with another man, if he had been alone on this island since he was four years old? I don't believe so, because he couldn't understand why the girl drove him out of his cave.

(Signed) Beverly Dinsmore.

It is strange, Miss Dinsmore, passing strange. Some of our men and boys never become gentlemen in an entire generation. We also do not understand the high moral standards of the wild man, unless we revert to one of the four things that Solomon professed to not understand: "The way of a man with a maid."

Poor St. Elmo

Now we pause to become educational. First, the complaint:

San Bernardino, Calif.

I witnessed "St. Elmo," but to my disappointment, I found that the picture

showed hardly any resemblance to the book of that name. I know that most plays, taken from books, have to be changed a little when they are being produced, but there seemed scarcely any excuse for this one. At the start, a duel was fought, and after the shooting had occurred, the victor stood looking down at his victim and laughing, when Edna Earl, a little country girl rushed in and called him a murderer. So much did the words prey upon the victor that he no longer saw his second driving him home, but his victim, whom he choked and threw out of the buggy. The buggy, finally claimed the victor as its victim, passing over him as he fell out. But—what became of the second? He could not have been supposed to really fade away? Later, when Edna was pulled out of wreckage, there was not a soot mark on her. When St. Elmo later related the story of his life, there were many changes. A bench, that had been of the hardwood type, became of wicker construction, the grounds were different, and the duel was different.

Respectfully,

(Signed) Miss Thelma Bates.

Now, the comment: Admitting the fact that the incongruities noted should not have been, we must dwell briefly upon the fact that, in pictures, the story has to be "done all over." This is not for the sake of a desire to improve the story, but because the fiction story is frequently not adapted to the pictures. This does not account for a dissolve that is not explained away. The dissolve is not supposed to make us believe in ghosts, but to carry out an effect that serves its purpose and is admittedly an illusion. But many changes between written fiction and picture fiction occur—which makes the demand for better and more original film scenarios imperative.

Thumbs Up!

New Orleans.

In "The Jack Pot Club," the leading man was supposed to have only one arm. Later, in preparing to commit suicide, he wrote a letter to his wife. There was an insert of the letter: It was held by two thumbs, plus the required fingers. In "The Purple Iris," the prince received a letter, which he tore into several pieces, and tossed from him. Another man, getting the letter, pieced it together. Again the insert: A letter written on a single, untorn sheet.

Yours truly,

(Signed) Adele Gaughan.

Miss Gaughan, the five dollar prize belongs to you. We might explain away the torn letter—but the two thumbs! Never! Thumbs is thumbs, and that's the end of it!

The little things count, as the business man said to his five-foot bookkeeper. The little things in films count a lot, and frequently more than the big things. The studio is not a place of pastoral quiet, by any means, but the public pays not to weep over the hard work in the studios; rather to enjoy the art that the studios produce.

When a well-known lead of the "old school," playing Romeo, fell from a fence while on his way to fair Juliet, and fence and all came to the boards with a crash, the audience even giggled at the death scene later on. Let these diverting errors creep in, and something has gone out of the story—a necessary something that the story cannot get along without.

And while Realism may hurt a few feelings, it is for "the good of the cause." Therefore, gentle reader, just before depositing a dime at the ticket window, be sure that a healthy, perfectly good brick, is in a convenient pocket. It may add sport to the hour's enjoyment.

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Even so, you will feel the grip, the keen excitement involved in the unfolding of the love affair centered in the heart-reaching story:

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BY

Mary Ridpath-Mann

Author of "The Unofficial Secretary," "Royal Women," etc., etc.

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In the Night Court

(Continued from page 7)

spell of his voice. But it was no use to fight. That voice would have moved a stone. He began talking again.

"The day you went away, Dear!—I couldn't live through that day again. Bob came to me that very morning. Helen had heard the gossip that had made you so unhappy and had confided in him. Like the good old comrade he has always been he set me straight. He made me see what a fool I had been. The very moment I got back to town I went and got you this. But it was too late then. You were gone."

"He took a little book from his pocket and handed it to her. Mechanically she took it. She read on the outside 'The First National Bank, in account with Katherine Harding.' Below was the date, April 15, 1906,—five years ago. Turning over the page, she saw the record of deposit,—a thousand dollars. She sat silent, holding the book in her hand. The man watched her.

"It is still there, Dear," he went on, "waiting for you. Won't you come back Girlie? Bring the boy and let's go back to California and the sunshine! When I heard that I had a son, Dear, can you imagine how I felt?"

"While all this was going on the Judge had been listening quietly, more moved than he had ever found himself before. Here were not two ordinary people who had had a lovers' quarrel. It was a far more serious thing than that. In this woman's heart, the consciousness of what was right and just had led her to sacrifice Love. Could it ever be restored? He knew that he held his position because he was supposed to be peculiarly qualified to give good advice to those who sought him out as the court of last resort. But Judge Grey was not only sympathetic. He was kindly and wise. Experience in this peculiar Court had taught him many things and one of them was that while it was easy for a woman to love a man, to unlove him was always a slow and painful process. He always knew when it was time to play his trump card. So he rose quickly from the bench and came down into the room where the woman and the man were standing. Then he said in his most persuasive voice:

"Perhaps you would like to go into the next room and talk it over by yourselves. Take the boy with you. Don't forget him in your conclusions," he added, looking straight at the woman. "There comes a time in every boy's life when he doesn't find his mother all-sufficient," he said significantly. "He needs his father. Put your pride away and try to readjust yourself. Remember that we are put into this world to conquer the obstacles we meet,—not to be conquered by them. I am not often mistaken in my estimate of men, and," he concluded as he placed both hands on her husband's shoulders, "I like this man."

"Before either of them realized it they were alone in the next room. Just what took place in there no one but the man and the woman will ever know. But in less than half an hour they came out again. The man's dark eyes glowed like stars. The woman's were wet with weeping. But the boy's arms were tight around Daddy's neck and he was laughing gleefully."

The bang of the paper knife as it fell on the desk where the editor had thrown it startled the woman who had been telling the story almost out of her senses. She sprang to her feet and looked at the clock, horrified. "Why," she gasped. "Why,—I've been here for an hour. I—"

The "boss" looked up at her and smiled.

"Go back to your desk," he said shortly, "and write your story."

"What story?"

"The one you've just been telling me."

"That? Oh,—I couldn't make a story out of that. I—I can't."

"Of course you can. Hurry up. I'll wait for it."

There was a finality about the command which did not admit of argument. An hour later she laid the manuscript on his desk. Seeing that she lingered the editor looked up at her.

"Well?" he questioned.

"I'm leaving to-night," she said softly, "—for California—and the sunshine. You see,—I was the woman."

Inside a Romance Factory

(Continued from page 9)

"Now," instructed the director, "when the train comes in and the fireman gets just opposite you, start to talking and laughing with him and come on down the depot platform here pulling that truck back of you. See! Be careful when you get up alongside the arc lights not to knock one of them out of the way. See! And once you pass the lights get this truck out of the way of traffic as quick as you can. See!"

I confess I was rather nervous. It was my initial experience in the game. What if I should make the wrong move at the critical moment? "The fixer" wouldn't be able to get that train to back up and pull in again with all the passengers on board. What if I shouldn't guide the truck properly, and the heavy wheels should go bang off onto the railroad tracks and collide with the train? What if—

But just then two individuals passed me, their faces covered with grease paint and their eyebrows and the rims of their eyelids blackened. One of them was dressed as a butler. I recognized him as one of the "extra men" who had lounged with me on the bench out at the studio that morning. The other,—well, he was Dick Travers, the leading man. He was a nicely built youth with big black eyes and a smile that showed an even row of teeth—just the sort of a smile to appeal to the girls sitting in some darkened "Pastime" or "Idle Hour" down in Paducah or out in Ottumwa or up at Grand Forks. "Daddy" Baker was close behind the pair.

"Now, we've just got time to rehearse this thing once before the train comes in," chided the director. "You shouldn't have taken so long over there to lunch. Now, butler—he's just got off the train and as you step up to take his baggage, you start to tell him with a sorrowful face, about his father having just been killed. See! You walk along past the lights with him, talking earnestly. See! And Dick—you have just hurried back from college, and you listen to what the butler says, with a sad look on your face. Hustle on down the platform, Dick, and get on the train before it gets into 'the frame.'"

By this time there must have been two hundred onlookers that "the fixer" had his hands full keeping lined along the other side of the artificial lights. Some of the onlookers—the "cut ups" of the crowd—yelled out how I should handle the depot truck, but I scarcely heard them. I was absorbed in the sudden appearance of an engine nosing its way toward me a couple of blocks distant. The engine was coming into the train shed!

Nervously, I clutched at the handle of the baggage truck.

"Don't come too soon," I heard

"Daddy" Baker call, and my knees trembled as they used to when I had to get up and speak a piece in school on Friday afternoons.

The engine drew opposite me. The suspense couldn't last forever. I started a conversation with the fireman and came down the platform dragging the truck behind me.

As soon as I had passed the "deadline," I pulled the truck out of the way, gave a sigh of accomplishment and relief, and became an onlooker along with the two hundred other bystanders. Off the train, came the regular passengers—bewildered a bit at the glare of the artificial lights but unobserving of the steadily clicking camera in its cleverly concealed position behind a pillar of structural iron.

Whenever a passenger seemed inclined to make too much of a pause or act differently than a passenger should act in getting off a train, a couple of "extra men," standing back of the lights, butted in and engaged the new arrivals in conversation until they had passed along naturally out of "the frame."

In the midst of the passengers, came the butler and the leading man, carrying out their part just as "Daddy" Baker had had them rehearse it.

During the time that I was walking along with that truck, no one could have convinced me that I would not be found enacting the main part in "Vengeance"—a three reel drama" when it should be produced.

It was only a matter of weeks—though each week seemed like a year—before the film was released and I saw "Vengeance" announced on a red and yellow lithograph.

Ah, at last the public was to recognize my merits as a screen star! I paid my jitney and was bored by a couple of other pictures before the title of my film was flashed in small, white letters on the square splotch of white. Reel "one" came and I saw a whole lot of Dick Travers and other actors and actresses I had caught glimpses of at the Essanay plant, but I saw no sign of o. f. s.

Perhaps after all, there had been some mistake.

Then my heart almost stopped beating as there was a quick shift to a railway station scene. A train was nosing its way into a train shed. On the platform was a baggage man holding the handle of a truck.

The train neared and the baggage man started to move!

How could those people all around me in the darkness sit so quietly? I felt like letting loose with a yell. It was as if my soul had left my body and from ethereal regions I was watching myself in the flesh.

My thrill was decidedly short lived however, for the baggage man certainly did not take up much more than two seconds of time. On came the passengers and on came the butler.

Bing! And the plot of "Vengeance" had shifted to scenes anew.

Finally seeing myself as others saw me certainly gave me no haughty sensations.

But on that first day that I was an "extra man" I had not yet seen myself in the pictures. On that first day I was still what "the fixer" termed rather "up stage."

On the second day, so the man in the pearl colored coat informed me, I would be given a chance to appear in a ball room scene, providing I knew how to fox trot and how to appear at ease in a dress suit.

EDITOR'S NOTE.—The final installment of Mr. Sweet's experience as a moving picture actor will appear in our next issue.

THE GIRL IN THE PATHÉ

(Continued from page 17)

"Nothing like it!" Le Croix responded warmly. "Eet is, should be weetnesses of a accident—yes—when we must reach ze tropics. So, hurry!"

"A thousand cool cash if you make an outgoing tramp steamer!" Randley cried.

"All right!" the captain responded, and the Mary Ann sent her smoke billowing back toward the Johnny J. Down the East River they sped, the captain meantime scrutinizing the ships in their docks.

The Johnny J. was not so easily distanced. Besides, there was rivalry between their skippers—except that the Mary Ann was speeding for a thousand, and the Johnny J. on police command. The captain of the Johnny J. loved police officers less than he loved the captain of the Mary Ann, a fact he cited later, when the latter was unduly boastful.

Brooklyn Bridge was above them, and the roadstead was widening into the waters of the Bay. The Johnny J. was puffing asthmatically three hundred yards behind. Across the bows of the Mary Ann, a low beautifully built ship was speeding. She bore the name, "Pathos."

The tug skipper ran alongside as near as he dare venture.

"Where to?" he bawled lustily.

"Colon!" came the answer.

"A thousand if he takes three passengers," Randley shouted. The captain repeated the message.

"Fugitives?" the ship's officer questioned suspiciously.

"Nope! Sports who missed their boat—good friends of mine. Come on, lower the ladder. It's all right,

pilot, they're gents of the first water. A thousand, captain, now or never!"

The ladder began to lower. The captain of the Mary Ann glanced up the river suspiciously. The Johnny J. was two hundred and fifty yards away. Randley slipped the proffered thousand to the wily skipper. Then, as they ran alongside, the passengers clambered up the ship's side, and waved their helper a farewell.

"Can you beat that tug?" Randley asked hopelessly, pointing toward the pursuing Johnny J.

"Yes—but why? Say, there are cops aboard. What's the game?"

"No game," Le Croix explained with many gestures, "only, zey would hold us as weetnesses, zat's all. We must reach Colon—we must. Hurry, ze tug ees fleet."

"No, not a fleet," the captain observed dryly. "It's only one—not a fleet. Croit out your thousand. That's what talks."

Mumford dealt out the bills. He had a small roll left. The captain eyed it curiously.

"Five hundred more and we beat 'em," he suggested.

Mumford hesitated, but Randley urged him on. After the five hundred had been counted off, only fifty dollars remained.

The captain sought the pilot and the pilot sanctioned a knot more speed. So it was around Long Island—and up to the time the pilot departed. But Sandy Hook was passed in safety, and they were eventually in the high seas. Then they ceased drinking and began to eat. Although the wireless caught many a description of the fugitives, no assurance

was flashed back. A bargain was a bargain and that was the end of it.

The next day, a fog hung close to the water and the ship proceeded with some caution, but not as much as Mumford thought safe.

"Well," he suggested casually to the captain, "fogs don't worry you much, eh?"

"They're blessings in disguise," he responded cheerfully. Then after a moment's thought, added, "I was afraid of you fellows at first. It didn't look regular, but my game is taking chances. Now if you tried to start anything, I'd brain the three of you and toss you overboard."

"What a cheerful captain," Randley observed.

"Such a beautiful deesposition!" Le Croix added.

"When do we reach Colon?" Jack queried hopefully.

"Colon?" the captain echoed. "Hell, we never get near Colon."

"What? You said so!" the three responded in astonishment.

"Oh, I'm supposed to—but that's also part of the game I'm playing."

"Then where are you bound for and what are you?" Jack Randley demanded.

The captain was silent a moment. Then a smile crossed his weathered features.

"Well, if you must know," he replied quietly, "I'm a blockade runner and I'm headed for a point in the North Sea."

"And ze cargo?" Le Croix interrogated nervously, and nearly fainted at the laconic reply:

"Guncotton!"

(To be continued.)

WEST COAST STUDIO JOTTINGS

NEWS OF THE PHOTOPLAYERS IN SOUTHERN CALIFORNIA

By BESS POWERS

Henry Walthall blew into Los Angeles long enough to win his case in the courts with the Balboa Company, who brought suit against him for breach of contract. He looked wonderfully well, and says that Chicago suits him down to the ground. He took time to visit a few friends and to pack up the rest of his belongings and put hats on his family and take them away to the windy city, which is doing so much for him. His sister, Anna May went with him, and will also work in the Essanay studios. It is a long time since Walthall looked so well. Good for Chicago.

Henry King wrote a five-reel play called "The Brand of Man." He wrote it originally for William Elliot, but matters interfered and now King is producing it himself at the big Balboa studios and is playing the lead in it himself, and what is more, is giving a sterling rendering of a fine part. The play is most interesting and will be released by the Balboa people as a feature in the regular manner. Every one joshes King upon the way he spent his "holiday," he had just two days off and then asked to go to work again.

Edna Maison has several dolls in her Los Angeles dressing room, given her by little girl actress friends. There is one big doll among them which cost eight dollars, and which is worth perhaps a dollar. She acquired this at the beach when a number of the Universal artists were taking chances at a booth. They were unfortunate or unskillful, but kept at it until the doll was awarded one of them. Then they agreed that it was mutual property and raffled it without extra pay, and Edna won it, and carted it home. On its dress it contains the name of all the gamblers who spent the eight dollars odd!

Every one knows of the genuine affection that Pauline Bush has for animals and children. She was entertaining a number of little friends recently, when a little girl looked up into her face and said, "Oh, Miss Bush, you must have an awful lot of childrens." "Why, Dear?" asked Miss Bush. "Oh, because you know just what we all want and give it to us," answered the child. The fact is, that Pauline remembers her own childhood, and thoroughly understands children.

Every time we record a leading actress without an automobile, that actress goes and buys one right away, and as we have no grudge against pretty little Neva Gerber, we now put her forward as the one, and only leading lady who has not purchased an automobile. There are one or two with Fords, but they do not count. Now, we fully expect to have to eat our words within a week or so; it has always been so.

Two of the men in humble positions at the Bosworth studios were discussing the artists during lunch hour. Myrtle Stedman happened to be passing on the other side of some scenery. She heard her name and naturally listened a moment as the speakers seemed to be quite familiar with her name. She heard one say, "So I said to 'Mottle,' WHY on earth did you let 'em put so an so over on you, and she told me she was glad I spoke and seemed grateful for the hints I gave her," etc. Miss Stedman never said more than good morning to the man in her life, but did not spoil the good impression she was making on the new hand.

Webster Campbell, of the Beauty brand, has received his first offer of marriage. They all get them in time, generally by mail, and this

offer came with a stamped return envelope. The sender frankly says she is thirty-five, but that she looks very young, and she has plenty of money and would make Webster very, very happy. All of which sounds good enough, but then Campbell has an automobile and he takes many trips in the same direction and there MAY be some attraction.

Henry Otto is winning new friends all the time with his clean, artistic pictures. At Santa Barbara he strung together a particularly happy comedy for a change, and called it "Mixed Wires." He had the idea so well in mind that he made a thousand feet in two days and then cut and assembled it the following day, and, in three days after it was started, it was on the train bound for the American offices at Chicago. The company are not sure whether they worked or whether they just had a good time.

May Allison is a level headed little actress. She does not allow praise to turn her head and she gets lots of it for her work with Lockwood at the American. She lives quietly with her mother in a bungalow and enjoys life in a sane manner. Miss Allison says she had done all the rushing around she intends to do, and welcomes the comparative rest of the pictures after the whirl of the musical comedy stage.

Richard Stanton, the N. Y. M. P. Corp., producer, is finishing up his astonishingly good "Aloha" at the Santa Monica studios, and he has made a feature photoplay which he may be well proud of. "Aloha" contains some of the most lovely backgrounds ever seen in a play and the scenery and locations were chosen over a wide area. Willard Mack, who was starred gave a fine performance and Enid Mackey again showed what a delightful little actress she is.

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PHOTOPLAY SCENARIO

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Margery Moore's BEAUTY CORNER

BEAUTY AND THE PRIDE AND JOY OF IT, IS UNIVERSAL—
SOMETHING DESIRED BY EVERY WOMAN, ADMIRER BY EVERY MAN!

Breath and Beauty

How do you breathe? Do you know that your manner of breathing helps determine your hold on beauty, or win back its fleeing charms?

The breath is not beauty, but it is an aid—and the way in which it helps is seldom understood. To some extent, proper breathing assists the lungs, but it is not centered in the lungs for its great benefits.

Directly back of your stomach is the largest nerve-center in your body, apart from your brain. This nerve-ganglion is known as the "solar plexus," and it is the real headquarters of your great nervous system. Breathing exercises this nerve-center, wakes it up, sends the good-cheer nerve-messages to all parts of the body.

Your nerves are your telegraph system; they superintend your bodily organs. Interrupted or sluggish nerve-currents are like short-circuited wires. Wake the nerves, and you improve in health, and as you radiate health, your beauty riddles become less in number and importance.

Deep breathing is as much misunderstood as its meaning. To hold the breath indefinitely is not a good practice. The lungs throw off poisons—gaseous poisons and solid poisons. Do not force your breath, but breathe deeply—until your breath has found the lowest reaches of your lungs.

The extra supply of oxygen helps a great deal, and the stimulation of the nerves helps some more.

Deep breathing is not difficult; it soon becomes a habit, and takes its place with the other reflexes, or involuntary or automatic actions of the nerves.

Practice breathing at least two or three times a day—more often would be better. Breathe deeply in the morning, with plenty of fresh air, and before retiring, with ample fresh air, and at intervals during the day. Helpful deep breathing should not be a penalty. It should not consist of packing the breath into the lungs, but rather of measured, deeply inhaled and perfectly exhaled breaths.

Many of the mars of beauty are due to nervous conditions. Numerous spotty complexions are as much due to nerves as to stomach—and many of the stomach's ills are traceable to nerve disorders.

Deep breathing is not a panacea for all nerve disorders, but it is a regular—an awakener—a monitor.

Breathe deeply—and make deep, full, plentiful breathing a habit. You can feel your nerves wake up. You can feel your own forces marshalling themselves, and getting themselves in order.

Radiant beauty is not always great beauty of features. There is a form of beauty that is magnetic. Famous beauties have been invariably of the magnetic type, rather than of the mere pretty type. And genuine beauty comes from within: it exists in the body. Deep, full, regular breathing is the most powerful single means of attaining this awakening of the material of which beauty is made.

Margery Moore

Answers to Correspondents

Laura G.

The brown spots on your neck may be liver spots or they may be discolorations from wearing high collars. Try the following: Rub the peel inside peeling of a fresh cucumber over the spots and allow the moisture to dry in. Alternate this with rubbing lemon juice into on the brown places. This is an unfailing remedy if persisted in.

Mrs. H. P. T.

Use the method advised above for freckles. In very pronounced cases a more severe treatment may be necessary. If you will send me a self-addressed, stamped envelope for reply I shall be glad to give you more detailed information.

Mrs. T. G.

You should not worry about not having pure white teeth, as long as your teeth are sound and even they

will be lovely, even if they are a little yellow. Some people have naturally yellow teeth, and it is a known fact that yellow teeth are stronger than the pearly white ones. Brush your teeth twice a day, using a good tooth paste, and rinse in luke warm water to which a little salt has been added.

Miss M. M.

If your hair is falling badly it is very good indication that there is something radically wrong with your health. Consult a physician, and then try the following:

Put two teaspoonfuls of salt in a small dish of luke warm water, dip the fingers in this and rub into the scalp. Do not rub too vigorously at first. Rub yellow vaseline into the scalp and allow to remain two or three days, then wash the hair with a castile soap shampoo. If you will send me a self-addressed, stamped envelope I will send you further instructions.

If you want advice on beauty topics, write to Margery Moore. She will be glad to answer all questions. If a personal answer is desired, stamped and self-addressed envelope should be enclosed. Address communications to Margery Moore, Care Movie Pictorial, Chicago, Ill.

THE SPLIT REEL

To Peggy

Peggy, don't you hear 'em calling,
calling loud and whisp'ring low—
Calling for you in the Metro—calling,
calling, Peggy Snow?
Though you're not now Countess Olga
or Zudora, they still know
That you've won a place among them,
and they're calling, Peggy Snow!

Mary's Trial Balance

Gosh, them fellums change most sudden—
change so fast, I hope, I hope,
That my eyes deceived me badly
watchin' Mary walkin' rope!
Mary, Mary, Mary Fuller, walkin'
rope is some great feat—
But I like you better, Mary, just as
old-time Mary—sweet!

First Small Boy: "Say, Bob, what
you gonner do when you grow up?"
S. S. B.: "Gosh, I know: I'm goin'
to find out what's back of them 'No
children admitted' signs."

Cheer Up, Elaine!

Gee, poor Craig has gone and
drowned—gone forever and a
day—
Still, Elaine, I'll bet he's bluffin'—
just a-helpin' out the play.
Craig's too smooth a guy to vanish—
he's just hidin' somewhere near.
He's inventin', oh, inventin', some-
thin' frightful—never fear!
Craig has got a brain like lightnin',
beats Tom Edison a mile—
So please, Elaine, I beg, implore you,
brace up, girl—and try to smile!
Don't you see, it's just a story, writ
to make us gulp and gasp,
So that later we'll smile with you
when he grips you in his clasp?

Thirty Cents—Just Like That!

I know a girl, and she's some girl—
I see her every night;
I never meet her on the street
Or greet her in the light—
Doggone!

She smiles at me—a dandy smile,
And I smile back at her
Until the villiny comes along—
The dirty, low-down cur—
Doggone!

She has a piercin', soundless scream,
That hurts me through and
th-rough;
I'd stab that villiny through the
heart,
And so, by g-u-m, would you—
Doggone!

I never treat that girl at all,
And yet, six times each week,
I blow a jitney, round and sound,
So's I can take a peek—
Doggone!

She may be married—tied for life,
I love her just the same—
It's just because she's on the screen,
I play this movie game—
Doggone!

Page Mr. Dante

All the old classics have been
filmed except Mr. Dante's Inferno.
Even Three Weeks has been set to
celluloid. It would be a great play,
that Inferno—but, judging from
Dore's pictures, it might be tough
work getting Extras!

All For a Jit

Come, kid, let's stroll down to the big
movie show,
Let's live just an hour on the
screen;
Let's gasp at the thrills—also squirm
at the ills;
With a grocery ad shown in be-
tween!

Let's see proud old Virtue beat hard-
ened old Sin,
Let's weep at the red battle scene,
And shout with much joy, "Oh,
bravo, old boy!"
With a corset ad followin', serene!

Oh, kid, there's a bus on the treach-
erous brink—
Great Gawd, what a turrible fall!
We sop up our tears and we master
our fears—
Comes a hardware ad, boilers and
all!

Oh, joy! what vast pleasures we get
out of life,
Romances, adventures and pain—
Till the end of the show, when I cer-
tainly know
We'll cheer Alderman Zip's big
campaign!

I must read the old sign about wom-
en's headgear,
Announcements of what's to be
seen—
But, old kid, ain't it pleasure—now,
honest, dear boy,
Just to pass one grand hour on the
screen?

Stopit, Pat!

It's no fair, Pat O'Malley, no fair!
The way you jump from your motor-
cycle onto the running boards of a
speeding Pierce-Arrow and best the
felons, makes us wonder what might
happen if you had a mind to race
after a Ford!

Personal to D. W. G.

Dear Mr. Griffith: There's a Swede
kid living next door who has realistic
nightmares every time he gets ex-
cited. One look at "The Avenging
Conscience" made him wake up the
whole neighborhood that evening
with his diabolical Waltham screams.
And now he's conspiring to see "The
Birth of a Nation," with its Ku-Klux-
Klaners. And he sleeps on his porch
and we keep our windows open, and
we look like a carpet-bagger. We
warn you, Dave, you're an accessory-
before-the-fact.—The Editor.

A suggestion to state legislators:
Create a law making a felony any
imitation of C. Chaplin. Every as-
pirant for film honors, starts out by
developing a Charley-horse, as a
hobby.

Old Stuff

Sing a song of jitneys, office full o'
cash,
Then all of a sudden, screen breaks
in a rash,
And we start to shiver—know
there'll be no peace,
While there's left a single Keystone-
Chap release!

Eh, Wallace?

We submit, as star in a second
series of the Goddess, Wallace Beery
playing the role of the goddess!

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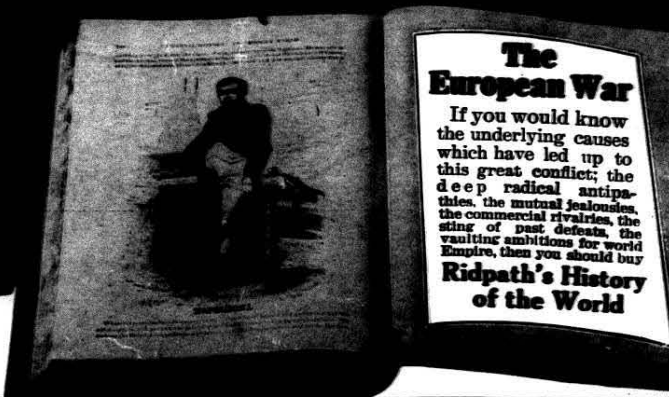
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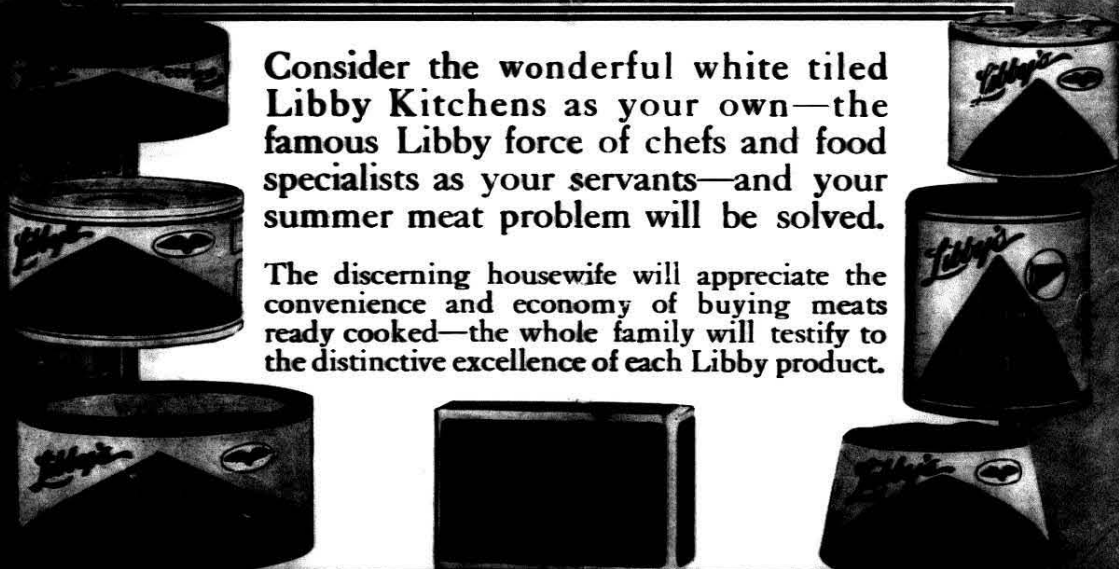
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Myrtle Stedman

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"Of course you fool, there's no silver mine on your property,

but we can sell stock in one just the same"



Lake systematically attacks the other man's happiness

Slowly the poison of suspicion crept into Whittier's mind

"THE WOMAN NEXT DOOR"

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In this production, Miss Fenwick has been given such a splendid opportunity to display those powers which have made her one of the greatest stage stars in America. Her work in "THE WOMAN NEXT DOOR" is said to be one of the rarest and most beautiful examples of character portrayal in the annals of film plays.

The story is familiar to theater-goers, having been one of the big Broadway successes of the past few years. Jenny Gay, an actress, is the object of the mad infatuation of Jack Lake, a promoter of worthless mines. This character becomes her nemesis and eventually by poisoning the mind of her husband causes a divorce and drives her to solitude in a New England village. Tom Grayson, superintendent of a railroad construction gang in Mexico, meets Lake and through a quarrel with some Greasers in which Lake takes his part, becomes his debtor. When Tom returns home Lake follows him and promptly recognizes in the little Woman Next Door the object of his affection. Tom and Jenny fall in love and Lake immediately exposes Jenny as the actress whose divorce suit had been one of the newspaper sensations of the year. From this situation many tense and dramatic moments are evolved.

Lawson Butts as
Jack Lake

Irene Fenwick as
Jenny Gay



A mind poisoned against itself brings about the inevitable result—the divorce court enters into the triangle, but out of the maelstrom arises a greater and better love



MOVIE PICTORIAL

THE SPOKEN WORD By MARY RIDPATH-MANN ILLUSTRATED BY MILDRED LYON



Boys flying kites haul in their white-winged birds.
You can't do that way when you're flying words.
Thoughts unexpressed will sometimes fall back dead,
But God Himself can't kill them when they're said.

—Carleton

That night as the latter sat at his desk hastily throwing together a story of the aviation races to fill half a column needed to make up the page which must go immediately to press, the secretary's letter was handed him. He laid it down unopened and went on writing. As soon as his copy had been turned in he picked it up and opened it.

For a moment he sat and simply stared at it. Why on earth had they chosen him? There was Thornton, the managing editor, as capable a man as ever lived, and Caxton, the city editor, each older both in years and length of service than himself. And there was Kennedy and Haines and Mathews. He paused a moment and his teeth came together like a steel trap. He despised Mathews. And he could not tell why, unless—unless it was because of—

THE stern lines of his face relaxed and the brilliant eyes grew dreamy over the vision which passed before them. Helen Holden was the *Sentinel's* star reporter. And she was slender and graceful and exquisitely feminine. There was nothing about her of the striding, masculine type affected by so many newspaper women. Her eyes were dark, appealing, and full of meaning. Instinctively you liked the girl behind them. There was in their expression something which suggested some far-off oriental ancestry. Yet they were so openly, so frankly honest, and as Thornton had one day put it, "Lord! How they keep you guessing!" The whole force regarded her as the mascot. Where the others on the staff failed she succeeded every time and there was not a man among them but was willing to acknowledge that her success was due in no small measure to her own unconscious charm. Outside the office Haverly knew absolutely nothing of her life. But he had occasionally looked up from his work to see Mathews talking to her in a way which evidently annoyed her and which made his blood boil. He longed to punch his head.

Haverly himself had had little time for the girls. Not that he did not care for their society. He did. As for children, he adored them. He couldn't get past a bunch of ragged "newsies" on the corner without stopping to talk to them to save his life, and many a maid and nurse girl had looked admiringly after the tall figure of a young man who had stopped to play a moment with their little charges in the park. But if, like most men, he cherished a secret longing for a home, wife and children of his own he kept it strictly to himself and all the devotion of a finely-attuned affectionate soul which under other circumstances might have found its outlet through other channels he lavished upon the little mother who had borne him—who had toiled and suffered and sacrificed that he might have his chance to "make good" in life.

He pulled the letter from his pocket, got his hat and coat, and turned to go. As he passed
"Get? To feel
e pleasure th
She put the t



through the outer office the other members of the staff were just preparing to leave also. He spoke to Thornton who came over to him. It was with hesitation that Haverly took the letter from his pocket again and handed it to him, for a thought so weighty had suddenly come to him that something came up in his throat and almost choked him. This new arrangement might alter the hitherto close and highly valued friendship of his comrades. But this was a doubt soon to be dispelled. Thornton let out a whoop which brought the whole force around him in a moment. What "good fellows" they were! They shook his hand heartily, slapped his broad shoulders and wondered if they would ever dare call him Jack again! They were glad, unfeignedly glad, of his success. The fact that he had been promoted over all their heads mattered not a whit. They congratulated him sincerely—all except Mathews.

"Fellows," he stammered, "I don't know how it happened."

WHEN Haverly landed the plum the only man on the staff who was surprised was Haverly himself. Two months previously old Bevan who had been editor of the *Sentinel* for more than a quarter of a century had been found dead in his chair. Like all the rest, Haverly had realized that some one must take his place. That he himself would be the man never occurred to him.

At the directors meeting, however, the choice had been practically unanimous. Only one man had demurred and his doubts were based wholly upon Haverly's age, or rather upon his youth. He was just thirty. Bevan had been sixty-five when he died. Was there not danger in choosing a man so young? His objections were overruled, however; in fact, he was glad to have them overruled. He liked Haverly. He acknowledged that he was an ideal newspaper man. He had a brilliant record for "scoops." So the secretary was instructed to inform Haverly of his election.

the
ave.

"We do!" they exclaimed in excited chorus. "We knew it! You're too modest, old man. Anyway, Jack, you can count on us!"

Haverly's fine face grew grave. Then he spoke soberly and with deep feeling.

"That's just what I want to do, fellows—count on you! Without your help, your sympathy and support, I'll—I'll fail. With them—well, I'll keep the old paper up to the top notch where she's always been or die trying!"

Again they gathered around him, voicing their loyalty and interest—all but Mathews. At the close of Haverly's words he had slipped away quietly and the expression on his face was not good to see. The rest would have lingered longer, doubtless, but for the warning cry of the elevator man.

"Last trip."

In a bunch they made a dash for the car and a moment later it deposited them on the ground floor.

BY THE time Haverly reached home that night he had made some very definite plans and some not quite so definite. No more third-story apartments with little light, poor air, long flights of stairs and noisy neighbors! The mother should have a pretty cottage at the edge of town, not too far from the office, with sunshine on all four sides of it, with grass and trees and a flower garden and the other things that women love when the freshness of their youth has departed. Later, perhaps, a little electric, which she could run herself, and then, after a while, perhaps, when things got easier —. Again his heart warmed as the vision of a slender girl with dark, wonderful eyes came vividly to his mind.

Not until he reached home did he realize how late it was. As he dropped off of the car at the corner he heard the chimes on St. James ring one o'clock. He slipped noiselessly into the house, and as he passed the dining-room, saw one more evidence of his mother's loving thought. On the table he found a plate of sandwiches, the kind he liked best, some cake, fruit, and a thermos bottle of piping hot coffee. He had eaten nothing since shortly after noon—a fact he had quite forgotten but which lent an extra savor to the night lunch. When he had finished he rose and stood for a moment looking thoughtfully at the door of his mother's room. Then he opened it softly and went in.

It was a small room, the kind in which the furniture, however diminutive, always looks too large. The bed stood in one corner and a flood of moonlight came through the open window bringing into bold relief the quiet figure and placid face of the sleeper. He stood for a moment looking down at her tenderly. Then his presence seemed to rouse her. She sat up quickly as if in fear.

"Jack!" she cried. Then immediately, "—is anything the matter, dear?"

He sat down on the edge of the bed and gathered her into his arms.

"Not a thing, mother mine. I just wanted to talk and couldn't wait till morning. In fact, I've had some dandy good luck, dearest. Your little big boy is so happy he doesn't know whether he's thirty or three!"

He settled her back on the pillows, then told her the good news, not forgetting to include the satisfaction which his selection had given the men with whom he worked. For a while he rattled on about his plans and his hopes. But he broke off suddenly when he observed that the figure beside him was shaken with sobs.

He looked at her helplessly and in amazement. In all his life he could not remember ever having seen his mother cry.

"Don't, dearest!" he begged. "Why—what are you crying about?"

"Oh, boy," she said, "—if only you could know how I've hoped and planned and dreamed and prayed that a chance like this might come to you! It seems too good to be true."

"Mother mine," he answered softly, "It was just because I do know that I couldn't wait till morning to tell you. Don't cry any more. Please don't. It—it hurts! And I guess it wouldn't be a bad idea, either, if both of us got a little sleep sometime before daylight. What do you think?"

He kissed her softly and she smiled at him through her tears. But she still looked thoughtful. So he waited.

"Well?" he questioned whimsically. "Anything more coming? If so, let's have it and get it out of our systems."

He had risen and stood looking down at her over the foot of the bed. For a moment she was silent, seemingly buried in thought. He suddenly realized what she was thinking about and his face grew hot.

This splendid son whom she loved had one grave fault—a passionate temper which he had never quite learned to control. As a child he had sometimes given way to fits of rage which made his elders shake their heads apprehensively. True, since he had become a man he had acquired a marvelous degree of self-control. Rarely now did he give way to things which vexed him. But the volcano still smoldered fiercely underneath and once stirred to the depths his wrath was terrible to encounter. She knew that the new position he was about to assume would bring its own trials, its own disappointments, and the mother love within her prompted her to warn him again on this night. She alone knew how bitter had always been his remorse, how deep his chagrin, how sincere his apologies as soon as the storm had passed. But during all the years of her life she had nursed a great fear that he would some day say just one word too much. To spare him this she would have given her life. Once when he had been a boy in high school she came across some lines in a poem and had given them to him to commit to memory. When she spoke again it was to remind him of it.

"Do you remember?" she asked.

"Very well, mother mine."

"Say them again, dear—will you?"

Obediently as a child he began:

"Boys flying kites haul in their white-winged birds.

You can't do that way when you're flying words.

Thoughts unexpressed will sometimes fall back dead.

But God Himself can't kill them when they're said."

"When they're said," she repeated after him.

"Oh, Jack," she begged, "don't say things you will be sorry for. It's been a long time now since I've seen you angry, but I'm always—afraid—dear! All men have temper, of course. They wouldn't amount to shucks if they didn't. But temper is a thing to keep, not to lose. People find it easy to forgive a man for what he does in the heat of anger. But no man ever forgets what he says. It's the—the—spoken word that slays, dear. It can never be unsaid."

He came back to her side and dropped onto his knees. He knew her words were true. A thousand times he had promised her to keep a curb on his tongue. A thousand times, it now seemed to him, he had broken his word. He would not promise again, but he firmly resolved that he would become master of himself. He did not speak, but he felt a hand laid caressingly on his dark hair and in a moment the mother said simply, "My son will not forget. Goodnight, dear."

II

FOR the next two years things ran along at the office of the *Sentinel* with amazing smoothness. Everybody fell to with a will to keep the paper up to the standard. Even Mathews, whom Haverly disliked and distrusted, seemed to be loyal to the common interest. His work was good. He was always prompt and, unless he could find something definite on which to base his personal feelings, Haverly resolved to play fair and be absolutely just to him. It was only when he saw him talking to Helen that he wished he might find something substantial which would furnish him with an excuse to get rid of him.

As for Helen—well, Jack acknowledged to himself that she gave him more uncomfortable moments than all the rest of the office force put together. When, almost noiselessly, she approached his desk and modestly deposited thereon a cracking good story, slipping away as quickly as she had come, Haverly never failed to find something radically wrong with his vital organs for the next half hour. Lungs, heart or stomach—he couldn't exactly locate the disturbance. He only knew that he breathed altogether too rapidly, that, as he expressed it, his "pump" worked too fast, and that, on top of both of these things, he felt confoundedly "queer." If he made some excuse to detain her, which not infrequently happened, the only difference lay in the severity of the attack and the length of time it took him to get back into condition again. During these brief intervals she had astonished him with her breadth of vision, her clear analysis, her knowledge of literature, art, music, and the other things which go to make life worth while. One morning when he had found his equilibrium almost completely disarranged because of a direct glance from those wondrous eyes, he said to her, "I envy you, Helen."

I think I never saw you unless you were smiling. Don't you ever get bothered about things?"

"Oh, often. But—keep near thee, O Woman, that which weds thee to laughter, not to tears!" she quoted, and before he knew it she was gone.

How was the editor of the *Sentinel* to know that this quiet young woman who was playing so large a part in his daily life was indeed much more unusual than even he imagined her? That she came from a long line of cultured, literary and artistic ancestry? That her unusual gifts had been showered upon her at birth, nursed and cultivated during her childhood? That she was a living exemplification of that almost indefinable word *heredity*? To Helen Holden the use of a pen came as naturally as does the use of a needle to the woman who likes to sew, and when, at nineteen, she had been left alone in the world, she had turned to it as a means of self-support. To the *Sentinel* she had become invaluable, and her work for the paper quite occupied her days. But the nights were all her own, and during the long evening hours she lived her real life.

HER own father had been a goldsmith—a clever craftsman whose artistic designs and perfect workmanship were known the world over although his name was not. His father, and all who lay behind him, had been journalists. All her life Helen had cherished a passion for her father's work. When she was a tiny child she would sit for hours on the high work-bench watching him bending over some beautiful thing, utterly oblivious to her presence. When she was older he had taught her how to "work" the metals, the silver and gold which came out afterward in such lovely patterns. Gradually she became almost as expert as himself. At twelve she began to express herself in original designs which were a delight to the eye.

When her father died and the little home they had shared had to be given up, Helen herself had packed away the contents of the little shop. Tenderly and with tears she moved about, touching softly the things she had learned to love, thinking that never again could they be of service to her, yet grimly resolved that no one else should have them. Then she had gone forth into the work-a-day world, had found an inexpensive room in a quiet neighborhood and taken her few belongings there. But when she had been in the house only a few days she learned of the large attic above her room. The kind-hearted landlady who kept the house cheerfully granted her permission to use it and here, during her leisure hours, Helen wrought her dreams into realities.

Haverly discovered her talent one day quite by accident. She came in to put her story on his desk as usual and found him looking discontentedly at the sketch of the design to be used for the cover of the fiction section of the Sunday paper. The subject as a whole was all right for the purpose—a pleading lover and a hesitant maid. But the face of the man was weak. It jarred upon her artistic soul. She looked at it a moment and then said:

"I don't like that. Do you?"

"No," he answered. "But I don't know just what is the matter with it."

She flashed one of her level, disconcerting glances at him and then replied.

"I do. The man's face is weak. I'd have a hard time getting up a thrill over a fellow with a countenance like that. He ought to look like this."

While Haverly was pulling himself together she picked up an envelope from the desk and began to draw. In a few rapid strokes she sketched a man's face, clear-cut, strong and very good to look at. So engrossed was she in the task that she did not see Haverly's eager eyes fixed, not upon the drawing, but upon her own lovely face. As he watched he saw a mischievous dimple come into her cheek and it was followed by more dimples all around her mouth. One couldn't expect a man to talk sense under the circumstances. When he recovered sufficiently to speak it was only to say lamely,

"Why I didn't know you could draw!"

Helen tipped her head to one side and surveyed her work. Then she laughingly wrote her initials, H. H., down in the corner. Still laughing, she backed off to a safe distance and held up the picture for his inspection, and when Mr. Jack Haverly, editor of the *Sentinel* removed his eyes from her face to the picture, he got the shock of his life. The face was his own!

She tossed the envelope toward him and started to run from the room. But—woman proposes and man occasionally disposes! The editor had come to. Before she got half-way across the room the door had been closed with a little emphasis and a very

resolute-looking man with a pair of splendid shoulders was backed up against it. She was caught in her own trap. For a moment the two eyed each other in silence, several feet of space between them. Then the man spoke.

"Come here, Helen," he said, "— right here where—you—belong."

He held out his arms, but the young woman, flushed, panting and defiant, would have none of them.

"I w-won't!" she gasped. "I—I'm n-not coming at all!"

He waited a moment. Then he spoke again and in a different tone.

"Please dear! Come! Don't you know how I want you, Helen?" Then, as she made no move, "You know I could come and get you, dear, but—I don't want to. Please come—to—me!"

HE watched her face as he spoke and saw a change come into it. It grew soft and beautiful and the look in her eyes thrilled him through. For those eyes were lit with love, and there was something else in them—something he could not just understand. Was she just a little bit—afraid? The thought stung him. He was about to give up his purpose and go to her. But before the idea had time to mature he saw her move timidly toward him and when she had traversed half the distance he sprang, lover-like, to meet her.

"Oh, Girl! Girl!" he half whispered as he folded her in his arms closely, "— don't you know how I love you? Don't you know?"

She did not answer immediately, but when the arms about her loosened a bit and he looked down he saw that her open hands were pressed flatly against the lapels of his coat. She rubbed them up and down once or twice, then mechanically pulled the two sides together and fastened the top buttons. Then she raised a roguish little face and said demurely, "No—of course not. How did you expect me to know it?"

"Well," he stammered, "I thought —"

She laughed a delicious little laugh.

"'Fraid cat!" she taunted. "Six feet big, editor of a newspaper and scared of poor little me!"

"Guilty!" he admitted manfully, "but, you see —"

He never could remember afterward just what excuse he had intended framing to cover his cowardice, for before the words came something happened. The two slender hands began to creep upward. Two soft arms locked tightly behind his head and a voice, tender, quivering, vibrant, spoke, "Oh, I love you—love you—LOVE you!"

The tremulous beating of the man's heart suddenly subsided into its regular throb. The blood that had been racing riotously through his veins cooled. He was awed, humble. The slender figure in his arms was pliant, resisting, the lips he kissed, tremulous and yielding. Hers had been the Gift Supreme. The words he whispered against her ear, though old as the everlasting hills themselves

were just as new as on that primal morn when the First Man spoke them and the First Woman heard. Haverly made a covenant with himself that she should never know regret, and all that was man within him fiercely vowed that nothing should ever take from him the beautiful Thing that had come into his life.

III

During the next few months the days flew by on wings. The routine of the office allowed the lovers

one evening as they dined together she said with a laugh which was not altogether natural, "You'll be so accustomed to seeing my face on the other side of the table that it will be no novelty at all!"

"Ah, but—" he had answered quickly with a little catch in his voice, "it will be different after—when we're married, Sweetheart!"

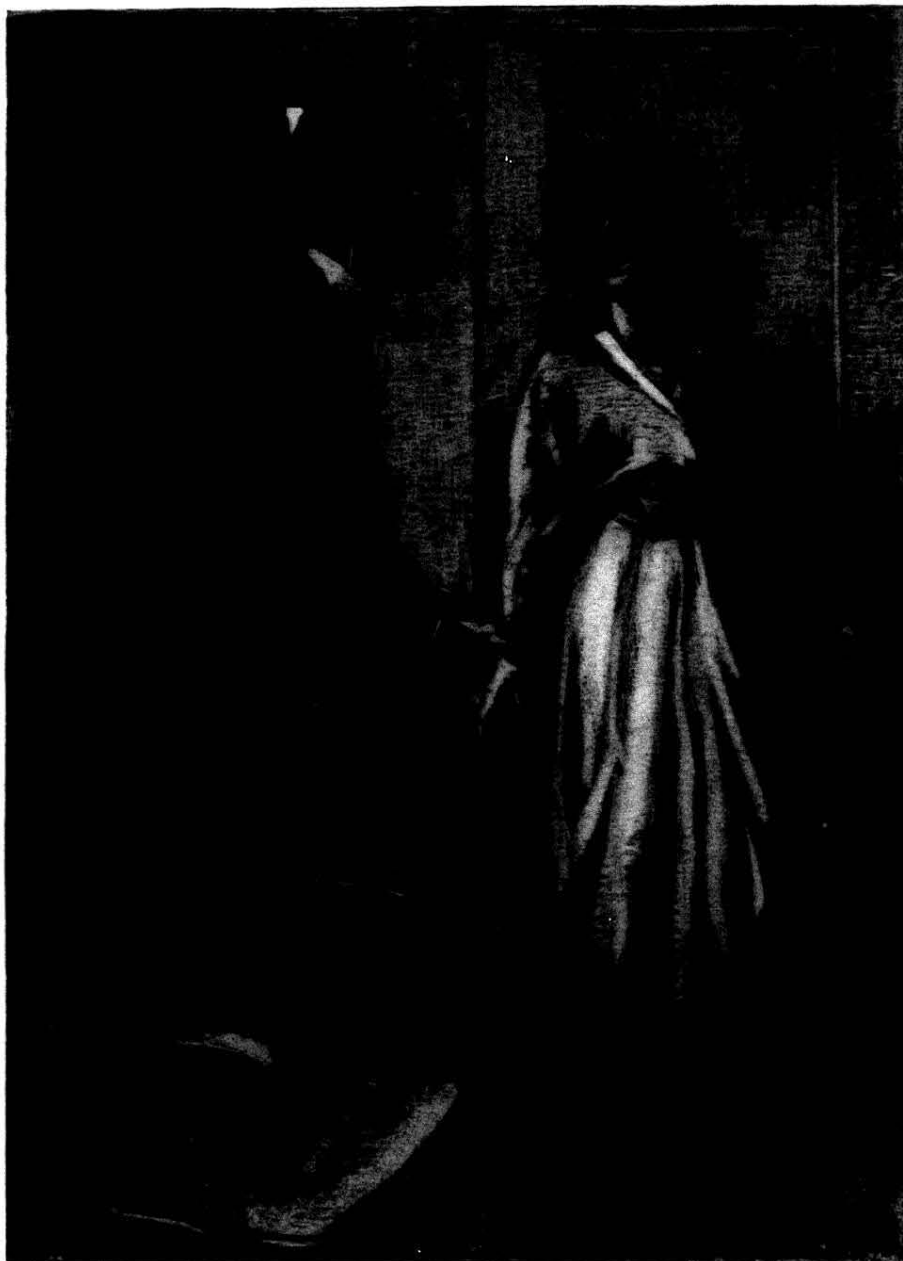
At his words she had buried the ghost that had haunted her. Whatever might be the cause of his pre-occupation she herself had naught to do with it. She longed for his confidence but did not wish to ask for it.

Haverly had seen some of his dreams come true. The cottage at the edge of town had become a reality. All summer the garden had bloomed riotously and the mother had seemed to grow young again. He had won the woman he loved and they were to be married at the New Year. Yet that night after seeing Helen on the car, as Haverly turned back to the office his heart was heavy. There was a traitor somewhere in his own office. Persistent effort on his part for the last three months had failed to reveal who it was. He longed to believe that it was Mathews. But Mathews had given him no reason to believe it. He had watched him closely and had found no grounds on which to suspect him. About three months previously an important editorial which Haverly had written had disappeared mysteriously from his desk. That in itself was bad enough. But he had quickly re-written it and supposed that it had just been misplaced. When it appeared *verbatim* in the morning edition of the *Chronicle*, the *Sentinel's* only rival, on the next day, however, the whole staff of the latter journal had been struck dumb. Mathews, along with the rest, had expressed his indignation. A few weeks later the thing had happened again, and this time it was Mathews' own "scoop" on the existence of commercialized vice in a certain aristocratic neighborhood which disappeared. Mathews was loud in his denunciation of the guilty one, whoever it was. He had turned in another copy and, as before, the article appeared, word for word, in both papers. In the face of Mathews' wrath, Jack could not believe

him guilty. Yesterday, for the third time, the thing had occurred again. Haverly and Thornton were absolutely nonplussed.

They held a quiet conference in Jack's office and resolved that they would run the culprit to cover, come what would. Every man on the staff was warned not to discuss the affair on peril of losing his job. But to Helen Jack said no word. Five weeks, four weeks, three weeks, two weeks till the woman he loved would be his own. Helen's quiet happiness appealed to him as nothing else in the world could. She was living with her dreams and they were dreams he did not wish to disturb.

Meanwhile Helen was occupying her even- ing hours lightly in making her lover a Christmas gift. Many weeks ago she had thought of it, and



"So! It was you, was it?" he said. Then he laughed,—a bitter, mocking laugh with a barb in every tone. "You! The snake in the grass that always strikes from behind! A traitor,—a—a thief!"

only occasional glimpses of each other during the day, for Helen's work was over before Haverly's began. But at five o'clock each afternoon they had dinner together, spending in each other's presence a golden hour hallowed to their dreams for the future, filled with confidences intimate and dear, often given over to the long silences more eloquent than words which fall between hearts that love with understanding.

Toward the end of the year Helen observed that Jack was preoccupied—that something was in his thoughts which she could not share. A sudden fear tugged painfully at her heart. Was he beginning to regret? To feel that his love for her, in spite of the pleasure that it brought, was becoming a burden? She put the thought quickly away from her, but

to be quite the loveliest, the most perfect thing she had ever fashioned. She drew one design after another only to discard them all and go to bed discouraged. But like many of the good things of life it came suddenly. One night as she lay in bed thinking of it she suddenly remembered that day in Jack's office when she had drawn his face on the envelope. She sprang out of bed, switched on the light, slipped into a warm kimono, sat down at the table, seized a pencil and pad and began to sketch rapidly. A man's face, strangely familiar, with a fine straight mouth, deep set eyes fringed with heavy lashes, grew quickly under the light stroke of the pencil. There was a world of tenderness in it as it looked down on something evidently very dear. She held it up for a moment, looked at it, sighed with satisfaction and laid it aside. Then, taking another pad she began a second sketch. She pushed a chair up before the dressing table, took the pins out of her hair and shook it loose, tipped the mirror back until she was looking almost directly upward into it. Then she threw back her head and smiled. For a moment she gazed at the reflection, then went back to the table and began to draw—a radiant, smiling upturned face—her own. When it was finished, with the scissors she cut out the two faces and fitted them together. She clasped her hands softly at the success of her plan and crept back into bed.

FOR the next week she worked feverishly in her attic under the eaves. On the day before Christmas the perfect thing was finished. It was a cigarette case of beaten silver with here and there a touch of gold. On the lower part the face of a girl looked up and smiled. The upper half was wrought into the face of a man, and when the lid snapped down it was exactly as though he had bent forward to kiss the smiling lips. Helen surveyed her work with satisfaction. She gave it a final rub with a piece of chamois, wrapped it carefully, placed it in a small white box, tied it with a Christmas ribbon and wrote on the outside *Mr. John Haverly*.

On the morning of the day before Christmas Jack sat in his office vexed to the very bottom of his soul. To use his own expression he was "mad all the way down." No amount of watching on his own or Thornton's part had thrown any light on the mysterious thefts, another of which had occurred the previous Sunday. Both had observed, however, that the material stolen had always been that to be used in some special edition of the paper. So they agreed that until after the Christmas paper was off the press the office should not be left alone—that one would secrete himself during the other's absence where he could see, without being seen, any one who approached the editor's desk.

It was Haverly's turn to watch on Christmas Eve. He notified Helen that he could not go with her to dinner as usual, but he would come for her on Christmas morning, they would have a long, happy day together and then—just one week more! Thinking, however, that Jack would go out alone for something to eat at the usual time, Helen resolved to slip in to his office during his absence and place the little package on his desk.

According to the plan which he had arranged with Thornton when five o'clock came Haverly walked through the outer office where the members of the staff were at work, his hat in his hand and his coat over his arm. He spoke to Kennedy, and to Mathews, busy at their desks. Once outside, however, instead of taking the elevator he stepped back into his own office through another door and slipped into the file room, relieving Thornton who had been on guard. Thornton then turned the gas low in the office and went out by the same door through which Jack had entered.

Haverly dropped into a chair and waited. Every nerve in his body was strung taut. He felt that at a touch they would snap. He had an almost overwhelming feeling that something was about to happen, and whatever it was he wished it were over with. For nearly an hour he sat there. One after another the men in the next room went to dinner and he was left alone. Presently a slight sound caused him to sit up straight in his chair. Some one had come into the room.

He peered through the crack of the door and in the dim light saw the figure of a woman move cautiously toward the desk. The figure was familiar. His heart began to pound furiously. Every drop of blood in his body seemed to rush to his head. It was Helen!

She tiptoed noiselessly to the desk, opened the seemingly mesh bag she carried in her hand and what she was taking the package containing her gift when her eyes fell upon something on the

desk which attracted her attention. Laying down the bag she picked it up and tried to see it better. It was the design in color for the front page of the Christmas paper. How wondrously beautiful it was! White-winged angels, in diaphanous floating garments, flocking about the belfry of a cathedral, tipping with their bare feet the ponderous bells to make them ring out Peace on Earth, Good Will to Men! Far below, in the grey dawn, were to be seen the roofs and spires of the sleeping city. She gazed at it spellbound—this woman who so loved beauty in its every form of expression. But to the man who watched, the dim light did not reveal the glow of the dark eyes, the wonderfully softened face, the parted, mobile lips.

The gas that burned so dimly was far above her reach, but the longing to see the picture better was great. So she stepped toward the door through which she had come and was about to open it when the movement of a chair in the file room startled her. She gave a frightened little gasp as the man sprang toward her!

From his point of observation Haverly had watched her movements with a fascination to be compared only with that by which the cobra draws the fluttering bird. Helen! *His girl!* The dainty, affectionate, spiritual-looking, exquisite little creature who had given him her love in utter abandonment—in whom he had had such faith! The whole universe seemed, toppling about his ears. His pulses throbbed till he felt that he was going mad. Vainly he wrestled to keep a hold on himself, little lights like tiny points of flame danced before his eyes. Not until he had seen her move toward the door with the picture in her hand had he realized the necessity of doing something.

The flaming wrath within him suddenly gave way to a cool, calculating anger. He felt scornful, contemptuous, dangerous. His heart stopped pounding. He was no longer conscious of a desire to smash things—only of an inclination to taunt, to insult, to condemn. Helen already stood with her hand on the door knob when she became aware of his presence. She gave a low cry as she felt her wrist seized as in a vise and heard the voice, which never before had spoken other than kindly, uttering words which cut like the lash of a whip.

"Not this time!" he said mockingly.

HE TOOK the picture from her hands and tossed it back onto the desk. Then he thrust his hands into his pockets and stood regarding her contemptuously.

"So? It was you, was it?" he said. Then he laughed—a bitter, mocking, scornful laugh with a barb in every tone. "You! The snake in the grass that always strikes from behind! A traitor—a thief! Well, everything comes to him who waits. It has taken me a year to find you out. Here —"

He turned up the light, dropped into the chair before the desk and wrote her a cheque.

"Here," he continued, "I guess this is coming to you for your Christmas story. Take it, and then go over to the *Chronicle* where you belong. They'll appreciate your talents there, and—don't—come—back!"

Utterly bewildered, unable to sense his meaning, she took the cheque mechanically, looked at it blankly for a moment. Then she tore it into riddles and flung them into his face. Darting to the desk she picked up the little silver bag and fled the room.

As she crossed the outer office she ran plump into Thornton returning from dinner. Shocked and mystified as well as the white, anguished face he made an effort to detain her. But she stared at him as though she had never seen him before and sped on. Suddenly the thing revealed itself to him. He hurried to Haverly's office.

"Jack!" he gasped, "it was—no—it couldn't be —"

Haverly did not answer. With head on arms on the desk he sat motionless, as one dead. Thornton shook him.

"Get up, Jack! Quick!" Then after a pause, "I don't believe it," he cried hotly. "I tell you I don't believe it! My God, man! What have you done? Didn't you see her face? There must be some mistake!"

Haverly groaned! The storm had spent itself. Once again the smouldering volcano within him had burst into flame and this time it had buried beneath its hot lava the woman he loved. Now the seething fire had died out. He shivered and felt cold. Too late he realized that he had condemned her unheard, and the memory of that agonized, terror-stricken face would haunt him to his dying day. No more on earth, he thought, could that

beautiful, living, palpitating Thing which he had crushed be restored to him. Even though the ashes underneath which it had been buried could be cleared away, he should find only the empty shell from which the soul had fled! The spoken word. What would he not give if he could only recall it. The memory of his mother's warning flashed across him like a great sea wave:

"Thoughts unexpressed will sometimes fall back dead."

But God himself can't kill them when they're said!"

There must be some mistake! Thornton's words beat against his ear like the thunder of a thousand drums. There must be some mistake!

When Helen left the building she plunged blindly into the crowd of belated Christmas shoppers which thronged the streets. The day had been balmy and beautiful, far more like April than December. But within the hour the mercury had taken a downward tumble and a piercing cold wind was beginning to whistle about the tall buildings. Those fortunate enough to possess furs and limousines crept into them. The rest began scurrying to whatsoever shelter the gods afforded them. Helen was not dressed for bitter weather. The jaunty jacket of her tailored suit was not fashioned for nights such as this promised to be. But she was unconscious of the cold. With that indefinable desire just to "get away" she struck out blindly through the crowd, walking on and on and on. Both mind and body were benumbed. Somewhere just outside her mental grasp was the consciousness of something terrible that had happened. What it was she could not have told. On and on she went, till at last the glimmering lights of the park came into view. She began to realize that she was walking unsteadily. Her feet no longer responded to her desire to keep on going. She dragged herself to a bench by the drive and sat down on it. There was not a soul in sight. Evidently the park was not popular on Christmas Eve. She began to grow drowsy. And how delightfully warm it was getting! The cold wind which but a moment ago had cut her through had melted to summer zephyrs. She would go to sleep and forget!

A moment later a big black machine shot into the lower end of the park. It came swiftly up the drive. It had a single occupant, a man who, like every one else who has a home, was hurrying to it on Christmas Eve. As the car shot past the bench, however, the chauffeur stopped suddenly.

"What's the trouble, Duffy?" asked the man inside.

"My God, sir! She'll freeze to death!" he replied.

"Freeze? Who? What are you talking about anyway?"

"A woman on the bench we just passed, sir."

"A woman? Back up. Quick!"

The man obeyed and when the bench was reached both men sprang out. Vainly they tried to rouse the drooping figure. True, she opened her eyes and stared blankly at them, but that was all, and neither of them noticed the silver bag which had slipped from her hand and fallen at her feet.

"Into the car, quick, Duffy!"

IT WAS not the man but the physician who spoke. It needed no second glance for him to realize that there was not a moment to lose, also that it was a case for the hospital and not the police station.

"To St. Luke's—as fast as you can!"

The man obeyed. When the hospital was reached and the white-uniformed internes had skillfully transferred the unconscious girl from the machine to the wheeled cart the doctor turned to the driver and said:

"You can take the car home, Duffy. And tell Mary and the kiddies they'll have to do without Daddy tonight."

At dawn, just as the chimes began ringing out the Christmas message, the doctor stood looking down into the face of a fever-tossed, wild-eyed, suffering girl. Who she was, or where she came from, he had no idea. He had picked her up off the street, as it were. But of one thing he was certain. She was no ordinary young woman. He noted the delicate, cameo-like face, the artistic-looking, slender hands and blue veined wrists. She was well worth saving. But as he looked at her the doctor realized that to do so would mean the fight of his life. Twenty-four hours later he realized it more than ever. That she had had some terrible shock the nature of which was unknown to him was evident, but next day an exclamation from him caused the white-capped nurse to look at him inquiringly.

"Pneumonia, also," he said.

IV

NEVER before had a man so devoutly thanked God for occupation as did Haverly that night. The Christmas paper had to be gotten out no matter what else happened. The office rang with cries for copy. The presses were running furiously. That Helen had done other than go home after she left him did not occur to Jack. Well, tomorrow he would try to see her, humbly to ask for forgiveness, and if she saw fit to withhold it (which he thought altogether likely), he would take his punishment like a soldier. It was no more than he deserved. But during the short time which had elapsed since she left him Haverly had become conscious of one weighty truth. Love is Love—no more, no less, and if the woman he loved had stolen the whole office equipment from the printing-press down to the ink bottle, he would love her just the same. Christmas morning dawned clear and cold. Jack assumed a cheerfulness which he was far from feeling. But the mother was not to be deceived. She

looked at him with eyes of understanding. Not for nothing had she watched over him for more than thirty years. His spirits were altogether too high to be natural. She was quick to detect the forced note in his laugh. When in the middle of the morning he said he was going out for a walk she looked after him and sighed. It was not difficult to surmise what was the matter. As he walked down the street Jack's thoughts went back to the evening before. He would do what he could to make it right. Helen loved—no, she had loved him, and when a woman loves —. But, no. She couldn't forgive him. No woman could. A man had no right to expect it. But he could tell her he was sorry and that he loved her and would love her always whether she forgave him or not. It occurred to Haverly as he set forth on his way that he did not know Helen's address. He had seen her daily at the office and the lateness of the hour when his own duties were finished had precluded the possibility of much visiting. He went to the *Sentinel* building to look at the address book and

when he reached the floor on which was his own office he heard the telephone ringing on his desk. He took down the receiver and said: "The *Sentinel* office. Mr. Haverly speaking." His face went white at what came over the wire. It was the desk sergeant of the Burton Park police station who spoke. "Haverly, you say? Well, I guess you're just the man I am hunting for. Do you know Miss Helen Holden?" "Yes. Yes. What about her?" "Well, last night about nine o'clock, sir, one of my men saw a woman sit down on a bench in the park. It was so cold that he knew something was wrong and started to her. Before he could reach her a big limousine drew up, took the woman in and drove off. It was too dark for him to see the man or get the number of his car, but when he reached the bench he found a small silver bag lying on the ground. It has Miss Holden's cards in it and a small package addressed to you, sir."

(Continued on Page 23)

A Holiday With Kerrigan



1—REVEILLE

The morning sun has topped the hills,
And all the world's a care again,
Once more we hear the mountain rills,
Oh, wake up! Sahib Kerrigan!



3—NIMROD

Ahaft the vale a grizzly stalks,
The rifle's poised, the aim is true,
And never more that bruin walks
When Warren K. is there to view.



5—SIESTA

The cheering sun, the redwood's bough,
A magazine, a nod, a yawn,
And then sweet slumber soothes his brow—
And rest creeps into brain and brawn.



2—"BELLES LETTRES"

The morning mail is good to read,
So filled with cheer and breathing bliss,
Belles Lettres of Belles' Letters, plead,
And make the morning air a kiss!



4—MERIDIAN

The hunter seeks the welcome camp,
The woodfire's glow is warming cheer,
And weary limbs and appetite
Proclaim the noonday meal is near.



6—TAHOE

The waning day, the sinking sun,
And then tries pot-luck again,
How time has sped since day begun,
Oh, happy Sahib Kerrigan!

KATHLYN UNAFRAID

By GEORGE EDWARDS

THE Emperor Decius arose from the royal booth far above the arena's pit, and gazed in wonder at the white-robed figure of the Christian girl, who walked unharmed among the famished lions, and who raised her blue eyes to heaven and smiled. The jungle beasts had refused to harm her. The spectators ceased their babble; the bloodlust was chilling in their hearts, and they were afraid of the Christian girl's God.

Nearly seventeen hundred years sped by. A fair-haired girl, with eyes as blue as the azure dome above, jumped nimbly from the back of her pony, on a Montana ranch, and reveled in the flowers that carpeted the valley. Suddenly the pony snorted in fear, wheeled on his rear hoofs, and darted to cover. The girl looked up wonderingly, and sat petrified as a huge red bull, pawing dust and bellowing malignantly, darted toward her. The girl smiled, and the beast paused. Then she held out a hand in welcome, and the animal's eyes opened wider. What manner of child was this that had not heard of his temper? The beast sniffed curiously, bent his wide nostrils close to the beautiful creature, and then, the fire deadened to ash in his heart, turned and sauntered slowly away.

Was the girl in the Roman arena the same lassie that conquered the enraged animal centuries later? Do such things happen in the cycle of the centuries? If they do not, then whence came the magic that Kathlyn Williams—Kathlyn Unafraid—exercises over the creatures of the forest?

"When fear no longer exists, and there is guile in one's heart toward none of Brahma's creatures," says the ancient Hindu, "then one may walk through the jungles, and every living thing is friendly." So it is with Kathlyn Unafraid, who speaks to the intrepid jungle cats, and stills their fears, and causes them to whine a welcome, and lie down at her feet. No lash, no peevish scoldings, no censure is her weapon—but a something that can not be seen or analyzed or properly described.

Once, when Toddles, the Selig elephant, had suffered the loss of his tusks, Kathlyn strolled dangerously near, and the muscular proboscis encircled her slender waist, and the little actress was lifted high above the enraged brute's head. But she spoke softly and reassuringly, and the evil went out of Toddles' heart, and he set her down on the ground. Why did his infuriated resolve to be done with her leave him, and prevent his carrying out his foul purpose? Toddles didn't know. If he could know, then all he realized was that the white heat of anger died within him, and from him sped the longing to destroy one of the members of the pigmy race of tormentors that held him captive.

"Wild beasts are not anxious to attack human beings," Miss Williams says. "But they are fearful of the strange bipeds that have such unfathomable ways—such unusual trickery. And within them rises the cry of self-defense, and they strike because they fear. Often I visit with my animal friends. The leopards are tractable, but the larger cats—such as lions and tigers—are more wary of human purposes. And yet, have had them nestle their heads near my feet, and fall into a half sleep of vast contentment. When injury or what might be intentional when—"

on the part of the animals. Once, to illustrate, we wished to have a leopard leap—presumably upon me. In order to make the illusion acceptable, the leopard must leap in reality. One of the men prepared a bait—a newly beheaded chicken, still warm and lively in its last reflex actions. I held it in my hands, and as the leopard sprang, I let go the bait, but all too soon. The beast landed on my shoulders, and his claws—accustomed to dig into the tree-limbs of his natal forest—pierced my soft flesh.

ONE of the property men grasped a fresh bait, and the leopard continued his spring. It was but a momentary pause, but my scalp was lacerated, and for days I was out of the films. But I do not blame the beast; it was my own fault in incorrectly timing his spring. He had no quarrel with me, but pursued what his appetite told him was a rare feast."

Elephants present the most ponderous dangers, for in even their playful moods they are never dainty or considerate. Folk who have lived in the wilds tell strange stories of the pranks of the pachyderms. Once, in a little South African Village, there was an early evening raid of young bull elephants, that had come to the village rim quietly in preparation of their devilish jaunt. Then, at the command of their leader, they descended on the town, the houses of which were constructed on stilts. With rampant trumpeting, they would "warp" into the buildings or against the props, and amid the screams of the affrightened population, the beasts made a safe "get-away," having had their questionable sport.

Once, when Miss Williams and Tom Sanchi were in a howdah on a pachyderm's back, the animal took fright, or else was prompted by some roughish impulse. He started to run, and although his loping was anything but graceful, the speed was consider-

Others have copied her work, but never her success. Others take precautions, but Kathlyn understands the four-footed, soft-treading denizens of the dark, and acts natural with them.



Out at Selig Western there is a young woman of classic beauty and marvelous charm, and we love her because she is undaunted Kathlyn Unafraid.

able. A gum-tree grove was convenient to his aims, and toward it he raced, trumpeting loudly, with a half dozen spraw-footed companions bringing up the rear, all contributing to the unearthly concert. Tom Sanchi was brushed off by a projecting bough, and Miss Williams chanced a slide down the toboggan slope of the elephant's side. It was a bad fall, with one of the oncoming mountains of Asiatic flesh narrowly missing her—for elephants are not guaranteed to be of the non-skid variety.

There are times, when the sun is dipping behind the western hills, that Kathlyn Unafraid wanders through the great inclosures of the Selig zoo, where all manner of strange beasts are impounded. The animals sense her coming, and the sinuous cats paces expectantly in their cages, as she passes and speaks a word of cheer. They gaze at her questioningly, as though moved by wonder at the spell she casts upon them. And they know, when they are brought into the cast for animal pictures, that there's a sort of undefined honor to do what they should do—without harm to the wonderful little lady who weaves a spell over them.

Would you take the same chances? In the security of your home, or gazing at the beasts in a park zoo, you would perhaps claim lack of fear. But let it be understood that you were to enter a cage with a tiger—now, honestly, would you do it? Yet, uncounted "animal stories" are sent to the Selig company, the plots of which demand of Miss Williams chances that no one acquainted with wild beasts would ever ask her to take. The things the animals are supposed to do, not only credit to them human wisdom, but skill as well.

AND the action for Miss Williams, if these scenarios were to be produced, would demand her to do the very things that she must not do—the things that would enrage the beasts beyond reason.

All animals are susceptible to excitement.

The great cats are the most irritable of them all. When your faithful, loving house dog will go into a frenzy of excitement with a little teasing. You, his master or mistress, must draw a line beyond which his punishment must not go. He will take a whipping and may be scolded, but try to hurt him unduly, and unless he is a spineless thing, he will fight back. The preparations of a studio are filled with fuss and hustle and excitement, and the beasts feel this tenseness and are on the alert. What devilish trap are the humans springing for them now? What horrible death lurks in the wake of this preparedness? And while they are in this frame of mind, Kathlyn Unafraid enters the scene—and must conquer their natural fears and still their excessive perturbation. Strong men would shrink from the task, but Miss Williams can look straight into the eyes of these animals, and make them feel friendly toward her. She quiets their fears; she reassures them, as though she had learned their strange language—perhaps a language of gestures and expressions rather than of sounds—or maybe a sort of wireless system of messages that the beasts feel and interpret correctly.

One might fancy, with all her love for animals, that she would possess many of her own. But she is without dog or cat or horse, and must make her friends in the vast zoological gardens of the Selig Western plant. Once she had Boris, an English bulldog, scion of a \$10,000 sire. But Boris is gone, and there are no animal members of the household.

Kathlyn Williams "set the pace" in animal pictures. Her "Adventures of Kathlyn" set in motion the introduction of jungle and veldt creatures into the silent drama. Others have copied her work, but never her success. Others take wonderful precautions, but Kathlyn understands the four-footed, soft-treading denizens of the dark, and acts natural when with them. Her animal stories (many of which she writes and directs herself) have made her famous the world over. Her "Balu, the Leopard Foundling," illustrates one of her innumerable strokes of constructive and histrionic genius. But she has had many pictures of the sort, and will have many more. Some day, the critics say, she will "get it." Perhaps she will, but never through the intentional rage of the animals. Through their extreme sensitiveness, and fear and suspicions, plus the excitement of the studios, they may strike out or sink their cruel teeth into her soft, white flesh.

We shudder to think of such a tragedy. But should Kathlyn permit fear to creep into her heart and claim her, then the days of her animal stories would be at a close. These beasts feel fear. Perhaps they regard it as an indication of treachery. But when fear is absent, then intent of wrong-doing toward them is not present, and they are at ease, and without danger.

Once, a high-caste Hindu gazed at the screen showing one of the animal masterpieces of Miss Williams, and his eyes brightened. He had known of such things among the dark-skinned folk of his own land, where the vapors of the Ganges spread a strange miasma of mysticism over the forests and the plains. He arched his brows, and breathed: "How comes it that a woman of the Occident has solved our riddles?" And then he lapsed into silence, and admired the fair goddess of the screen, for he detected in her a kinship—a something that dated back, maybe, to the lost continent of the Pacific, whence came the philosophers of old.

Personally, Miss Williams seems to be simply a very delightful American girl, interested in the same things that other American girls find interest in, and absorbed with the same little opinions. She is delightful, always—and sincere, as well. That is the Kathlyn-of-the-Home. She sets aside her studio self, and forgets about her dangerous moments. But once she has prepared for a part, then the light of a strange understanding gleams in her eyes. Her other self has come into power—the self that projects assurance to the stealthy, alert forms in the cages and pits.

Stranger than all else, is that there should be combined in one person this hypnotic power over beasts, and a high type of dramatic skill. She seems to be a wholesome American girl thrown into the heart of strange adventure, but acting always as we might expect an American miss to act under the circumstances. The screen shows us none of her almost uncanny powers—not any more than her conversation with you would disclose. We must assume that her exercise of magic over animals is accomplished without conscious effort on her part—as though her waking mind had naught to think about but the interpretation of the part. We might feel that such strange powers could never reconcile themselves to golden hair and blue eyes. But the paradox is ever before us. She does not look like a sorceress over jungle creatures—and yet she is!

We are reminded, in considering the remarkable achievements of Miss Williams, that we are all cast for parts—we have been chosen without choosing; we find certain points of least resistance toward which we turn without knowing why, or reasoning, or questioning. It is doubtful if, through force of bravery, one could accustom oneself to mingle with the jungle beasts—cunning, fearful of the more highly cultured man-animals that have made them captive—the sinister, two-legged creatures that build strange prisons of slender steel, against which the brute-power of the beasts is of no avail. To the captive animal, man is the most abominable of all enemies—the last to be trusted, and the first to select for vengeance. But this slender, fair-haired, laughing eyed woman, knowing that danger lurks in the restive movements of the lithe denizens of the dark, feels no fear, and walks where strong men would hesitate to venture. What is the secret? Does she know? Or is there not something hidden in her mind that projects itself and commands respect and safety? We ask—but ask in vain—for we have learned but little, and must guess blindly at the rest. We judge only by watching effects. The causes themselves are mysterious. Sometimes we think we know—but how far we may come from the truth! The animals themselves do not know. It is not reason with them—but assurance. That is the manner of power she exercises over them—assurance. But how many of the rest of us, prating of bravery, would find solace amid the cages—when the sun goes down, and the spirit of the wilds is loosed in a mad desire for freedom? But at these times, Miss Williams walks among them, soothes them, and coaxes back into their troubled hearts the feeling of vast content.

Perhaps the haughty Decius, in modern form, may some day enter a picture theater and view Kathlyn on the screen. Would there not be awakened within him a secret memory of the past? Would he not rise from his seat and point a finger trembling toward her, and breathe, "What manner of woman is this?" Perhaps. Who knows? Who can guess all the riddles in these work-a-day times, where there are so many ordinary things to do? All we know is that, out at the Selig Western, there is a young woman of classic beauty and marvelous charm, who causes the beasts to do her bidding, and that we love her because she is Kathlyn Unafraid.



Photograph Copyright 1915 by De Gaston

Whence comes the subtle charm, the weird magnetic grip she holds upon our hearts?
 'Tis not alone dramatic art for others please us in their varied parts
 Upon the magic screen, that mimic of our features, actions, thoughts and fears,
 Which registers with eloquence unspoken all our joys, our moods, our tears.
 Whereon we actors see ourselves as others see us, virtues, defects—ALL!
 A repetition of our other selves responding to the Author's call,
 And yet gives glimpses through the Mummer's mask of our real selves and takes
 A message to beholders, one which makes them love us, fear us, seals or shakes
 Their confidence and brings respect or grim reserve, invites response in kind,
 Strange telepathic messages, unerring, true, transferred from mind to mind.
 We see her in her rags or coronet, her hair unkempt or dressed and feel
 Her moods of pathos, petulance, her very frowns or tears are real.
 'Tis art, Oh, yes, indeed, the art of nature's artist mirrored heart and soul,
 For be she quaint princess or lowly beggar maid, she lives each varied role
 And lives them all just as she FEELS them, THERE'S the secret of her grip and charm,
 The reason why a great, big, bustling world lies willingly in the small palm
 Of her well moulded hand, and we who know her days, her home her nature sweet,
 Her kindly deeds to those around her, KNOW just why the wd in the lies at her feet,
 It is—the girl herself is good. Her charm of heart, her ups on the rough the ness cannot vary ere movin'
 And so—"Miss Pickford" has been lost, we know her not, but "Little Mary."

—Richard W. Jones



In a Quiet Nook, between the Majestic Hills and the Deep Blue Ocean, nestles a Village of Art in the Kingdom of Make-Believe



Photo by Witzel

EUGENE H. ALLEN

town in the story-books of childhood, and one may well expect to see a Spanish Galleon billowing in through the mysterious mists of the world beyond, laden with pieces-of-eight, and slaves, and a merry, bewhiskered band of deep-dyed pirates.

And this Dreamland spot is Inceville!

I paused in the office and surveyed the city of golden dreams—and then the zestful odors of newly roasted beef greeted my willing nostrils, and I fared forth to learn the manner of folk who were gathered there. The rhythmic strains of a band mellowed up to welcome me—and, behold! I was at home with a horde of editors from the Far Country who had come to view the place where films are created. Ladies of Yesterday, and Courtiers gay, bedecked in their rainbow finery, strutted and bowed, and brushed elbows in Mission Court, to make a glad holiday for the strangers from afar. For a barbecue was on, and all manner of good foods waited the command of the hungry wayfarer. And the host beamed on his multitude of guests—the good host, Sir Knight Thomas Ince.

Thomas H. Ince is the employer of these bold knights and fair ladies, and his medium stature and

INCEVILLE

By Dick Melbourne

IN a quiet nook, between the majestic hills and the deep blue ocean, nestles a Village of Art in the Kingdom of Make-Believe, and through its winding streets all manner of charming fairies dance, and Prince Charmings wend their leisurely way. It is just like an enchanted

determined jowl, mark him as a mortal of high voltage—who knows what he wants when he wants it, as the ad sharks say. Right here I pause to make a merry jest: "One can not mince with Ince." This is my own—although Mr. Ince may use it if he elects. I had often wondered why the photographs of Mr. Ince invariably showed the forehead lined like a railway terminal. He is not at all that way, except when weighty problems burden his mind. He is loved and respected—and he is inspirational, and his dynamic properties are contagious. He spreads the itch for work—for hard, constant work during the working hours, with the measure of art tempering the labor. One must admire Mr. Ince, for he has brought to reality the dream of a few years back; he has created a little empire of picture perfection, and he glories in the artists with whom he has surrounded himself.

It is a wonderland—that Inceville—with wonderful folk walking its winding lanes. The publican of the Ince Capital is Kenneth O'Hara. That does not sound much like the Spanish main; nor is it. Kenneth has the snap of Old Ireland in his make-up, and this snap is all in tune with Ince requirements. He looks very young for such laborious duties—but that is because his heart is light. Men grow old only when they take themselves too seriously; and women, when others take them too seriously.

It is no place for lazy legs, that Inceville. There are steep slopes, up or down, depending on the direction of one's progress. It reminds me for all the world of a Devonshire village in England, where one progresses from the roofs of one street, onto the level of the street above.

Past the buildings of Inceville, where all sorts of wonders are housed, I began the climb toward the upper reaches, and believe that all climbers

encounter good company, for I met Charles Ray. I did not recognize him at first, for in this Kingdom of Dreams, I fancied I had been carried back to the stirring days of '61. Charles was a civil war officer, side-whiskers and all. We wandered along a terrace, for Inceville is constructed like the interior of a Pullman car, with upper and lower berths! This was an upper one—the row of dressing rooms, facing the broad Pacific. He is a charming fellow, this Ray. He was well-named—Ray. He radiates the sunshine that his juvenile roles give him as his right. Mr. Ray was playing at the time with Frank Keenan, a well-known legitimate actor—and both enjoyed the work. He is a well-put-together fellow, is Ray, and he is at home in that wonderland of Inceville.

There are various terraces, and some of them are devoted to dressing rooms. As I sauntered along one of these terraces, I encountered Howard Hickman, who had given himself over to the dreaminess of the day. Besides being a most accomplished star and a very lovable fellow, Mr. Hickman also has the distinction of being the husband of that delightful lady of the screen, Bessie Barriscale. Miss Barriscale occupies the room next door. "You see, they get along beautifully. But this was her busy day, and beyond her ever-present smile she had scant time to distribute roses in my direction. Truly, I prefer Miss Barriscale's smile to many conversations! I mean the conversations of some others—not her jowl! Heaven forbid.



Photo by Witzel

THOMAS H. INCE

Louise Glauco

Photo by Lindell

Margaret Gibson

Bessie Barriscale

Photographers Studio

Elizabeth Burbridge

Photo by Witzel

Rhea Mitchell

Photo by Witzel

Enid Markey

Margaret Thompson





Howard Hickman


Photo by Lorillard
William S. Hart

Photo by Hartback
Charles Ray

Photo by Witzel
Barney Sherry

Photo by Witzel
Richard Stanton

Photoplayers Studio
House Peters

One of the terraces jutted out over the sea, as though it were looking for mermaids! And, bless me if there were not some honest-to-goodness fairies resting gracefully on the green slope! I blinked hard. This was Story-Bookland after all! No, it wasn't! There was dainty little Louise Glaum. I could pick Miss Glaum out of a million, if for no other reason than her fantastic gowns and her funny little caps. She and the other little fairies were listening to the band, and waiting for the call of duty. Louise is a heavy! You would never think it, but she insisted that she must be a heavy and she was. She is a very fine heavy, too—which refers to the vernacular of the films, and not to pounds and ounces!

Right beyond Louise I saw Rhea Mitchell, one of the Inceville leading ladies. Some of them call her "Ginger" Mitchell, but then, who isn't envious of beautiful hair? Her hair isn't red—only a reddish-brown, that catches the glint of the sun like 24-karat gold waiting for the tender. Enid Markey was also present. You know clever Enid who acts opposite to Willard Mack. She is very earnest, is Miss Markey, and some day she says she will return to the speaking stage. But I wonder if the pretty picture of Inceville-by-the-Sea won't blot out the stuffy auditorium, and make her homesick for the hills and flowers, and the smiling Pacific that is always convenient to encourage one on! Truly Shattock was also one of these fairy queens. She is a wonderful vocalist—with a voice like a mission bell. She sang to the multitude and they encored until she could respond no more—a penalty that art oftentimes pays!

I fear I have kept you too long with the ladies. No? But let us not forget the men. Therefore, we shall start with William S. Hart, togged in his western garb, and showing the boys how to ride. He is a fine figure, and he fits a horse like money

fits a bank book. He is rangy and lean—built for speed and durability. I hope he detects in this a worthy compliment. It is meant that way.

Richard Stanton was there, also, taking scenes in his big feature, "Aloha." Willard Mack and Enid Markey were in the pictures, and under Dick Stanton's direction, they always enjoy their work. "Smiling Dick," his friends call him, and the name fits him well. His spirit entertains guile toward no man, and he is as happy as the kin that he has in Heartfree Ireland.

Tom Brierly was in the throng—the maker of scenes and atmosphere. Oh, you thought that atmosphere was made by the Weather Bureau? Tut, tut! Tom makes it the way the weather sharks formerly made rain. He is the really truly rival of Medicine Hat—because he can create atmospheric chills as well as atmospheric sunshine. I knew him in the old Nestor days, but he is different now, as any ambitious, gifted mortal would be who is given free reign. He spends money on his scenes. No pasteboard and tinsel for him, but solid, enduring sets that bring reality into the pictures. Brother Lloyd helps by managing the men with the saws and the hammers.

But I must not overlook the "big boss," Eugene H. Allen, a man who is stocky of build and filled to overflowing with energy, purpose and resourcefulness. He is studio manager. To illustrate the type of man he is, I may merely say that Mr. Allen takes his reposeful rests in a high-power motor car! And Director Walter Edwards was there—an actor and a producer blended in one. He was working with Lewis S. Stone and Miss Barriscale. He is a genuine worker—but, then, who isn't around Inceville? Here is a hive that harbors no drones. So tremendously busy are they that handsome Raymond West just nodded the time of day—as though he were hastening to the shore to repel an attack

of those Spanish Galleons! He began as a camera man, and was promoted to director, but he has never forgotten his camera skill. It aids him in producing those wonderfully clear films of the Ince trademark type. Reginald Barker is another young Ince director. He looks boyish—but why shouldn't he? It is easier to generate high-tension power than wilt in the world of day-dreams. Mr. Barker is a producer who helps maintain the high Ince standard. And I saw tall, magnetic House Peters bending down to emerge from his dressing room—the same House Peters who was with Famous Players, California Motion Picture, and Lasky. He revels in pictures, and his audiences revel in him.

I should like to dwell on the multiple charms of other Inceville and Incevilleins, but the sun is beginning to dip low in the west—like a crimson stain on the blue waters. I should like to sing the praises of beautiful Margaret Gibson, little Elizabeth Burbridge, sterling Margaret Thompson, fascinating Leona Hutton, bonny Barney Sherry, gracious Gertrude Claire, talented J. Wesley Gilmore, former Nestor manager—heaven bless the bunch of 'em.

But they know I have said it all in spirit if not in the written word, and if it comes from the heart, what more is needed? You would love them the same as I, could you hobnob with them beneath the boughs in Inceville, with the Pacific winking back at you, and the great green hills beaming down upon the scene. You would be reluctant in departing, and you would want to stay—and dream the dreams of Inceville—the dreams that billiard back to you from the screen. But you would feel the evening's coming, and you would look askance at the red spot in the sea and at the deepening sky, and you would do what I was forced to do reluctantly—bid a fond farewell to Inceville-by-the-Sea!

Inside a Romance Factory

Part III. My Third and Last Day as a Photoplayer—By Oney Fred Sweet

IT WAS the weather man who cheated me out of wearing a dress suit on the third day that I was an "extra" at the Esanay studios. Mr. Babille had told me I should come next morning with my best society manners as I was to take part in a ballroom scene. But then Mr. Babille had counted on the forecast of "cloudy weather." I had just completed my arrangements for a fit that would have been sure to have made me exceedingly popular among the fair movie fans, when Mr. Babille interrupted:

"Nothing doing on the ballroom stuff today," he informed me. "The sky's too clear. We're going to take advantage of it and go out into the country and get that train holdup we've been waiting for. You're going to be a bandit today and you'll find the property woman ready with your layout."

We sure were a tough looking bunch of bandits, too, as they crowded us into an autobus bound for a strip of railroad track just outside a north Chicago suburb. It almost scared me out every time I looked at the guy sitting next to me. The movie stars, making the trip in more luxurious autos, were not greatly disguised and, when opportunity offered, I nodded to them as I felt—being a fellow actor—I had a right to. Dick Travers was wearing a mighty stunning uniform and it occurred to me that nature had certainly cast him for a leading man. Somehow I didn't think I was going to like him because he was so good looking, but on close acquaintance I found him a regular fellow. Edna Mayo was along too and Betty Scott, and Sidney Amesworth, and a whole bunch of lesser lights. It tickled me that they all had a pretty good time to-



I took my part as a bandit very seriously, and several times I asked the director if my Jesse James expression was suitable

gether during the day's work, and somehow I fell to hero worshipping Mr. Calvert, the director.

Mr. Calvert was an old West Point man, I discovered, and he looked the part. After we got into the woods, and between the taking of scenes, Mr. Calvert had a habit of unconsciously picking up stones and bits of wood and hurling them play-

fully at distant objects. I took my part as a bandit very seriously, and several times I asked the director if my Jesse James expression was suitable, and how he thought the red bandana handkerchief around my neck would show in the film. It was on the depot platform at the little town of Niles that Mr. Calvert came upon me surrounded by a group of natives while we were waiting for the train to come in.

"You better go 'into the depot with the rest of the bunch," he complained. "We don't care to stir up any more excitement around here than necessary; we'll be bothered enough by outsiders, at best."

"That's so," I says, "if they want to see me any more they'll have to wait and pay to see me on the film."

Well, you couldn't blame the natives of that town for angling around a bit curious. Imagine it your self—being in a quiet little town like that with its block or two of Main street and seeing a bunch of wild westerners suddenly alight from taxicabs and autos. Some of the bandits wore red shirts, wild cowboy hats slouched about their ears, spurs clicked at their heels, and most of them were heavily bearded.

Curious small boys of the town hovered in the door of the waiting room or peeped through the windows, while their elders stood in groups on the depot platform allowing that "this here moving picture business did beat all."

It was aggravating to me that I didn't have the hang of the scenario and therefore couldn't tell

(Con.-ued)

SMILING MYRTLE STEDMAN

"Nobody has a monopoly on the sunshine, but the shadows are over-crowded and over-worked"

By BESS POWERS



Photo by Hoover, Los Angeles

There is a smile in her heart that illumines the smile on her countenance

HER DADDY called her "Smiling Myrtle" first, and the title endured, as all true titles must. A cheerful disposition is greater than vast wealth. It is wealth—something that panics can not attack, and years can not dim.

Myrtle Stedman—Smiling Miss Stedman—sees only the sunshine. She refuses to gaze on the shadows, because, as she puts it, "Nobody has a monopoly on the sunshine, but the shadows are over-crowded and over-worked." Which, by the way, explains the wholesome philosophy of this beautiful star of the Morosco studios. Her laugh is not made to order—but like the bright skies of sunny California, it is always on duty.

There's a smile in her heart that illumines the smile on her countenance—and there is a rich love of humor. Miss Stedman revels in jokes; not the practical, harmful kind of jests, but the wholesome ones. To illustrate: In "Wild Olive," she was playing the part of a dark-haired woman, and her wig naturally fitted the demands of the character. An actor, who had recently been annexed to the Morosco forces, and who had not inquired as to the cast, remarked to Smiling Myrtle, "I am so glad you are a brunette; secretly, I detest blondes. I am so sorry to learn that Miss Stedman is a blonde. How strange I should dislike them so."

The next morning, on her way to her dressing-room, Miss Stedman noticed the open door of the blonde-hater, and thrust in her sunny head. "Good-morning, Mr. Brunette-Liker. Don't you think my tresses are a nice chestnut shade?" The outspoken one gasped in amazement. But, quickly recovering himself, he replied, "I knew you all the time, I really just wished to get a rise out of you." He had succeeded, and he got a unanimous rise out of the entire company as well—for Miss Stedman can laugh at a joke on herself as well as she can at one on the

Really, Miss Stedman can cook. So many very pretty women can not cook, but Miss Stedman says, "Dyspepsia is an enemy of smiles, and smiles are the salt of the earth. Me for the restful stomach and the smiles." She knows how to roll her sleeves up and mix all manner of delightful dishes. She understands her range, and her cook book, and "makes up a lot out of her head." This adds to the attractiveness of her beautiful home, and adds to her host of friends, who grow weary betimes of restaurant fare, and long for a pie like mother was wont to bake.

But Miss Stedman's talents do not cease there. She is an honest-to-goodness carpenter, and can drive a nail better than most actresses can drive a motor car. She can saw and hammer, and she helped the mechanics of the Morosco studio in the construction of certain additions to the plant. Leastwise, she sawed a board or two—and wasn't that helping? Her own home has fared well through her building art, and she no more fears a carpenters' strike than she fears shadows.

Her dressing-room reflects her good taste. There are ingenue curtains, and a Japanese teapot and heaven knows what not, besides the regulation grease paints and powder and theatrical cold cream.

This begins to look as though Miss Stedman's praises had been all sung—but, hold! "Sung" is a very good word, because Myrtle Stedman is a big sister of the thrush, and wouldn't need to worry if the picture machines never operated again. She has a voice—a very beautiful voice, and long cultivation has made it wonderfully modulated. She was reared for an operatic career. When "Wild Olive" was shown in a Los Angeles theatre, the proprietor requested Miss Stedman to sing, and she did—at two performances, charming the audience and bringing forth unstinted praise from the press. Indeed, she was in opera, and she was in stock. But always her voice was treasured as something precious. And today it is as wonderful as it was in the days that were.

"When my fingers rest on the keys of the piano," Miss Stedman confided, "and I begin to sing, all the fatigue of the day passes. But it is not wholly because I enjoy it, I guess; it gives pleasure to other and pray, what is more enjoyable than making others happy? You see, I belong to the Smile Club. It is not incorporated; it has no charter. But its members are world-wide, and the membership is growing. When I was a member of the Whitney Opera Company in Chicago, I delighted in making people happy with my voice. Why should I be averse to the same satisfaction now, even if there are no boxoffice receipts?"

The time came when the "filiums" cast their hypnotic glance in Miss Stedman's direction. She fell under the baneful ban, and spent many enjoyable months in the great red-and-green hills of Colorado—up near the roof of the world. It didn't seem like work. It was different, acting out in the lonely places, beneath the turquoise dome. And after a time, she ventured a question. Said she to Mr. Turner, "Do you think I will do in pictures?" And he confessed that she would do. "Stay as long as you like," he told Miss Stedman. "Oh, very well," she responded. "I think I shall stay. I rather like to have the sky as my proscenium arch."

Later on, as the star of destiny lured her westward, she encountered the Bosworth outfit, and played in Jack London's "Valley of the Moon," "Burning Daylight," "Smoke Bellew," and others. She had "found herself," and all the world knew it. And now her recent Morosco successes, playing opposite George Fawcett in "Wild Olive," and opposite Cyril Maude in "Peer Gynt," have proved that Myrtle Stedman listened correctly to the voice of Opportunity when she found music in the clicking camera—and realized that its all-seeing eye is the eye of the world.

She is accomplished—very. She is charming—exceedingly. She has a way of making pestilential interviewers feel less of their obtrusive guilt, and more at home. That of itself is a token of true art, for an interviewer—well, a cup of steaming tea broke down the barrier and made us friends.

But let us not overlook Miss Stedman's winning smile—the smile that buds in the heart and blossoms on the lips; the perennial flower that distinguishes this delightful lady and makes us wish to see her succeed to such a degree that her success will pass all former boundaries. And—that is the way she is succeeding, which is a just reward for such a human actress, whose heart beats with the heart of the world.

Miss Stedman has made a wonderful impression in the films. Some actresses from the speaking stage seem to forget that the screen has its own peculiar requirements. They retain their stage ideas. But Miss Stedman took naturally to the films and the result is shown in her splendid work. Her admirers are as countless as the sands, and the public looks forward to each release in which she is starred. These facts are attested by her great volume of correspondence, coming from all parts of the country, and alive with hearty compliments. "Whenever I am acting in the studio or out on locations," she said, "I feel that my audience is before me, and that I must be as faithful in my work as though the millions were present in person instead of by proxy—the proxy being the camera." Miss Stedman's smile has made her art more endearing, and has increased the number of her admirers.



She is an honest-to-goodness carpenter, and can drive a nail better than most actresses can drive a motor car; and yet she is a really-true, fairy in the sylvan scenes of Filmland—a woman who mirrors the details of her environs



THE CRUISE OF CRUZE AND BRACY

A Thrilling Cruise, But a Pacific Finish

FROM ocean to ocean isn't very far—on the map. The men who selected the Lincoln Highway didn't do their traveling by map. Neither did Jim Cruze and Sidney Bracy—they of "Million Dollar Mystery Fame." It's only a year ago that the "Mystery" films flourished in all their glory. Jim and Sid have had some glory of their own since that time.

They had left Salida, Colo., and were motoring along the skyline of the top o' the world in the Rockies. Jim is western bred so the big hills didn't give him vertigo. Sid and "Mac" and "Al" were Bronx-broke, and never saw many mountains higher than the Catskills, which, as any westerner knows, are not mountains at all—or a-tall, if it looks better that way. The mountains Bracy had seen in Australia, he had forgotten.

"How far is it down there?" Bracy asked warily as he measured the distance between the non-skids and eternity.

"Oh, a mile or so," Cruze responded nonchalantly, which is a very good way to respond on matters of altitude.

"Anybody ever fall over?" Sid queried again, as he mopped the moisture from his palms. Nobody should perspire two miles above sea level, and yet Bracy's hands were humid.

"Once a fellow fell over," and Cruze's mind reverted to the old western days when imagination usurped the place of veracity. "He had a fine kit—new sweater, a moose-skin cap, a six-gun, other apparel, and new rubber boots—nice shiny rubber boots. Well, he lost his balance and down he came. When he hit, his rubber boots proved their merit. He bounded back—not all the way. He could almost reach the ledge, but not quite. Once more he went into the canyon, and again he bounced up; not so far as before, though. Each time he bounced, his case became more hopeless. For three days he bounced thus." Jim paused.

"What then?" Bracy asked sympathetically.

"The boys had to shoot him to keep him from starving to death."

"Poor devil!" Sid sighed, as he glanced fearfully into the Valley of the Shadow.

"You don't believe it, do you?" Mac queried in derision.

"Oh, no," Sid admitted with a shiver. "Only, it helps absorb my thoughts. Go ahead, Jim, and tell another. This time tell about all the details, each jump and bound, like: One little, two little, three little Indians! It will help save dental bills—my teeth are chattering themselves into fragments."

Utah is Jim's home state. He was incorporated there, so to speak. The only bad feature about Utah, is that so many persons slander it. Utah shouldn't be slandered. It proves a Jim Cruze, and isn't that redemption enough? Let us prove it.

At Provo, a freckle-faced lad eyed the pair. Obviously as they drove up before the theater in their big, mud-spattered car. (Note: We call it "the car." Jim and Sid bought it, so we stand pat with 'em in not advertising its name!)

"Hello, Bud!" Jim shouted to this particular youth. The boy nodded mournfully.

"Don't know me, do you?" Cruze persisted. The boy nodded his head.

"Well, I'm from Utah," Jim continued. "It's a great state, too. Some day you may be a famous actor like Bracy and I are!"

"Him?" the boy asked, pointing at Sidney.

"Sure, both of us. I was born in Utah."

"Where was he born?" the kid queried thoughtfully keeping a dexter digit leveled at Bracy.

"Australia," Jim explained.

"That in Utah, too?"

"Oh, no, Australia is fifteen thousand miles away."

"No it ain't," the lad corrected. "That'd be over half way around the world and on the way back. We ain't all auts just because we was born in Utah."

"That's the statue of Brigham Young," said Cruze proudly, as the party slowed down in the big square opposite the Temple.

"That guy?" Bracy asked, gazing at the heroic bronze.

"Had forty wives," Jim continued proudly.

"Forty?" Sid repeated, holding up all his fingers and thumbs four times to confirm the estimate.

"Forty!" Jim replied with emphasis. Then notice-

ing the look of abstraction in Bracy's eyes, Cruze continued. "Well, why the doubt?"

"Oh, there's no doubt, Jim," was Sidney's rejoinder, "only I was wondering if those wives were all leads or if some were only extras!"

Idaho isn't as thickly populated as the Borough of Brooklyn, although it takes up a great deal more space. Bracy refers to it as the "Region of Vast Silences." Cruze, being of the West, remembers it for its Coeur de Alene mining district, a mammoth producer of silver and lead.

"Why, Sid," he explained enthusiastically, "that camp has produced more lead than all of Europe has used for bullets in its great war—thousands of tons of lead—and lots of silver; oh, mountains of silver."

"What kind of silver?" Bracy queried hesitantly.

"What kind of silver? There you go, you tenderfoot; why, there's just one kind of silver, and that's silver, just as there's one kind of lead. Didn't think there were many kinds, I hope!"

"Oh, no, just two kinds of silver, but several kinds of lead, such as Entente lead, and Ally lead. And, Jim, considering all the bullet material those mines produced, I wondered —"

"Wondered what?"

"If they might have produced German silver?"

"Oh, yes," Cruze responded airily, "about Teuton!"

"Let's write poetry," Jim suggested one night in an Oregon hotel, long after the last show. "We'll make up complimentary poems about each other."

"As you say!" Bracy agreed, sleepily. After some moments of labor, Cruze straightened up, with triumph showing in his flashing eyes. As a poet, Jim is a fine actor. This is what he produced:

Sidney Bracy
From Australia,
Though he's crazy,
He won't fail!

"Pretty good," Sid admitted, "Now, shall I read mine?"

"Shoot!" Cruze ordered, with the light of triumph still in his eyes.

This was Sidney's:
Jimma da Cruze,
Beega da sport,
Drinka da Booze,
Bya da quart!

The light of triumph faded from Jim's eyes. They were in a dry town! ! !

In a northern California town, a peg-legged man, with a cannibalistic, cadaverous countenance, plodded after them all day. At each show, he occupied a front seat. On the street his timber prop and one squeaky shoe thumped behind them doggedly. As they ate their meals, the sorrowful looking stranger gazed through the windows at them.

"Poor fellow," Sid sighed, "maybe he's hungry."

"Likely a stick-up," Jim suggested in his mysterious western way. "Probably has a rifle concealed in his wooden leg. We'd better keep cases on him."

At each evening performance, he was present, saying nothing, but watching intently. After the final act, he thumped along menacingly in their wake. Plainly, in the vernacular, he "had their alleys."

Suddenly Jim turned and faced the decimated shadow.

"Well?" he asked sharply.

"All's well!" the peg-legged one replied wearily.

"Then why are you following us?" Cruze demanded hotly.

"I have only been waiting to ask you a civil question," the cripple piped tearfully.

"Fire away!" Cruze commanded.

The peg-legged one cleared his throat nervously. All day he had awaited this opportunity—had gone without food and comfort to enlighten his troubled mind.

"Well?" Jim prompted impatiently. A wan smile stole over the Frankenstein-like face.

"I want to know," the other began hesitantly, "how long it took ya to grow them beautiful whiskers in Zudory! I'm so damned homely, I'd give this here other leg to raise a fringe like that to hide my doggone countenance. Jim Cruze, whiskers is a great means of beauty. They sure is, Jim. Whyinell didya ever cut yurn off?"

Autograph friends are numerous. Just what good an autograph can do—or what harm—neither Cruze

nor Bracy could ever fathom, until that last day of the coast-to-coast journey shortly after the waters of San Francisco Bay had greeted them. They had just completed their toilet in their rooms and Peggy Snow had gladdened Husband Jim's heart by her unexpected but welcome arrival from Los Angeles.

A young man—an apologetic, Sunday-schoolish, smiling young chap, approached them timidly as they chatted in the lobby.

"Mr. Cruze?" he asked gently, as he toyed with a memo book and looked hopeful.

Cruze nodded.

"It's a foolish request—a common one," the youth began, "but I love to collect autographs of great players. May I have yours?"

Grasping a pencil in his fingers Cruze wrote his famous J. Hancock on the memo sheet, the young man bowed and departed and Jim, Peggy and Sid resumed their conversation.

A clerk approached them hurriedly.

"Mr. Cruze," he broke in nervously, "did you know that young man? I hope you didn't give him your autograph?"

"Sure, I did. Why? He's a good kid, isn't he?"

"He!" the clerk responded in amazement. "Why, that's Spencerian Spence, the cleverest forger on the Coast."

"I wish I'd known it," Cruze commented thoughtfully.

"Well, when you open a bank account you'll know it, all right," the clerk replied heatedly.

"Oh, that isn't the idea," Cruze corrected hastily.

"He can't harpoon me that way, but gee! what a find he'd be as a secretary. Just think! If I sent him to the telegraph office to send a wire, the fellow who got it wouldn't know that I hadn't written it!"

And Bracy laughed in both hands, and pretended he was smothering a sneeze.

The representative of the Company who made the automobile the actors used, called on them in San Francisco. He was loud in his praises of the car, enthusiastic over its splendid condition, and likewise hopeful of publicity.

"Few water troubles?" he asked, beaming on the boys.

"Few," Jim admitted.

"And not too much outlay for gas?"

"Nope," Bracy agreed.

"Many punctures?"

"Not many."

"How about blow-outs?"

"Blow-outs!" the pair echoed. "Say, we had 'em in every town!"

"Oh, well, that's up to the tire company," the agent mumbled philosophically.

"Tire company?" Bracy chuckled. "The blowouts we had didn't seem to tire our company in the least. And every time we had a blow-out, it was characterized by the loud detonations of both Brut and Dry!"

"Well, Jim," and Sid brushed away a suspicious globule beneath each eye, "the best pals must part. Vacationing is over. We've seen the breadth of the U. S. A. Broadway beckons me and the Coast claims you. As a final act of fraternal affection, I'll match you to see who gets the car."

"Oh, you take it—gwan, take it," Jim urged.

"No, we'll match," Bracy persisted.

"Very well, what's your choice?"

"Heads," said Bracy.

Jim extracted a coin from his pocket, and poised the silver-piece on his thumb.

"Heads, did you say?" and he looked at Bracy curiously.

Sid nodded his affirmation.

"Oh, I wouldn't take heads if I were you. No, I can't permit you to take heads. Neither will take heads!"

"Then how can one win?" Bracy asked in bewilderment.

"It's a two-bit take, Sid," Jim replied cordially, "and we'll take tails—cocktails," as he led the march to the bar. "You see, Sid, that fool agent got stuck on the old boat, and bought it back for what we paid. Now we'll cut the ga-e, fifty-fifty. We'll both take tails, eh? Hey, Mister, make it a Bronx on two—that's so hom, 'ke!"

And the Cruise of Cruze and Bracy ended in a toast to the Land that Begins where the Sun Cr. Up and Extends to the Sunset Coast.

HENRY WALTHALL—MASTER EMOTIONALIST

"HE STANDS over six feet and is as handsome as Apollo." Thus the world passes upon the physical make-up of man. Not so with talented Henry Walthall, lead in "The Avenging Conscience" and star and hero in "The Birth of a Nation." As one great poet put it:

"Though I could reach from pole to pole,
And grasp Creation in my span;
I must be measured by my soul—
The mind's the standard of the man."

Henry Walthall is not tall, and he does not claim to be handsome. But there is a light of the superman, the beam of genius, that illumines his countenance and makes him different and far superior. He has that wonderful dynamic "something" that, for want of a better name, we call magnetism. His presence radiates from the screen, and yet that presence dovetails so nicely into the theme of the story and the cast and the action and the beauty of the play, Henry Walthall has taken his place as the dramatic criterion of the screen. He does not admit it. He may not even think it. Henry Walthall is modest and unobtrusive. Acting art, as applied to the photographic drama, has suited his special adaptabilities.

Those who have seen the two great Griffith plays recognize that Henry B. Walthall is distinctive in his interpretative art. When David Wark Griffith first met this young actor at the Biograph studio, the great producer recognized the genius that awaited molding for the topmost plays on the screen. And yet Henry Walthall did not go into pictures and remain with them. Indeed, he might never have taken up films for his work had it not been for James Kirkwood. They had been together in stock for several seasons, and both being quiet, thoughtful men, their friendship was natural and durable. Then came the Summer with its stage holiday, and Henry Walthall had little to do. Through the persuasion of Mr. Kirkwood, he visited the Biograph studios and watched the filming of a play in which Mr. Kirkwood was acting. Mr. Walthall studied the direction and the work of the cast. It was then that Mr. Kirkwood introduced the future great star to Mr. Griffith, and there is no question that Kirkwood put in many elaborate "asides" that started Griffith thinking about the possibilities of this stranger.

The appearance of these new features on the screen was a fact that was noted and commented on favorably by picture patrons. The question began to circulate throughout the land: "Who is this new picture actor?" Few knew his name, and the company he was with did not lavish advertising on its stars, nor did Walthall himself crave publicity. He did not understand the value of its purport. After more work on the legitimate stage, he returned to the Biograph and became associated with Griffith. Time and again these associations were severed through the trend of events, but the magnetism of both men drew them together repeatedly, and the friendship that was begun ripened into mutual admiration. They respected each other. They have never been niggardly or backward about heaping praise upon each other's heads, and yet they have not been in each other's company as much as one might suppose.

"The Birth of a Nation" was Henry Walthall's big play. He will have other big plays in the future, and through the vehicle of that master of production, Mr. Griffith, Walthall found himself, and wherever these films have been shown there was always one name on the lips of those who viewed the play—Walthall. Every emotion that can be found upon the strings of human sympathy have been brought into action by this star in "The Birth of a Nation." Ha, piness, hope, despair, grief, determination, tenderness, belief, invention, satisfaction, organization, revenge, love, hatred—these and a thousand other reflections of the soul are to be found in Mr. Walthall's part. And in the expression of each emotion and each mental change will be found the indelible imprint of genius. We do not say that it is Mr. Walthall's eyes, or his

expressions, or his dramatic action, or any other single thing that makes him what he is. It is all of these talents working in unison. If you were to stand back quietly in the Essanay studio and watch Henry B. Walthall at work, you would realize at once that he had shut out all of the rest of the world. He lives each second before the camera and what he lives is explained by the part he plays. Many aspiring screen actors shout and talk and babble as though a multitude had gathered before them. The words that Mr. Walthall speaks are generally inaudible. He has stilled vocal action. He is speaking the words in his mind as though he feared his voice might disturb him.

Henry Walthall is a Southerner and it is natural that he should possess certain Southern characteristics, prominent among which is his inborn pride. He resents uncouth familiarity which strikes a discord in his nerves. He never thrusts himself upon any one. He feels that he should be privileged to select his own companions and decide on his own friends. If you have seen Mr. Walthall in "The Birth of a Nation," you could not help feeling the slow anger that kindled within him when his kin suffered insolence. You could sense that gentleness and tenderness of his nature, as though his opinions would prove incorrect. As these tragic facts drilled deeper within him and he cogitated the insults in the moments of his calm meditation, the fire of anger would burn more brightly—not the sputtering or red flame that is so commonly seen in the emotional work of the films—not like the crackling wood-fire, but rather the slow, steady, intense, even heat of the coal fire's glow, until the red turns to cherry and the cherry to white.

IT IS not remarkable that Henry Walthall does not appreciate his own genius. True genius never appropriates unto itself the fame that must be decided by others. It is too busily engrossed in its own affairs. Art can not stop to worry about the world. If the world decides later on to gaze and admire and become enraptured, well and good. But the world must not worry a genius. It must let him go his way, because what he does is natural to him. It is part of him. It is something that has entered into the weave of the warp and woof of his being. There were times, when the Photoplayers' Club of Los Angeles was at its height of popularity, that Mr. Walthall would saunter into its seclusion, meeting his friends and acquaintances and modestly sit at a table while the others babbled their fleeting opinions. Some would sing and some would recite. Some would engage in oratorical flights. One day, this prevailed upon Walthall to aid in the entertainment. He obliged with "The Day it Rained." A silence fell upon the assemblage like a benediction at eventide. Those who heard, felt and shared the sorrows of the man who loved and lost. His own well-modulated voice was in marked contrast to the more vociferous efforts of the others.

When one thinks of that voice, it is not difficult to understand Walthall's success on the speaking stage. A perfect delivery, clear enunciation, rich sympathy, and the mastery of dramatic interpretation were all blended in the words that Walthall spoke. There is that minor touch of a Southern accent, which was his true heritage and dates back to the days when his folk were cotton planters in Alabama. The Alabama estate is still there and sentiment counts it part of the family possession. Some day Walthall will return to the old mansion under the Southern skies. In these environs, he spent his childhood, and here it was that he and his brothers and sisters were educated under a private tutor, many miles separating them from other habitations. He was eighteen years of age before he ever saw the interior of a theater. Once he had viewed the art behind the glow of the footlights, he was determined on his career. Walthall's mother looked askance upon her son's histrionic ambitions. Indeed, he may never have taken up a stage career had it not been for the fortuitous outbreak of the Spanish-American dispute. He enlisted in a southern regiment and journeyed as far as Florida, where fever took him and spared him from the fire.



▲ Fade-out and Fade-in of the Chill and Glow of a Man's Port in the Sunshine of a Woman

line. But during the days of his convalescence, the theater proved more alluring than ever.

The time came when Mr. Walthall's mother was taken away. Then he bid farewell to the old Southern mansion and turned his face toward the great metropolis, whence had come wondrous stories of the Great White Way and its marvelous array of playhouses. The words of the immortal Shakespeare echoed and re-echoed in his ears: "The play's the thing."

It was in New York that he met the manager of the Murray Hill Stock Company and was given a small part. That was all Mr. Walthall really wanted, and from that time on he continued to climb. He joined one stock company after another, doing his share of the one-night stands and often six different plays a week. But this all has to do with the speaking stage, and perhaps that is not really what we wish to hear. It is interesting, however, to note that he was with Henry Miller for four years, appearing in London with that great,

well-known star in "The Great Divide." This was between engagements at the Biograph. Fate had decreed that this should be the "great divide" and that beyond it must lay his unbroken film career.

Since joining the films, Mr. Walthall has been with the Biograph, Reliance, Balboa and the Essanay—the latter alliance being of recent date. During his screen career, he has given the world some wonderful pictures, including not only those to which allusion has already been made, but also through his Hollofernes in "Judith of Bethulia;" as Strongheart, the Indian, in "Ramona;" in "Home, Sweet Home;" in the Ibsen dramas put on at the Reliance studios. In "Ghosts," his acting was a study and carried with it such pronounced dramatic emotion, it did not seem to be a thing of this world at all. It breathed horror, which means the very frontier of dramatic art.

Henry B. Walthall has fared very well materially. He owns property in California, Alabama, Florida and New York. Nor does he desert the call of the

gods of recreation. With rod and reel, he seeks the quiet places where he may meditate while the wary fish nibble furtively at his bait. He reads good books, and is passionately fond of music. He loves the quiet, the refined and beautiful; and yet, in no sense is he esthetic. He is rather easy-going and believes that everything will happen in its own good time. Henry Walthall is a gentleman. It might be said that he is a gentleman of the old school, although his dramatic work is up to the greatest requirements of the present day. His connection with Essanay auger still greater things. In "Temper" and "The Woman Hater," Mr. Walthall has already forecast what successes he will achieve in his Essanay roles. He has found a permanent place in the esteem and affections of the public, and he has established new standards. In the screen art, Henry B. Walthall is admittedly the greatest exponent of the silent drama, beyond which we believe no other compliment is necessary.

Salisbury Wild Life Pictures

By EDWARD A. SALISBURY

EDITOR'S NOTE—

This is the second of a series by the famous cinematographer of wild animal life. The Salisbury pictures constitute one of the most important contributions to natural history in a generation. They surpass all former nature studies in that they show wild life in motion. Every school boy and girl should agitate for the Salisbury pictures at the local pictureplay house; they will be enjoyed as much by grown-ups.

THE Rainbow trout is

a very elusive and extremely active member of the restive finny tribe, and in taking motion pictures of these California mountain-stream natives, we have numerous exciting experiences. They are big fellows, these Rainbow specimens, and some of them grow to a weight of thirty-five pounds—temptation for the most ardent angler. The Rainbow trout is more highly colored than his cousin, the Steelhead, and indeed the latter shows decidedly human vacation characteristics, taking to the salt water once each year, but returning to its natal fresh water to spawn. On the other hand, the Rainbow trout has naught in common with the brine, and is found only in lakes or streams that have no direct connection with the ocean. This may read distractingly technical, but there is something in wild-life that is akin to the balance of us mortals—and who can know too much about nature?

Upon investigating the habits of the trout family, I found Mr. and Mrs. Rainbow returning to the same stream as high as ten years in succession—producing the while their own chromatic counterparts. You may doubt that one can recognize a fish, or be on speaking terms with it for ten years. But the Government Inspectors do not depend on their memory for faces; they place metal tags in the fins of these beauties—and the tags tell their tales of visitation. In approaching the stream, these fish usually appear above the falls, by climbing natural steps, or ladders, or by means of the artificial ones constructed by the Fish and Game Commission. Some of the fish, and especially the salmon, are so strong that they are able to swim "uphill," right through the falling water. Such speed is back of their efforts, they frequently shoot several feet in the air after gaining the top of the cataract.

It is a difficult task to secure clear pictures of these denizens of the water. I have seen thousands



Not alone on land, on sea, in the air, has the clicking camera projected its force, but even into the realm of the finny tribe

of these trout plainly, and yet the camera has been incapable of catching the movements of their shining bodies. The trap-houses, in which we impound these fish, cause these huge congregations. But when the fish were taken from these traps, to be spawned artificially, we secured some most remarkable pictures, which, I believe, are the first of the kind ever taken. Many folk have told me that they had no idea that fish could be forced to propagate—but the truth remains, and students will find much to contemplate in looking into the details of this important industry. The moving picture has brought wild-life into our very homes—at our thresholds, and has invited us to know the nature of which we are a part. The wilds are robbed of their mysteries, and nature is made to divulge her innermost secrets, that have all the while been awaiting the scientific command of man.

It happens sometimes that some strange incident—one, perhaps that may not be duplicated in a thousand years—presents itself to the cinematographic scientist. But so small a thing as a tiny drop of water or a grass-blade on the lens may ruin this solitary chance to picture a deep secret of the wilds. Once, after making the most careful preparations to procure pictures of mallard ducks, we learned, upon examining the films, that a splash of water across the lens had ruined the day's most alluring and unusual work. Yet my camera-men had been careful—had taken all precautions—all but foresee-

ing the water-splash that screened from the view of men some of the most striking truths about these beautiful feathered creatures.

It is not the water-drop or the dust-fleck that works all the mischief; oftentimes the mechanical clicking of the camera will set the inhabitants of the wilds scurrying, swimming or flying to cover. Still, great good fortune has attended our efforts. Who would believe that mortal man could get within three feet of a living, alert mallard? I did it—and we could easily have filmed several hundred more feet of these suspicious birds.

You, who view the Salisbury pictures on the screen, see only the snappy incidents. Hundreds of thousands of feet of film have been taken in order to get the "big moments," and but a fragment of the whole has been shown. The picture audience demands everlasting

change. One second of tarrying will cause shuffling of feet and yawns. The audience, I venture with all respect, is as difficult to please as the wild game!

I feel that I have succeeded when I hear folk in the theatre say that they could have watched much more of my sort of films. Like the temperate meal, it satisfies, but leaves a yearning for more of the same kind. But to surfeit the public! That is a different thing.

In our jaunts through mountains and woodland, we became careful students of nature—the good nurse that leads us all, be we human or "lower," through the mesh of experience. We learned many interesting things about these little folk of the wild. We learned when and where and why the birds were to be found in their nests—and the most favorable conditions for these original monophanes. We learned why mallards construct their homes in haystacks, and why mud-hens build their nests on the surface of swamps. Thousands of details came before our notice—and always we found that these various tribes of streams, air or wood, had a sort of organization—like monarchies or republics, independent of the greater governments of men. And we found, too, processes of thought in many of these "lower animals," showing that we of human form have not monopolized the powers of Creation. And I am sure that you will think of these truths when you view "Salisbury Wild Life" on your home theatre screen.

(To be continued)

THE GIRL IN THE PATHÉ

By LLOYD KENYON JONES

VIII

SERGEANT JERRY MCGUIRE stood on the portico of the Tivoli hotel and clapped his hands lustily. Jerry was not enacting an act; he was attempting to lure a *cochero* from the lazy shade of the palms that skirt the drive above De Lesseps Park, and pursue a vanishing landeau that even now was swinging zigzag fashion into Panama's *Avenida Central*.

"Dammacussedspigotti!" McGuire breathed hotly and peevishly, as he fanned the tropic flush from his inflamed features. "They never want to carry just one—and me willin' and glad to pay four-bits silver a mile! Gawd, such bustlin' enterprise!"

In the speeding coach that the officer watched in anguish were Grace Mollaine and Vivian Sinclair, frightened suspects, madly in love—not with men; heaven forbid! In love with the ambition to escape. Since that terrible "murder watch" had reappeared, and the *Star* and *Herald* and the *Journal* had commented on it freely, the hapless ladies were the most talked-about persons on the Isthmus—always steeped in plot, intrigue and tragedy, but welcoming each new morsel with a hunger that knew no satisfaction. A block or two along the main thoroughfare of Panama, the coach did a customary thing for a Panamanian vehicle: It collided with another coach, and lost one wheel in the impact. Vivian and Grace were pitched headlong to the rough pavement, and there they lay—crumpled little heaps of suffering femininity, that most any gallant on earth would have paid a king's ransom to rescue. It was thus that Sergeant McGuire found them a few seconds later, and a sense of pity almost mastered his regard for duty.

"Poor dears," he muttered, glad to know that Mrs. McGuire was in distant New Orleans and couldn't hear his blubbering pity. "Poor dears, mebbe they ain't so bad as I've pictured 'em." Tenderly, he gathered Grace in his arms and placed her in his waiting coach. Then he picked up Vivian with equal tenderness, and found time a moment later to shake a hard, round fist at the gaping, jabbering natives—sprinkled with the ample ebony of Jamaican and Barbadian origin.

"Them bloody blacks," Jerry mused, "talks like a lot o' English lords—landlords! Happy the day English landlords ain't black, or how in blazes would me kin pot 'em on a stormy night in Ireland? But, still, as regards their hearts, them English is —"

"Beggin' your pawdon, sir," one of the blacks belted, as he hastened to the vehicle. "Hi found this 'ere on the pave, sir; hit may be himportant!" Jerry gazed steadfastly at the negro with the cockney accent, and shook his head sadly, forgetting thanks and other gratuities. The language of the Ethiopie was beyond him. Then he turned his eyes to the bit of paper that was in his hands. It was a cablegram from the States! It was addressed to Miss Mollaine and contained the single word, "Flee."

"It makes a noise like a bed-bug," McGuire whispered whimsically, as he knit his troubled brows and pondered what idiot could be paying six dollars and eighty-five cents for one word "flee." While thus musing, the coach made a sharp turn that nearly upset the already dishevelled occupants, and began the climb back along Balboa Road to the big government hotel in Ancon.

The young ladies had opened their eyes curiously before they had reached the Tivoli, and stared in open amazement at Jerry. They were so bewildered and hysterical, the policeman almost forgot his fine philosophy about beautiful women. The fight was gone out of them. They were little and shrinking and very helpless, and that is a fearful combination for a policeman to solve. Jerry swallowed vainly at a huge, aching lump in his throat, but the more he swallowed, the larger the lump became. Then he blinked very hard and made a resolution—which he carried into effect next day. He would be done with this gum-shoeing; he would question the young ladies ingeniously, and be out in the open with his tactics.

Vivian and Grace were seated on the rear veranda the following afternoon, pretending to read, but really whispering feverishly, and they looked up slyly as McGuire approached them in an awkward, quasi-official manner.

"Now," he began slowly, for all the world the way a hungry cat might address a captive mouse. "we are goin' to be good frens. What do you know about the Conway killin', eh? Where was ye on the night o' the murder—but, remember, annything you state may be used agin you! By the by, do you mind a puff o' smoke? I have here a rare Dago cheroot that I fain would burn. Thank ye. Now, let us proceed: You had Miss Conway's watch! You tried to thrun it in the ocean; a guy named Muldoon says as how he was holdin' out of his hand a-feelin' for rain, when you drops the bauble overboard, and he catches it. I believe him. There ain't nothin' agin Mike Muldoon, except his likin' for tropic rum. Apart from that, he's a gentleman an' a scholar. Young ladies, take one careful look at this watch." Whereat Jerry McGuire withdrew the trinket from his pocket, and both young ladies gazed hypnotically, squealed in a minor key and promptly fainted. Truly, it was exasperating. It was annoying to be so near to the truth, and then have the poor girls flop over senseless. McGuire was unaccustomed to quarry of a Dresden China strain. It was beyond him. The kind of women he was wont to interview would have cursed him roundly, and made him feel at home. Also, he would have answered them unabashed.

It was days later when the girls opened their eyes to the world of reason. They were in nice, white, little cots in Ancon hospital, and a mad fever was spending itself in their frail bodies. Uncle Sam had stepped in, and there was no more of the third degree to annoy them. Their records had been traced, and those records were immaculate. Nor did the young ladies want for attention; every doctor attached to the hospital was imbued only with the idea of serving them. They were more secure than they would have been in their own homes. And yet, as soon as they were able to travel, they were bound on a dangerous mission; they were on their way to London to offer their services to the Red Cross.

IX

ETIENNE LE CROIX had a strange ague when he learned that the boat on which he and Jack Randley and Billy Mumford had shipped, was a blockade runner. The little Frenchman had vague, but thrilling, mind pictures of German submarines. He had no taste for boats that could stick their eyes out of the water and then sneeze a torpedo into the hold of a contraband-laden ship, and particularly when that ship had a cargo of deadly explosives—sufficient, in fine, to blow a good-sized island from the sad, blue sea into the valleys of the moon.

"Eet eez what—ah, la—what ze gran' American general say—Mistair Sherman—about war. He was correct! Do I so much as light a cigarette—bah, comes ze captain, lookin' dagger! 'We blow up! Pouf!' he say. Well—some day—some day—mebbe we get ze feet on land. Oh, ze beautiful land—la!"

Randley smiled wanly. He was beginning to accept Fate as Fate is—without asking questions. After all, how did he know that the Girl in the Pathé would beam on him after all these hair-brained escapades? Perhaps they would meet in—well, let us say heaven. And again, maybe they wouldn't. From the best authorities, Jack felt that heaven held no corner lots for the idle rich. He was not deserving of any girl. He was a twenty-four karat hobo, and he knew it. He was a high-class tramp, living on what he had no right to own—if stories of the origin of the family fortune could be credited—and expecting a beautiful girl to trust him for life.

A deafening roar assailed his ears. He jumped so far and so fast, he was at the rail before he knew it. Etienne was crumpled near the cabins, praying. A submarine greeted them from port. A solid shot from an eight-inch gun had been sent across the tramp steamer's bows. The jig was up. They were captives. Etienne Le Croix was beyond words. The worst he had imagined, had occurred. He was limp and helpless. Walking was quite beyond him. How could he ever get to the life-boat, even if he had a chance? Bi! Mumford saw the poor little detective and too! pity. He gathered

Le Croix in his arms, and started toward the rail, undecided whether to save his charge or pitch him overboard. Billy was heartily sick of the whole affair, but he had himself to thank, and he knew it. Gluttony had caused him to smother a lie in the beginning, and now what were his prospects of eating? Well, he had Le Croix, and likely all our forebears were cannibals. As that horrible thought raced through Mumford's mind the little sleuth kissed Billy's hand. Le Croix was dropped heartlessly to the deck. The shock was too great for Mumford. He might eat a man, but kiss him, never!

"It's the boats," the captain cried hoarsely, a white terror showing through his bronzed skin. The crew, with equally blanched faces, stood by. The game was done. The promised prize money would never be paid. The tramp steamer would shortly be atomized. And—it was! With food and water, the crew and their hapless guests pulled to sea, and were permitted to progress a thousand yards before the torpedo was fired. How they saved their eardrums or kept from capsizing, were questions they did not dare answer. A sheet of flame shot skyward, and the roar was beyond all sounds they had ever heard—if it was hearing. Sound was surely not like this earth-and-sea-upsetting shock! A rain of shrapnel (furnished by the fragments of the ship) fell all around them, and a miniature tidal wave caught them on its crest and carried them three hundred yards at top speed. Then the sea closed in on the hole, and nature began to smile. The submarine had vanished beneath the surface turmoil, and was bound for new adventures.

Twenty hours later, the men were picked up by a trawler, but they found scant sympathy in England. Gun-cotton was too precious these stirring days! It was a pretty mess. Randley and Mumford were without funds, without friends, without everything except Le Croix. He would be with them always.

"It's a deuce of a fix, Jack," Billy commented, as the three of them paused in Trafalgar Square. Billy's belt was jerked up to the final notch. For one who loved food so keenly, this was punishment indeed.

"We've got to do something, Jack," Billy persisted. "What shall we do? Ah, I have it! We'll take Etienne, here, and find a job for him as chef. He can support us until we get money from home."

"Ze cook—bah! I, ze proud detective? I, ze great American detective—I —"

An ample hand was placed roughly on Le Croix's yielding shoulder. He gazed fearfully into the graven features of a broad-beamed, sinister personage—one of the Scotland Yard ilk. The triumvirate of unfortunates were under arrest—as suspects.

Weeks passed. The American ambassador refused at first to listen to the tales of Randley or Mumford. Their records looked bad. They were adventurers—and, besides, the ambassador knew a little of the inside history, and he was obligating a certain American family that had been unduly annoyed by "Madcap Jack Randley," as they put it. The experience was embarrassing, and it was wearing. At the same time, it was good for the soul, and good for the body. Mumford was a great admirer of simple fare before two weeks had passed. His rising girth had been checked; he was getting back to nature.

A letter was delivered to Jack one morning. It was postmarked New York. This is what it contained:

"Mr. Randley:

As a gentleman, desist. Your quest is hopeless. You are a blunderer and an ass. The girl you seek is beyond you, quite. Join a convenient army and if you can't win a cross, get killed, and oblige.

An Outraged Family."

Jack smiled grimly, yet there was no laughter in his heart. He was a blunderer and an ass. He knew it. For the first time in months, he felt heartily ashamed. He would join an army—any army. Maybe he could get himself killed. While he cogitated these cold thoughts, his vision rested on Le Croix. He would trick the diminutive detective into the army. If Randley must be a sacrifice, then Etienne Le Croix would also be

offered up on the altar of heroism! The thought cheered Randley immeasurably. It is not good to die among strangers.

X

BILLY MUMFORD coaxed Randley to show him the note. Billy read it critically and frowned. Knowing more about the situation than his friend, he purposed to permit no war perils to enter into their worries. There was trouble enough as it was. Therefore, Billy resorted to strategy. He would leave no stone unturned to avoid the tragedy of battle. Fighting men against whom he bore no animosity, was not to his liking. Mumford's great-grandmother on the paternal side of the house, was Italian. She married a Frenchman; their daughter had been wedded to a German. On the maternal side, there was Russian blood and there was English blood. Well, there was a strain of Austrian somewhere, too! How could he divide his sympathies? When the Alliance lured, the Entente held back! Besides, Billy wasn't a fighting man!

Money finally came from the States; not much money, but a few hundred dollars. Then the authorities relented—at the ambassador's request—and the prisoners were released. The air, fog-laden though it was, seemed sweet. Liberty was precious, and particularly after their harrowing experiences.

"I say, Jack," Billy began strategically, as soon as they were at large, "I have an idea. But to work out that idea will require a week; ten days possibly.

I must be trusted implicitly during that period. Now, to make my plans a success, we must lie low. I propose a suite of rooms in some quiet place, where we may feel secure from intrusion. No, just a moment, fellows! This is a plan to terminate the war!" Mumford averted his gaze. He neglected to explain that it was their war he would terminate.

The very thought of being an international hero caused Randley's chest to bulge. How sweet is Fame, even in prospect! Etienne Le Croix sighed sadly. "Ees ze plan safe?" he queried tremulously. "Very!" Billy responded with gusto. "La!" Etienne gurgled, grasping Mumford's right hand and kissing it rapturously.

"Nix! Nix!" Billy bellowed. Some day that good right hand would crush the breath out of the impetuous sleuth-hound.

"Oh, I know ze good hide-out," Le Croix confided. "Eet ees ze side-street—a beeg—what you call, ze family hotel. Shall we go see it?" The others agreed.

The hostelry was not prepossessing, but it was suitable. Its patrons were rather under the middle-class; a trifle scurvy, perhaps, but at least unobtrusive. The food was coarse, but wholesome and plentiful, and the landlord asked no questions. One might have fancied that every one in the hotel was hiding out. A few of the roomers looked mangy, and one had bad eyes—watery, red-rimmed eyes that might have come from too much rum or considerable weeping.

The third day, Etienne rushed into their living room quite out of breath. He held a finger to his lips cautioningly.

"Ze meestery!" he whispered excitedly. "Ze gran' meestery! Hush! Ze girl! She lives across ze court!"

"What girl?" Jack queried tremulously. "What girl, Etienne? Speak!"

"Ze girl—ah, la, la—in ze Pathé!"

"The deuce you say!" and Billy and Jack gazed at each other in stupid amazement. "Where?" Jack questioned anxiously.

"Across ze street! Honest, true! I see her, and oh, ze uzzer beautiful girl—um! Zey so sad—oh, so sad!"

"Let's go find 'em!" Randley was vibrant with his awakened amour. So, at last, in the heart of London, they were to meet! Mumford was equally anxious but displayed less fervor. He had his misgivings.

The street on which their hotel was situated, was extremely narrow. It would have been a scant alley in America. The building across the way was squat and ugly, with two slender windows on the second floor and a double door on the ground floor, that gave the structure the appearance of a grotesque, staring, impudent face. How any such divine creature as the girl could find solace in a house of such evil aspect, was beyond Randley's understanding. Nevertheless, he was not hinging his hope on a

(Continued on page 25)

The Lost Chord

By MILDRED WASKA
With Decorations by Herself

EXTRACTING THE HUMOR MINORS FROM THE TRAGEDY MAJORS

THE day of miracles still lives around the corner. Theda Bara in five parts! (Would ya believe it?) Was it a dime museum performance or just Theda Bara on screen parade? **LADY AUDLEY'S SECRET.**

Some poor neglected skeleton escaped from the family closet when the key-hole wasn't plugged up. And they forgot to hang up the sign: "NO CHILDREN ADMITTED." Over went my dime, in went I. Talk about subterranean darkness! While floundering for a seat, I obstructed someone's view—a voice like a fog horn yapped: "Say kid, is your father a glazier?" Squeered? I meant to drop down into a seat in a hurry but missed my guess—and the seat, too—and flopped on the floor with a thump (good thing I wasn't made of glass).

By the time I collected my equilibrium and all my belongings that got away from me like the big fish we hear about, I was ready to gaze at Theda Bara in 5 parts. No such luck! She was human. She came along the beach to hear what the wild waves were saying, but instead, saw her father trying to walk straight bringing home a bun—for breakfast. Water, water ever, where and yet the lake was dry. She popped her eyes and gave a good imitation of the Campbell Kid dolls—then when she got through popping them, went to help her father home. Man-like he wanted to carry the bun alone and while they squabbled, a Don Quixote came to talk peace.

They got rid of the father, and hatched up a love affair. She didn't want to marry him because she couldn't take her father with her into society. But she did! I mean she married. That was the "first part." A year later the father was still bringing home buns and Theda was arbitrating with the infantry—I mean she was rocking the baby to sleep. The husband was out of a job—

poor but proud, who would rather go to Australia to hunt gold than work his rich father for money. Out there, all he could wash was his hands because there wasn't any gold to wash. He wrote home to Theda, but her father used the letters for fuel. One day when she sat in the kitchen crying for her husband, her father told her to quit sniveling and go to work to earn money. She did all of that.

Now for the 3rd part. She enlisted as a private secretary for Sir Audley, made a mash on him and completed the job by marrying him. And where was her first husband? In Australia fighting the hook worm. He found a wad of gold while he was delirious and started back to the land of neutrality to find his wife and chee-ild. His old college chum met him and told him his wife belonged to another—(them was crewel woids). Theda had a maid that looked just like her—not that it was her fault, but anyway, the maid died. There was Theda's chance to play her card. She put her wedding ring on the maid's finger to bluff the people into believing that the maid was herself. Then the husband wouldn't know she was alive and married to Sir Audley. Catch a man not finding things out! What he didn't know, his college friend told him, because he happened to belong to Sir Audley. He called on his wife at Audley Court and she got so excited—"I saw her smile, although her eyes were only smudgy tears, and then she swished her swirling arms and wagged her gorgeous ears. She sobbed a blue and green checked sob and wept some purple tears."

Rather than have her second husband find out her secret that she had another husband, she pushed him into the well. Well, well, well! Wasn't that fierce? Once more the secret was hers, but it began to fray at the edges. Soon it became frazzled when the college chum butted in and wanted to

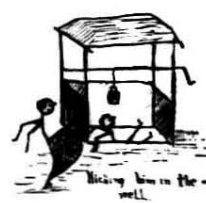
know where the first husband was. Was he still in the well? (Not on week days.) The butler hauled him out so they could have fresh drinking water. He left town and all he left behind were his best regards.

The college chum told Theda he would squeal on her if she didn't tell her secret to Sir Audley. Curses! The mere thought of spoiling her secret made her mind skid and she went crazy. Dressed in black she went to the well to die. What did the poor well do to deserve such treatment? She died just in time. Just then her first husband came along with the chum and saw her keel over. But she died when they reached her—not because they reached her—but the husband said to the chum: "Let her rest in pieces—I mean peace, why pick on her now? Let her be buried as Lady Audley. (A nice way of getting out of the burying expenses.) He didn't want to raise his boy to be a soldier—his family tree wouldn't leave—and he didn't tell us where he was going, but he was on his way, and—just then somebody knocked the ink well over.

Thereby hangs the tale.

Mildred Waska

EDITOR'S NOTE:—Miss Waska will continue to enlighten us, from issue to issue on the current thrills of the screen.



Natural Bessie Barriscale

"An artist must absolutely know how to carry himself, how to dress, the proper use of his eyes and his hands, or he can never be anything else but someone else mixed with himself, so to speak"

BESSIE BARRISCALE, the accomplished New York Motion Picture star, is the embodiment of the NATURAL school of acting. Being natural is almost a cult with her; she is herself in private life, while on the screen she is the artist—she lives the part that she portrays.

She owes this largely to the advice of one of the greatest actors of all time, Louis James, who took a great fancy to the bright little actress when she was emerging from the child actress to the more matured artist. He said to her, "Elizabeth (he never called her Bessie) you are leaving me and I am sorry, for I have watched you carefully. Remember, my dear, do not lose your naturalness, and you will be popular, for you are naturally clever. That is all, but I conjure you to bear my words in mind."

Miss Barriscale never forgot what James had said, and whenever she found herself "acting," she remembered and took herself to task. Here is the charm of Bessie Barriscale—truth to life. This was never more evident than in "The Cup of Life," the first big picture she acted in for the New York Motion Picture Corporation and the photoplay which secured her a long-time contract with a regal salary.

There is nothing of the actress about this charming woman in private life or in her dressing room; it is only on the stage that she is anything other than the altogether nice lady she really is. Her home at Santa Monica is homey and there do congregate some equally likeable people who find the latch-string loosened, and who appear with none of the flippant finery of pretense.

NOW Miss Barriscale has a manager and a good one, too—her husband, by the way; and he is known as Howard Hickman, one of the best screen actors of the day and one of the most pleasant of men.

Miss Barriscale at a recent typical "at home" supper, gave this opinion after the company assembled had agreed that naturalness was the greatest factor for success on the screen! "It is hardly possible to be natural in one's acting unless one has not had previous experience. Actors or actresses who are reasonably sure of themselves are self-conscious and when any trace of self creeps in, then naturalness flies away. An artist must absolutely know how to carry himself, how to dress, the proper use of his eyes and hands, or he can never be anything else but someone else mixed with himself, so to speak. Experience on the speaking stage is genuine sound experience, to my mind, and stock experience is better than any other. It enables an actor to disassociate himself with one character and assume another one at short notice, and he has to do this with far greater rapidity on the screen than on the stage. Again, an actor who has not had a world of experience, has to be shown how to do things, and this bothers him and troubles the director; while with an experienced artist, the director gives his ideas and permits the actor to use his own individuality and ideas which, with but little direction, fulfill the desires of the producer."

We have said that Miss Barriscale is natural and it is interesting to play audience at the recitation of some of her experiences. She started acting at

By **RICHARD WILLIS**

the age of five, and her cousin, Mabel Talliaferro, had an advantage over her, for she started at two and one-half years of age! Miss Barriscale's first

me up and down until I grew angry and scarlet. Then he told me that I was but a little girl and could never fill the position. It was useless for me to tell him all I could do; he knew it all, but my appearance was against me. This was on a Saturday. I spent most of Sunday in weeping and calling

myself names as I looked in the glass, but mother came to me and said, 'I would not cry if I were you; why not try something else instead?' This started me thinking and on Monday morning mother lent me one of her dresses and helped me put my hair up. I pulled myself together and got another appointment with Mr. Bond. I told him I had come to apply for the position of ingenue with his company. He looked at me for a moment and then burst out laughing and said, 'I knew you had the experience; now I know you have the right spirit. The job is yours.' My first ingenue part was with Russ Whytal in 'For



One forgets she is an actress and almost believes that she is what she appears to be on the screen. She is a disciple of nature—she portrays the highest art, which is naturalness

effort was the child's part in "Shore Acres" with grand old James A. Hearn. She finds it difficult to name the parts which followed, but says that they included about every known kiddie part, embracing "Li'l Eva," the child in "The Celebrated Case," and "Fauntleroy."

Her father was an actor and came to America from England with the first "Lights O' London" company which was sent over from the old country. Her grandfather followed, dissuaded the son from acting and persuaded him to go into business. She did not inherit any acting talent from her mother, who was only behind the scenes once and that was when the dresser was absent and when her daughter wanted her help in buttoning up things. Her daddy was very proud of her and it was through him that she continued to do the one thing which she had any real taste for. It may therefore be said that Bessie Barriscale is a child of the stage.

MISS BESSIE seems to have been tremendously fortunate in having been associated with the well-known actors who were not regarded as upstarts or youngsters. For a long time she studied and acted in repertoire with kindly Russ Whytal, and she has heaps of nice things to say about him, too; in fact, this seems to be a habit of hers, getting attached to the artists she has worked with, and speaking highly of them. Then for two years (the thirteenth and fourteenth years of her life) she was with the man who gave her the sound parting advice, Louis James, with whom she played Feance in Macbeth, and other parts, and at the same time understudied Katherine Kidder in "School for Scandal," as Ophelia and various other Shakespearean parts—a rare experience for a girl so young.

Her next engagement was difficult to obtain, and her own account of her trials is both humorous and pathetic: "I was neither girl nor woman; my air was grown up and so was my experience, but my dresses were short and I was at the gawky age, with my hair hanging down and with the self-consciousness of it all. Things were not going right at home and it was necessary that I get something quickly, so I went to Frederick Bond at the Fifth Avenue Theater and saw him, and asked for the ingenue position. Mr. Bond tried not to laugh, and looked

Fair Virginia,' and then followed all the well-known plays."

Later when she had firmly established herself as a foot-light favorite, she was seen as Lovey Mary in New York, and she went to London and appeared in the part for ten enchanting months. "Almost long enough to cultivate an accent," she laughingly says. Among other people she has played with here have been Margaret Anglin and Charles Coughlin.

MISS BARRISCALE is a great favorite on the Pacific Coast, where she was sent by Belasco to take the leading part in "The Rose of the Rancho" at the Alcazar, San Francisco. She remained there for a year and they have wanted her back again ever since. Then came her never-to-be-forgotten creation of the part in "The Bird of Paradise," which Richard Walton Tully wrote for her and which was produced in Los Angeles where it played for five weeks. She suffered disappointment when the Morosco management would not let her go east with the play; she was too big an asset here. Her last big engagement on the stage was in "We are Sevens," by Eleanor Gates, played in New York City, when she returned to San Francisco and later received an offer from the Lasky people to play her original role in "The Rose of the Rancho," for the screen. We all know what a success she made, and this one appearance obtained for her the present position she occupies with the New York Motion Picture Corporation at Santa Monica. Did you see "The Cup of Life?" If not, you missed a great photoplay; one of the finest ever filmed. In this Miss Barriscale showed the gradual transition of a girl's character, and when the time came to make her hideously ugly, she did not do it by halves. Her performance in this and "The Painted Lady" have stamped her as one of the finest actresses who have graduated from the speaking stage to the screen.

Remember, when you do see her, that her success is due to absolute naturalness, that she studies out her various roles and does them as she believes they would be done in real life. The result is that one never tires of her performances, for one forgets that she is an actress. She is a disciple of nature. She portrays the highest art; which is naturalness.

On The Editorial Screen

MOVIE PICTORIAL

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LLOYD KENYON JONES, EDITOR

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*"They copied all they could follow, but they
Couldn't copy my mind,
And I left 'em sweating and stealing
A year and a half behind."*

—Rudyard Kipling.

Needed—Uniform Censorship

It is a senseless demand that censors should go, but it is a reasonable demand that censorship should be uniform. The film manufacturer, who has complied with the stringent demands of the Chicago board of censors, does not know whether his picture will pass the censor boards of Milwaukee, or San Francisco, or New York, or any other place. The National Board of Censors does not have the sanction of united authority back of it, and in consequence, any censor board may override the opinions of that organization known as the National Board.

Films are used in interstate commerce, and yet the Interstate Commerce Commission seems to have rules and regulations for pretty nearly everything else; none for the films. The film manufacturers today are very much in the same position as manufacturers in general: They do not know when they are right and when they are wrong. A rule that is laid down today may be altered tomorrow. Rules are not laws.

Censorship is arbitrary. It is based on opinion. The majority of voters in the United States are picture patrons, and yet these patrons do not rally to the cause of the manufacturer and do not insist that their duly elected law-makers see that uniformity of picture censorship is established.

The speaking stage presents pretty nearly any problem play its promoters may conjure up. The speaking stage, however, is not patronized by children to the extent that is found in moving picture theaters. Consequently, we can not say in verity that there is a parallel.

Soon or later uniform regulation will be established, and let us hope it will be soon. Some manufacturing companies spend enormous sums preparing plays for the screen and in advertising those plays, and yet never feel secure and never know when a poorly digested beefsteak, agitating the digestive organs of some sour-visaged censor, may mean a direct loss of thousands of dollars through the unjust censoring of films.

Local censor boards, being branches of police departments, object to pictures showing dishonesty among public officials. Unfortunately, many public officials are proven dishonest, and if the public is not to be acquainted with the methods of dishonesty, then where is American freedom? There must be limitations to police authority. A police-ridden community is a corrupt and decaying community. Here and there a police official has a broad point of view, but manifestly the police are not the ones to censor photoplays.

Since the governors of states have fallen into the habit of holding conventions, unifying criminal and civil codes of the various commonwealths may prove a very wholesome result. Perhaps motion picture

questions will be handled by these governors in session and through their concerted opinion, will find places in the messages of those state executives to the legislative bodies of the various commonwealths. Whatever the remedy, the picture-play patron can help bring it about.

The film companies are not looking for license, but for freedom. And this freedom also includes the patron. MOVIE PICTORIAL has set itself the task of agitating the question of uniformity in censorship, and every reader should cogitate the same subject and act upon it.

Individuality of the Player

The rule of some film studios to withhold names of casts from publicity, is not a healthy or commendable tendency. Suppose you were to pick up your paper and look at the announcement of current or coming theatrical attractions. What would be your first point of consideration? It would be the players.

The greatest playwright of all time was William Shakespeare. Three hundred years ago, he set the pace for the vast armies of playwrights that followed. It is not enough to know that a Shakespearean play is to be produced. We must know the names of the members of the cast. "Macbeth," "The Merry Wives of Windsor," "Twelfth Night," "The Merchant of Venice," "Romeo and Juliet," and other Shakespearean plays, would be sad burlesques handled by an unskilled cast.

If your favorite actor is Otis Skinner, or James K. Hackett, or William Collier, or any of the others, you feel that the actor has made the selection for you through the very fact of his appearing in a certain play. In the same way, you feel that if you see the name of Mary Pickford or Henry Watterson or numerous of your other favorites advertised, you know that you are going to be satisfied with the play, because the real artist can overcome many of the impediments of the photoplaywright. Beyond that, you know that only the best photoplays will be selected for these stars.

We believe that the few studios that suppress the names of their actors and actresses, are committing a grave error. The name of the photoplay means nothing. A fancy title may be but the gossamer covering of a decidedly no-account play. The important considerations in guaranteeing your entertainment are the players, the play, the production, and the photography. It is the combination of the cast, the photoplaywright, and the producing company that furnishes this entertainment to you. The question of the subordination of the player will never prove a success, because the public demands to know and feel and understand the individuality of the player. And more than twenty million picture theater patrons look for the names of the players and pay small heed to the name of the play.

Inspiration—Genius—and Hard Work

According to our religious training, the world has boasted anywhere from two or three to a few dozen prophets. A prophet is a person who is presumably inspired by direct communication with the divine source of knowledge. Most of us are not so inspired. Leastwise, the circuit is grounded and reaches us much diluted.

Genius is not necessarily the outgrowth of prophetic vision or divine inspiration. Genius is the expression of the most pronounced natural gifts, that become the more artistic as they are developed. There are few geniuses. No man elects himself to be a genius. That is a point that must be decided by the force of his labors and is usually decided after he has been dead several years. Many admit that they are divinely . . . unanimously. Most

of this world are accomplished through hard work.

Different persons are inclined in different artistic or avocational directions. Some persons naturally lean toward mechanics, or some branch of art, or invention, or teaching. With the proper training they become proficient in their chosen professions. Inclination, on the other hand, does not always indicate native ability. Some men and women have "found themselves" after they were forty years old, or fifty years old, or even older. They made the wonderful discovery that they had been in the wrong branch of business. They could not succeed until they found the point of least resistance.

When we are told that there will never be another generation of dramatic art as great as the present, or another generation of photoplaywrights as great as the present, we turn to history and history refutes the contention.

The hard, conscientious worker is generally the one who succeeds the best—and when strenuous labor is fortified by talent, then the success is greater. The distribution of talent did not begin in this generation, nor will it terminate with this generation. The pictureplay did start in the present generation, but it will pass on to posterity and continue to live, ages after every film of today has been destroyed by oxidation and through other natural causes.

It is unreasonable and unjust, and certainly illogical, for any person, or any set of persons, to say that all the talent of the movies has been exhausted. Such statements merely bear evidence of sublime egotism or blind ignorance. There is no such thing as the greatest man in the world, any more than there is such a thing as the strongest man in the world. We succeed best by doing our work as well as we can do it. Each of us may reach a possible 100 per cent. But one person's 100 per cent may be only 40 per cent of another person's full capabilities.

While we are convinced that the films have progressed more rapidly than any other branch of art, because they combine numerous divisions of established art, we are still forced to believe that the day of progress has just begun and that it will not be completed in this generation, or in the next, or in the one after that. The last record of success in this world has not been made; nor will it ever be won so long as there are human beings to struggle and labor.

The Incidental Legitimate Star

While the majority of film play leads were formerly speaking stage players, there is no argument, we believe, that would prove legitimate stage experience to be all-sufficient in film success. The studio is different from the stage. Camera reactions, lighting effects, and the manner of producing photoplays are all fundamentally different from the processes involved in the legitimate drama.

We question that the name of a speaking stage star, suddenly thrust upon the pictureplay public, has any particular value or means anything unusual. If the legitimate player joins the silent drama with a view of being a permanent fixture on the screen, then the screen does perhaps gain a most valued acquisition. On the other hand, if the speaking stage star jumps into a play for the films and out again, the value of that intrusion is questionable.

Time and time again, it has been proved that film favorites meet with only partial, and usually dismal failure when they appear on the legitimate stage. They have stepped out of the sphere of their talents and reputation, so far as judgment goes, and the same rule applies in the other direction.

The legitimate star, who enters the movies incidentally, is as doleful a spectacle as the ordinary dramatic playwright or fiction author who decides to take the burden of photoplay writing from the shoulders of the accomplished photoplaywrights. If the old rule regarding the cobbler and his last has any value, it should be applied to the differences between the spoken and the silent drama.



Tradelasts

MY FAVORITE Movie Theatre!

How much time do you spend within its enchanted walls? Do you go three or four times a week—or maybe five times? Then you spend about five hours weekly, or twenty hours monthly, watching the magic screen. That means two hundred hours a year, or twenty-five eight-hour days. You have helped make the picture theatre possible; you must help to make it more agreeable. There are about twenty-one thousand photoplay houses in the United States; they entertain over twenty million regular patrons, besides many occasional patrons. Unless you, and others, help make your voices heard, you are not going to get the best service; the kind of service that is coming to you for your money.

We are going to pay a few prizes monthly just to help everybody boost for better theatre conditions. This is possible through knowing merits and lack of merit—through praising what is good or exposing what is evil. The picture theatre has gone through many wonderful changes these past few years, and it must go through other evolutions the next few years. It has pressed the legitimate theatre hard to the wall. It is the people's playground, where nickels and dimes can brush away many of the cares of the day, and usher all of us into a land of pleasing make-believe.

Earn a Prize

To encourage you, we will pay five one-dollar prizes each issue for the five best letters, whether they pass a bunch of violets to the exhibitor or cast a cobblestone in his direction. Candidly, we like one as well as the other. What is right, should be encouraged; what is wrong should be discouraged. If you notice either class of conditions, tell us about them, and we shall be glad to pass them on to the world. This department will become a sort of round robin for the patron. It will be a petition for the best—and it will help the exhibitor see his errors without being unduly unkind. Note, we say "unduly unkind," because if we must be unkind, for the good of the cause, let us wear our very best frowns.

Some of the Things to Watch

Bill Smith came down the street the other evening with a mildewed expression. Plainly, Bill was disconsolate. What was wrong? We asked him. Said Bill: "That blanky blamed exhibitor of that rippity blank theatre has about as much sense as a two-day old lamb—and that sort of lamb hasn't any sense. I was in to see the films tonight and what do you suppose I saw? Three different reels released by the same film company, and each a different story, but all with the same cast! If he doesn't know any more than to select that sort of programme, I am through. I will keep my jitneys and coax them to grow into quarters."

Bill was right. It is rather a shock to one's sense of proportions to see a movie star as a young, dashing hero in one play, and then as an old man in the next play. It doesn't fit in. We keep thinking of the individual rather than of the part he plays. But they do it, and why? Many exhibitors select their programmes according to the names of the plays, and stop there. They are as pleased over titles as one of the old-fashioned boys of dime-novel days. They look no further. They select at random, the way a goat goes camping. And—how do you feel about it?

This is the least of their offenses. They book films that ran their course years ago—films so badly worn that parts of them are missing; films that seem to be back of a heavy rain-storm, and make us believe that the exhibitor is in cahoots with the optician next door. The exhibitor gets the old stuff for a song, and it isn't worth a whisper. That's the answer, and if we permit it, sheep-like, that is all we deserve. If we are not good enough for the best, we should have the worst.

"THINGS ABOUT MY THEATRE I LIKE AND DISLIKE"

Conducted By Our Readers

There are other disagreeable things, also, such as crowded foyers with no ventilation, and fabricating ticket takers and ushers who keep us cooling our heels in the lobby under the false belief that the next show starts in ten minutes. We breathe one another's breath-poisons, and enter the playhouse feeling half ill. We have a sneaking suspicion all the time that our dimes are more important than our comfort. If this is all the theatre man thinks about us, and if we think nothing more about ourselves, that is also all we have coming to us; it is what we bid for, and what we get.

But—the worries increase. The butcher and baker, and corset-maker, and the notion store man must have their slides, and we have to look at the miserable daubs twice a night and every night, simply because the money we pay in at the box-office isn't enough to take care of the fiduciary demands of the exhibitor. We get the ads rammed down our necks, whether we will or not. As Bill said, "Let a merchant take up my theatre time, and I won't be so ready to patronize him. He plays me for a fish, and if I am a fish, I hate to be reminded of it!" Again, William is right.

Sometimes the seats are too narrow, or the ventilation is bad, or a draft blows on our necks, and makes us resort to drug store first-aid-to-the-injured. Or the usher is impudent, and feels that we are so many sacrifices offered up at the altar of the stock-yards—blind ninnies without souls or sense. And maybe that usher couldn't earn as much all week as we earn in an hour. It slaps our dignity, and makes us feel like being profane. It is poor business.

Then, there is the good-natured old lady who sits back of us and reads all the titles and sub-titles, and also anticipates the plot, and marvels at her own cleverness in deducing what is going to happen. She is like the little boy who wonders what it is all about, and rises to ask, every time any one starts for the door in a picture, "Ma, where's she goin' now?" It punctures our concentration; it reminds us that we are a lot of blithering infants grown a little older—when all the time we are there for the sake of illusion. Life itself is a good deal illusion, so why shouldn't we like to buy the most acceptable kind?

Sometimes the first show has one more reel than the other shows, and we can't all go to the first show. Again, at the last show (which should be as important as the first one), some of the pictures are run through fast, and the musicians don't care a rap whether they play or quit. We are debris, and it hurts our feelings and brings lumps up in our throats. We all dislike being "done" even when the doing is very small. It injures our pride, and we have just as much right to pride as the exhibitor himself!

Watch the Releases

Suppose you keep close watch of the films shown in your theatre? Are they late releases? Are they varied? Do they run too much to religious subjects, or predominate unnecessarily in melodrama, or become lop-sided in one way or another? Does the exhibitor buy what he likes, or through indifference, or because he wishes to please various classes of patrons? If we get a wrong food combination, though all the food is good, it makes us uneasy—internally. If we get the wrong programme combination, it is like a bad mixture of food. Maybe we see too much Wild West, or too much Crime, or too much this, that or the other. Why not "speak out in meeting" about it?

There is another way to watch the releases: Are you getting releases by just one company? If you buy a movie from one author's writings and types and lengths of

stories, written by many different authors. Why should your programme not be about that way? Why should the reels bear only one trade mark? Aren't you full grown, and don't you dislike being told what you must have? The reason your exhibitor gives you one company's releases exclusively is because he gets a better price on programmes, and you miss what the other companies are putting out. You don't know any more about films generally than the man who watches the same ball teams exclusively knows about baseball in general. What is the use of all these masterpieces unless you can see them?

Don't smother your wrath. Don't tolerate bad conditions if you can get better. We are going to help you get the better because it exists, and it is ours of we persist in having it.

Look for Good Things

Don't become entirely a pessimist. Have an optimistic point of view. If your exhibitor does something better, let us know about it. If you feel that he is a regular human being, with your interests at heart, let us know. If he has a new and novel way of advertising, tell us about it. If he can make you feel better through the service he extends to you, we want the world to know about it. The exhibitor is not catering alone to your dime, but to other dimes. He is a tradesman. He is in business to entertain you, and apart from what the film manufacturing and distributing companies can do—beyond what the actors and actresses and photoplaywrights can do—there are some other things the exhibitor can do, and should do. If he knows how, praise him. If he doesn't know how, teach him. If he refuses to do right, roast him.

Exhibitors generally are growing better. Some of them have their own worries; and again, some of them merit worries. Let us try to be impartial and unprejudiced, and not take snap judgment. Note the facts while your anger is burning; but write your views a day or two later. If you are related to an exhibitor, don't be too glowing in your praise of him. If you are an exhibitor, say so, and tell your story. Exhibitors are not barred from these Tradelast controversies.

Five \$1 Prizes

The dollar itself isn't much; the fun of getting it is worth while, because it shows you that you have helped agitate an important subject, which is the entertainment of more than twenty million deserving Americans. We are going to publish not only the prize-winning letters, but others as well. These letters should be about one hundred words in length. Don't write a book! Wit lies in brevity—if it lies at all!

Tell us about your theatre—the programmes and their merit points or poor points. This does not mean that you have to mention individual releases, or the companies back of the films. It means the make-up of the programme—the variety, or lack of variety. Tell us about ventilation, how the patrons are handled or not handled, about lights, seats, screens, music, general behavior of patrons and how the manager insists on good conduct. If you think your picture theatre is nothing but a flirting colony, say so. If it lacks in moral proportions, shout against it. Tell us about fire-protection, exits, advertising ideas, ushers, and everything else that pleases you or rasps your nerves.

Help us make the theatre better, and help us make it the most acceptable amusement place in America. The Movies have been with us long enough to be cultivated. The weeds must be pulled out and the good grain encouraged. You are the one to be a missionary for better picture theatres, and you may begin by dissecting your own—the one most convenient to you. If that is not worth while, you must journey to the next and the next—and we contend that it is just as easy to have every theatre worthy as it is to have a few. Address your letters: Tradelast Editor, Movie Pictorial, Hartford Bldg., Chicago, Ill.

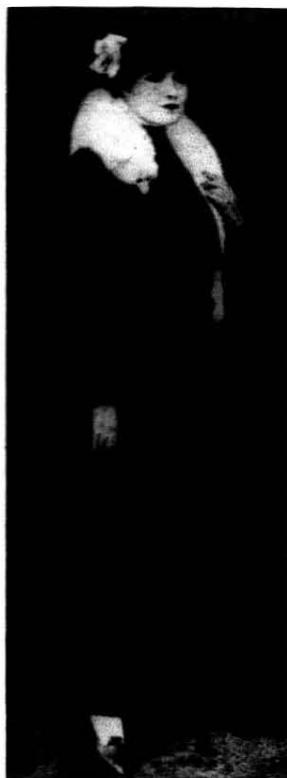
Film Favorites' Fashions

A FASHION Show unending—the new criterion of style—with “living models” who entertain us on the screen, and among whom are several of your stature and your type! You see what no show window could disclose, and what no models could bring out: the styles in action. No studied poses no careful movements lest a fold be misplaced—but the gowns you would look well in, shown as they must be seen—in actual use!

Have you realized this angle of the moving picture—this opportunity to employ it as one of the guides in modeling your wardrobe? And its service can be used with expertness too.

Study the actresses who have figures similar to your own; do not worry how you might look in a dress or coat that has been fitted to a different type of woman. And remember that the actress who is most nearly of your type will display innumerable gowns, and will help you decide. This is doubly true, because not only does your type display her costumes in action, but she is abreast of the most recent styles—and is generally setting the styles.

If you were tall and Gibsonsque, you would not copy Miss Pickford or Miss Clark—but rather a type more nearly corresponding to your own. Besides, by inquiring of this Department, you may learn the texture, the materials and the manner of designing, and if you wish, the complexion—the natural coloring—of the artist herself. The actresses of the films select with great care, because the costume is a most essential part of their art; it is a demand on their professional skill. They understand how to dress—and they are faithful students of harmony of colors. Although you see naught



Dark blue serge—Norfolk—large patch pockets on jacket with flap—small pocket on belt. Skirt has pockets on either side with four buttons. Hat is a three cornered Tam of black velvet and straw. White fox neck piece.

William Drew
of Essanay

If you see upon the screen, a dress, suit, hat or garment worn by a film favorite, that appeals to you especially, and you believe that the actress wearing the costume, resembles yourself in figure and coloring, write to me asking for a detailed description of the article of apparel. Be sure to furnish me with the name of the actress and the play—and if possible, the scene in which the garment was worn—for these actresses often wear many outfits in a single play.

At the time of replying, we will give you, if you wish, that actress' height, weight, and coloring (hair, eyes and skin).

Remember this department is open to you—it is your department. We want you to feel it is your information bureau—want you to write at any time on this subject. Here is a great field of study for you as regards your wardrobe, an arena where experts in dress and mode are ever passing before you.

And you know that they do not go about this part of their preparation for their portrayal in a haphazard manner, but employ the same thought and care in the selection of their wearing apparel as in their make-up. All this you can command through the films and turn to your advantage. Secure your mental impression of any garment you admire from the screen and obtain the details through this department—that is the purpose of it and the more inquiries we receive from those really interested in wearing apparel seen on the screen, the more we will be encouraged.

All you need do is to write your letter, giving the information required, as stated above, and to insure a personal reply, enclose a self-addressed stamped envelope. Be sure to address: THE FASHION EDITOR.

but effects in light and shadow, these dresses are of various colors, and the film studio is a display of rich tints and most excellent style.

The Ladies Dainty of the Screen are of all heights—all weights—blondes, brunettes, and betwixt and between. To understand style, you should know these other characteristics, and Movie Pictorial will give you these details henceforth—the statures and natural colorings of these actresses. Then you may know what will suit you best—and in copying these gowns, you have the privilege of selecting your own materials, which you may do easily when you know the details.

Think this over; appreciate its value to you; do not hesitate to ask for the information you want. With these points in view, send in your letters.

• • • • •



English tweed material. Belted Norfolk jacket with patch pockets and box pleats. Skirt buttons on side and has two side pleats. Rose color felt hat—yellow fox fur and swagger stick.

Nell Craig
of Essanay



Pink taffeta and embroidered net, with upper part of skirt net and lower of taffeta. Net sleeves and waist, with taffeta belt and taffeta coat effect in the back. Pink silk hat stitched with white and faced with white horsehair braid.

Ruth Stonehouse
of Essanay

REALISM IN THE MOVIES

A Department for the Discussion of Films Possessing or Lacking Realism

Conducted by Our Readers

Your help toward the accomplishment aimed at by this department is requested. Send in your criticisms. Do not hesitate. Join your efforts with ours. A prize of \$5.00 is given each month to the contributor of the criticism deemed most worthy, be it either for or against the film. Address all communications to the Realism editor.

WHAT errors do you notice on the screen?

The producers of pictures have their own troubles in keeping close account of details. And yet we attend picture plays for entertainment and only as the details are perfect is our entertainment perfect.

In the strange adventures of "Elaine," we personally noticed Miss Pearl White place a revolver in the left-hand pocket of her coat. A few moments later, when she drew her revolver, she brought it out of her right hand pocket. This is not an uncommon error. Inasmuch as the two different scenes were enacted at different times, Miss White simply forgot where she had placed the revolver.

Let us see what our readers have discovered during the past month. Also, remember that a prize of \$5.00 is paid to the person who writes what we consider the best "realism" letter.

Mr. A. M. Seibert of Pittsburgh, writes and finds complaint about dragging in the old time actresses for juvenile leads, such as Lillian Russell in "Wildfire." Mr. Seibert says: "The human eye can not be deceived in reading the 'Seven Ages of Man.' And whilst we all admire the gorgeous Autumn season, we all look up to the fresh, young and beautiful green of Springtime." Unfortunately we can not call this a "realism," although it is a very excellent criticism.

The Stake and the Mistake

Toledo, Ohio.
In "The Stake" (Universal) Flo knocks Bob's hat off. The hat falls to the ground. In the next picture it is in his shoulder. Did he have a spring or a rubber band on it? Yours truly,

(Signed) William A. Moll, Jr.
No, William, it was simply one of these trick kelleys that the funny artists tell about.

Anent a Floater

New Orleans, La.
In "Should a Mother Tell," the corpse of one of the villains is shown floating in the water face up. A male corpse only floats face down. It is only the female who floats face up. In the regard, then, the picture is glaringly unreal. Respectfully,

(Signed) Welcome Horter.
This is a new one on us. But if it is true, it may suggest the eventual distinctions of Fate between the male and the female.

Some More Inconsistencies

Middletown, N. Y.
In "The Bondwoman," the heroine starts from her beautiful apartments to mail some manuscripts. She stops to put on a big raxian coat, and then runs a block to the letter-box, evidently forgetting that she wears a b. cool cap. To me, an artistic picture was spoiled by the combination of a heavy overcoat and a lace house cap.

In a film I was playing for, a husband and wife were about to be united after a separation of years, at the bedside of their only son. The son had been rescued from the waves and brought along the coast by the men who always appear so mysteriously in deserted places. As the stretcher with its burden was being carried into the mother's cottage, the son, supposed to be dead, or at least unconscious—laughed! We all forgive him, however, because he had played here in stock and was a jolly good fellow.

(Signed) Anna Gumaer Berg.
Perhaps we are supposed to overlook inconsistencies of this nature because of the theory that the dead deserve respect.

Not True to Fly-Time

Montgomery, Ala.
In the Civil War picture "Dan," the front door of the old home is shown with a screen door. In '61, screen doors were not known. It looked strange to see actors in costumes of that period opening and closing a screen door. In the same picture, when the uncle came to see them, Dan, the

negro, met him on the porch and shook hands with him and slapped him on the back. Negroes would never have done any such thing.

In one war story, the name of which I have forgotten, in the most thrilling scene, the electric piano started to play "Tipperary."

I wish that young actresses would take the part of young ladies in pictures. It is terrible to see old actresses attempting to do juvenile sweetheart scenes.

Yours truly,
(Signed) Miss M. E. Fitzpatrick.

These Civil War pictures, Miss Fitzpatrick, are written largely by North-erners who wouldn't know a bald eagle from a buzzard. Maybe it was the same brand of mistakes that brought on the Civil War. We don't see any of these inconsistencies in "The Birth of a Nation." Both Mr. Griffith, the producer, and Mr. Walt-hall, the lead, are Southerners.

A Few Helpful "Don'ts"

Little Rock, Ark.
Don't allow a lady to wear the same dress five years later—or fall to move the clock up to suit the hour—or use waning stars as coquettish young girls—or put on more make-up than the part demands—or spoil an excellent effect by using an opposite door for exit from the one entered—or move too quickly and destroy the idea of natural-ness—or turn on the lights when the house is full of sunshine—or censor a beautiful masterpiece like "The Hypo-chrises" when C. C. can play to full houses, or a few others of that type, that are looked at in askance. Remember, don't do these many needless things.

(Signed) Mrs. S. Douglas Knox.

The Variable Accomplishments of Tess

Los Angeles, Cal.
In "Tess of the Storm Country," Tess' environments, her general appearance and the slang expressions she uses, would indicate inability to read or write. After she has stolen a Bible from the church, she is shown several times reading it, and several times she quotes (the gist of) verses. But, when the Deacon sends her a note of apology, etc., she can not read it but asks another to do so. Perhaps she was inspired while attempting to read the Bible.

(Signed) J. E. Wright.

Jevne's Bread in '61

Los Angeles, Cal.
I recently saw "The Old Chalk." The play was supposed to have been taken during the war between the North and South. It was very good, but I wonder if people ate Jevne's bread in those times. In one of the scenes taken in front of the village store, where the men usually gathered to talk over matters, a messenger rode up crying that war had been declared. The first thing that attracted the attention of the audience was the fact that there was a large Jevne bread box standing in front of the store.

I noticed that the producer had everything in keeping with the time, for instance, mode of living, style of dress, construction of house, carriages and other details, but why not be particular about things such as Jevne's bread box, as well as the large things.

Yours truly, K. G.
Here, indeed, is an incongruity! And yet we have eaten some of Jevne's bread that we might easily have believed was baked back in 1861.

Those Pesky Shootin' Irons Again!

Birmingham, Ala.
Moving picture producers have strange ideas of the quality of American humor. They seem to think it worthy of great hilarity to see one man shoot at another twenty-five or thirty times without re-loading his pistol—while the effect on the other is sufficient to make him jump as if struck by every shot, although not hard enough to stop him from running. They also combine such as to see two men beat each other into a state of apparent "insensibility"—and, yet, here we are about the only neutral

Somebody among the nations of the world.

Yours truly,

(Signed) Lois Lloyd.

Your ideas are quite to our own heart, Miss Lloyd. Those pesky shootin' irons are one of the obsessions of the screen. The idea of comedy seems to be to soak some one over the head with a sledge. Look for "Chimmie Fadden" and you will find some humor that does not require brutality.

Time, Husbands and New Born Babies

New York, N. Y.

In "The Inner Brute," an Essanay release, the mother is supposed to be frightened by a lion the night before the birth of her child, and is saved by her husband. Yet the leader says "A Month Later," and shows the news being brought to the husband. Where had he been? The new-born baby in the picture looked to be about six months old. Can't the Essanay get any younger ones?

Also, will the time ever come when the screen moonshiner will cease to exist? And there is here, or will there ever be a moonshiner's daughter that does not fall in love with the revenue officer?

In a Gold Seal, one of the characters carefully turns his cap around backwards and when he gets into the yacht it is on straight, and when he comes out it is on backwards again.

In "The Goddess," Episode 12, a close-up of Miss Jensen showed her in a striped shirt waist and in the other picture the waist was white. In the 13th Episode, Freddie put the Professor's glasses on, and the professor had no hat on. When the glasses were put on there was a hat on the professor's head. He took them back and the hat vanished.

Perhaps, after all, people don't want things too realistic. Grace Cunard and Prineas Ford in "The Broken Coin" did natural things in the most natural way, and yet people laughed.

Sincerely,

(Signed) Jessie F. Edgerly.

Perhaps you are right, Miss Edgerly. In the halcyon days of wrestling, when the contestants fought fairly the audience hooted them. When they "faked," every one went away satisfied. Sometimes a thrill will cover up an inconsistency.

Screen Police Systems

Portland, Ore.

Miss Lenore Ulrich has made a host of friends by her wonderful portrayal of Kilmeny in the play of that name. It is almost seem possible that the author of the play should display such ignorance of the wonderful detective systems and police systems that we have today.

I would imagine that the scenes of this play were laid in England and that it represented the nobility of modern days. When Kilmeny is kidnapped by the gypsy band, after the burning of her father's barn, it seems absurd to think that, knowing of the trouble that had been caused when he took the child away from the gypsies at first, Kilmeny's father would not even attempt to rescue the child or even notify the police or a detective agency regarding the case. It is too absurd to think of.

Certainly all the countries of today have systems so that in almost every case they can detect whether the kidnappers are gypsies or not, and with a gypsy band as ferocious as they were portrayed in Kilmeny, does it seem reasonable to believe that a father would give up his child to such a band? Had the gypsies escaped by stealth and not been found again, it would have been different, but Kilmeny's father visited the camp while they were moving away. The play certainly does not speak well for our lawmakers of today.

(Signed) H. B. Bassett.

We often see on the screen such inconsistencies as arrests for felony without warrants, and other things that are not in harmony with the statutes. The scenario writers too often consider the art of writing as greater than the art of observation.

A Few on "Marse Covington"

Fairfield, Ala.
In "Marse Covington," one would think that every Virginian were accustomed to drinking nothing but mint juleps. I watched the play twice before I would believe that the house-keeper were the same dress after the war that she had on before the war, although a period of four years had passed. She even had on the same apron and collar. The old negro, Han, would sometimes call Virginia by its right name (through the use of the subtitle) and sometimes by the negro pronunciation "Virginnis." In the office of the lawyer when the deed was being given back to Marse Covington, the stenographer wrote continuously for three minutes on one line.

In a picture playhouse that I recently visited, a graphophone furnished the music, and during the saddest part of "Tess of Storm Country," the infernal machine was screeching out "It's a Long, Long Way to Tipperary." (Signed) Margaret Suppler.

"Greater Love Hath No Man"

New Orleans, La.
Your collection of criticisms would be incomplete without the addition of "Greater Love Hath No Man," a Metro release. The producer is to be congratulated in incorporating in a single film every possible violation of the laws of realism and probability.

We start with the Utopian penitentiary, where the main workroom of the convicts is an elaborate system of sewers and tunnels separated merely by a thin wooden floor. After the convicts had sawed their way through this thin wooden floor, instead of gaining their freedom they climbed back to their work and confinement. One convict splashed about in knee-deep water in the tunnel, climbed back to join his comrades, and behold, his clothes were dry! The leisured manner in which the hero knocks down, drags out and throws above his head the rebellious convicts would bring out the green-eyed monster in John L. or Jess Willard.

In the fire scene, the heroine, blinded by the smoke, rushes into the burning house only to pose, pick up a bird-cage from one table and set it on another, and pose again, while she waits for the property man to blow more deadly smoke in her direction. Finally, deciding that the smoke market is done, she lies down on the floor in a comfortable position to await the coming of her rescuer.

When the convict-hero and her father, the warden, are told that she is in the burning building, do they rush madly to her rescue? Not at all. They make a face at the camera and after the hero has gone inside the flaming house he does considerable more posing. Then, throwing the half-conscious heroine over his shoulder, he carries her along a dizzy ledge that must be all of ten or twelve feet above the ground. No one attempts to move the ladder toward the imperiled stars, although a gaping mob is looking on. The heroine is heavy and the hero is fat and slow.

When the hero escapes from prison and is pursued by the guard, he hides and jumps upon the unsuspecting guard, strikes at him, missing him by at least three feet. But the guard is accommodating and drops senseless.

Other inconsistencies show a schooner sailing on a motionless sea. When the schooner is destroyed by lightning and sinks immediately, the hero is found on a raft, the construction of which would require hours of labor of the entire crew.

Another scene shows the heroine waiting at the convict cell. There is a perfect calm settled over the scene, a breath of air stirring. And yet, only a few hundred yards away, the hero is supposed to be fighting his way surrounded by a howling tempest.

When taken to the death-bed of his mother, the convict is shown in prison garb, notwithstanding the fact that when convicts are taken outside for any such purpose, they are always given ordinary clothing to wear. When the guilty son confesses his crime, he starts away down the front steps, then stops, poses, lies down awkwardly, and rolls the balance of the distance to his death. Can you beat it?

Sincerely yours,

E. W. W.

We believe that E. W. W. merits the \$5 prize. He has uncovered a vast number of inconsistencies, and, indeed, pointed out others that we did not incorporate in the letter, because we still had some pity on our hearts for "Greater Love Hath No Man."

The Spoken Word

(Continued from page 7)

Jack's heart stood still. In reply to the sergeant's questioning he said only that he had seen Helen last at five-thirty when she had left the office and, as he supposed, gone home. Could the articles found in the park be sent to him?

The sergeant demurred at first but upon his promise to produce them if necessary he consented to send an officer down with them. Haverly hung up the receiver slowly. Burton Park! Why, it was five miles from the *Sentinel* office! But perhaps Helen lived out that way! He unlocked the safe and took out the address book, then ran his finger down the alphabetical list.

Holden, Helen, 115 Hamilton Court. Telephone East 1806.

Clear on the other side of town! He rang up the number only to learn from the anxious landlady that Helen had not been home the night before. Sick at heart he tossed the receiver back onto the hook and pondered what to do next. As he sat thus the officer entered and a moment later Haverly held in his hand the little silver bag. When the man had gone he closed and locked the door, although, so far as he knew there was not a soul in the great empty building except himself.

He opened the bag and laid the contents out one at a time on the desk. There was a dainty handkerchief with Helen embroidered across one corner; the inevitable powder puff; a small coin purse containing a dollar and a half in change; some cards bearing her name and down in one corner the words *Representing the Sentinel*; last of all, a little white package which bore his own name. He laid the bag down by the other things and slowly unwrapped it. He caught his breath when the beautiful thing lay in his hand. Why—she must have made it herself! That was his face! Hers!—as it had always smiled up at him until—until last night! The silver of which it was made was as soft as satin, the two faces perfectly wrought. The little trifle felt suddenly warm, human, to his touch. He lifted it to his lips. It was evident that into the making of it she had put the whole of her love for him, and he —. He had driven her out into the night, perhaps to death—or worse!

The little silver box went into his pocket. He buttoned his coat tightly over it. The other things he replaced in the bag, put it into a small drawer, locked it and put the key in his pocket. Then he called the sergeant again, urging him to make every effort to learn the fate of Helen and promising his own assistance, stipulating, however, that there should be no publicity given the affair. Then he closed the office and went home.

Is there anywhere on earth a mask so terrible as that which we are forced to wear ourselves? The next six months were filled with days which tried Jack's soul. Streaks of gray crept into his dark hair, but his face revealed nothing of the grief which was torturing him from within. If only he had not spoken! If only he could tell her he was sorry—make it right! Vain regrets. Helen had dropped out of sight. The police and the private detective engaged by himself had been unable to get the slightest clue of her. Haverly himself had used every moment of his spare time "sleuthing" as in the old days when he had been a "cub" on the paper. Once he had gotten as far as the door of St. Luke's only to learn from the register that no one of that name had been either admitted or discharged. Helen's condition when she was taken there was such as to preclude the possibility of getting her name. She was just "the patient" in 342. Weeks after, when it was possible for the hospital authorities to learn it she

had decided not to reveal her identity. So she went on the record as Mary Smith.

And so the days slipped into weeks and the weeks into months. Winter passed and the soft air of the spring was blowing in at the open windows. But the good doctor's heart was troubled. So far as Helen's disease was concerned he had won the battle. Every vestige of it had disappeared. But Helen herself did not get well, and one morning as he was making his rounds he came upon her sitting in a corner of the sun parlor looking out with the face of a Madonna toward the distant hills. Twenty-five years as a physician had taught him much that is not writ in books. He went on the principle that there is always a story behind the circumstance. The thing to do was to get the story, and in this he was an adept. He stood for a moment and watched her silently. Then he went over and sat down beside her.

"Little woman," he said kindly, "tell me why you don't get well."
"Why, doctor —" she stammered, "I thought I was getting well."
"Your physical illness was cured long ago," he answered. "It is your soul that is sick, my child. Come. Won't you tell me all about it?"

The quick tears sprang into her eyes. How kind he had been! He knew absolutely nothing about her except that she had no money to pay. One day when she had tried to speak of it he had stopped her instantly, telling her that a victory such as he had won in her case was pay enough for any man and adding whimsically that he would take it out on some rich fellow who had the price! He was waiting for her to speak, watching her closely. So presently she said simply.

"I loved a man, and he—was—cruel."

"I thought so. What else?"
"That is all."
"Are you sure? You think it is because he was cruel that you can't get well?"

She nodded.
He took the slender, almost transparent hand between his own and said softly, "You are mistaken, my child. Your diagnosis is wrong. You do not get well because you have not forgiven him. You love him still."
She did not answer but the doctor knew by the look which came into her eyes that he was right. So he went on.

"Have you ever stopped to think that if he has done you a wrong his suffering must be greater than yours? I am a man myself. I know that the lenses through which a man views life do not give him the same vision as that seen by a woman. The very best of us make mistakes, my child, and when we do—why, that's just when we need you most. We men would have a sorry time of it in this old world if the dear women who love us were not divinely forgiving. Stop nursing your wound, little woman, and you will find that it will heal of its own accord. And now, I want to say something more. You have been here too long. You are what we call "hospital tired." Don't think for a moment that I am going to lose sight of you or lose interest in you. I'm not. But I am going to take you home tomorrow, and before you go I want you to make me a promise, will you?"

"What is it, doctor?"
"It will not be easy—the thing I want you to promise. But—when he comes to you asking pardon —"
"He will not come!" she cried passionately.

"He will. And when he does—forgive him royally, as a woman alone knows how to do. Not for his sake. For yours. Will you promise?"

"I promise."

Another half year went by. To all outward appearances Haverly was the

same as ever, a prince of good fellows to his associates, a devoted son to his mother. But the latter knew that inwardly he was changed and not even she herself seemed able to penetrate that calm exterior and get close to the heart of the man. Often at night after all the others had left he lingered, in order that unobserved, he might unlock the drawer in his desk and touch the contents of the little silver bag. Night after night he walked the thirty blocks between the office and his home for no reason except that he knew that physical weariness would be followed by sleep. Nothing had disappeared from the office since Helen went away, and there could be no stronger proof of his love than that, believing her guilty, he loved her still.

He saw the end of the year approach with foreboding. He dreaded the return of Christmas Eve and the memories it would bring. He looked feverishly about him for something on which he could put his mind and finally an episode took place which gave him the desired opportunity. Jack liked a good fight. Chance favored him.

For several months past unauthorized agents of the labor unions had been going about the city compelling contractors and builders to pay them large sums of money to prevent their calling a strike. As the latter could ill afford to have their building held up many of them paid. Those who refused were harassed until financial failure stared them in the face. At last a well-known contractor who refused to be uncooled was killed, and when the real facts in connection with his death came out Haverly elected to expose the fraudulent agents. He attacked them boldly through the columns of the *Sentinel*. The owners of the paper remonstrated with him. The men on the staff warned him. He paid no attention. Protests from the unions, the rank and file of which did not understand the real state of affairs, threats from the men accused, scurrilous, anonymous letters began to flood the office. Haverly read every one of them and filed them away. He was not to be bluffed. He hammered away at them until, at last, the unions themselves saw a great light. They understood what the bogus agents were doing for them. They suddenly "came across." The men were expelled from their unions and the fight was won.

While the excitement was at its height, however, a thing of equal importance, to Haverly at least, developed. Mathews was caught red-handed in his dirty work, and had received his just deserts. It was Thornton who finally ran him to cover—Thornton, who although the thefts had stopped with Helen's disappearance, had never ceased to insist that "there must be some mistake." He almost feared to tell Haverly of his discovery of Mathews' guilt and when he did the look in his eyes had caused him to wring his friend's hand silently and turn quickly away. And so the days went on, and it was Christmas Eve again.

True to his word the doctor had not forgotten Helen. He went to see her every now and then and realizing her loneliness occasionally sent her a new book or a ticket to the theater or concert. She looked as fragile as a piece of egg-shell china, yet she seemed to be well enough. She put in her spare time writing stories to which, however, she signed a name not her own, and to making pretty trifles in her little shop in the attic. On Christmas Eve the doctor sent her a ticket for "The Messiah," and after the concert, as she stood in the crowded car on her way home she suddenly heard a familiar voice right behind her head. It was Mathews.

She twisted about, a bit till she could steal a look at his face. The man with whom he talked was a low-browed, brutal-looking individual

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with a countenance strongly resembling that of a bull-dog. Scenting mischief she backed up just as close as she could and suddenly her blood ran cold. They were talking about Jack! She heard the words "tonight"—always leaves the office about eleven-thirty—the man-hole right back of the building—connects with the main sewer—wash him clear out to sea!" A coarse laugh from the bull-dog-faced man followed.

"Thinks he'll monkey with the unions, does he? Well, we'll show him!"

Helen did not wait to hear more. There was but one thing to do. She was going to do it. Her warning might not be kindly received. Nevertheless she would give it. Haverly was in danger of losing his life. It was not because it was Jack, she argued fiercely with herself. She would do the same for anybody.

She slipped from the car at the next corner. As she dropped off of it a policeman was just "pulling the box" on the corner. She rushed to him, told him in as few words as possible what she had heard. He promised to have a wagon-load of officers at the building in five minutes. Helen hailed a passing taxi, told the man to drive her to the *Sentinel* office at once. When she got out she saw by the clock that it was eleven-fifteen. She flew to the elevator.

"Fourth floor!" she said breathlessly.

The car shot up. She stepped out and caught her breath quickly as she realized that she was on her old stamping ground. In the corner was her desk at which she had worked. It was closed and locked. She wondered who used it now, never surmising the real truth, that it had never been opened since the day she went away and that Haverly had the key in his pocket. She rushed into the outer office. It was empty. Was she too late? She knocked on Jack's door and a familiar voice said, "Come in!"

She stepped inside. Jack sat at the desk, the contents of the silver bag spread out before him. He looked up quickly, then rubbed his hands over his eyes to be sure that they were not playing him tricks. He sprang up with outstretched arms.

"Oh, Helen! Helen! Have you come back to me?" he cried.

She put up her hands to stop him. "Wait!" she said nervously. "You must go—at once. They are coming

to 'get' you—the labor men and—and—Mathews! They're waiting till eleven-thirty till you leave the office. They'll tie you with ropes, throw you in the man-hole to die and be carried out to sea. Oh, please, please go—won't you?"

In her terror she had gone close to him and was pulling nervously at his coat. Quietly he took possession of the restless hands and looked down into the flushed, pleading face.

"You came to warn me?" he asked brokenly. "You—you did this for me after—after—"

"Oh, don't!" she begged. "Please go!"

"Listen, dear," he said gently, "I'm not afraid of Mathews, nor of any man, nor of any gang of men. I hate to run. But because you—came, dearest, and because I love you I will go—on one condition."

"What is it?"

"That you go with me and never leave me again."

Before she had time to reply a noise in the hall startled them. Jack's arms closed about her closely, and as they listened a couple of blue-coats appeared in the office outside. The officer had kept his word.

"Better take the young lady away, sir," one of them advised. "There may be a little gun play around here presently."

Jack longed to stay and see it through, but Helen was trembling and urging him to come. Again she pulled at his coat.

"Please, Jack!" she whispered, and at the sound of his name on her lips Haverly gave in. What mattered, anyway, besides the one great fact that she were here? He would never lose her again, for since that stormy day when his wrath had consumed him for the last time, he had learned a bitter lesson. He knew that it could never master him again.

Outside the taxi in which Helen had come was still standing. Haverly put her into it, gave the man a number and got in beside her. A little later they drew up before a house.

"Why—where are we?" she asked.

"At home, girl," he answered.

Despite the lateness of the hour the mother was still up. She looked up in astonishment as the two entered. Then without a word she took Helen in her arms.

"What a fine Christmas present!" she said a moment later as she looked up at the tall man beside her.

He laughed.

INSIDE A ROMANCE FACTORY

(Continued from page 11)

just what part I was going to take in the drama. It would be an important part, of course. Was it not my third day as a photoplayer?

There would probably be a scene between Miss Mayo and myself. Perchance I might rescue her from in front of the locomotive. Miss Mayo and Miss Scott did not come into the depot but remained in their taxi cab, patiently waiting Mr. Calvert's call.

And then finally the train came in and stopped for some time at the station with all the regular passengers rubbering out of the windows. I don't know when Mr. Ainsworth and Miss Scott got off the train, nor I didn't notice just when the camera started clicking, but all of a sudden I saw the actor and actress step off the train and walk as naturally as you please up to where Dick Travers and Edna Mayo were standing by the engine. The bunch didn't seem to say anything to each other—just moved their lips, and finally Mr. Calvert yells "out" and the camera quivers clicking. That was all there was to it. The train starts on toward Chicago and then the director hurries our bunch of bandits on up the railroad tracks.

It was a strip of sidetrack that Mr. Calvert finally picked out, and under his orders we bandits began to

blockade the track with a bunch of railroad ties that were lying handy.

After we had a few ties on the tracks, the camera started clicking and I came to the conclusion that the really important part of the film was being snapped. We were about to wreck "the flyer," and I vigorously tugged away at the ties. All of a sudden I felt a crack on my bean and I dropped my tie in a hurry. The sheriff's posse had arrived. At first I was good and sore, but when I realized it was part of a big scene and how swell it would look on the film I forgave all.

Our roundup by the posse was complete and within half an hour we were chugging back to the studios.

They would have my picture on the red and yellow lithographs out in front of the "Pastime" and the "Idle Hour" and the "Lyric" theaters in a few weeks. Girls sitting in the dark out in Ottumwa and down in Paducah and up in Oshkosh would be raving over my manly form and soulful eyes. I had not accomplished much the day before, true, but as a train bandit, Ah! What mattered if my head was a bit sore.

"Well," I says to Mr. Calvert as we turned onto Argyle street toward the

"I was afraid to let her out of my sight," he replied. "She is elusive. So I just brought her with me." Then after a moment, "Oh, mother, be good to my girl!"

The mother did not reply, but her look was a promise. When she had left them to make a place for Helen for the night, her son turned swiftly and crushed the woman he loved and had lost and found again to him, whispering against her ear the words of love and repentance which for so long he had yearned to say.

"You'll forgive me, Helen,—won't you?"

She remembered the words of the doctor and her promise. But for some reason she seemed not to need a reminder.

"Yes, dear, of course."

"And you won't be—afraid of me, will you, sweetheart?" Oh, Helen, I couldn't do it again."

"I am sure of it, Jack."

He took the small cigarette case from his pocket and held it up before her. She gave a little cry when she saw it.

"Why, how did you get that?" she asked.

He told her.

She took it in her hands and softly rubbed it.

"I had such a good time making that," she murmured. "I—lost it that night, and I never thought of seeing it again. I'm so glad you have it after all. You won't mind if I keep on making things, will you dear? I love it."

"Mind it? I should say not. Why should a man's wife hide her light under a bushel? A woman's life is her own to lead as she pleases. I want you to bring out everything beautiful that is in you, girl,—to work out your own life in your own way. What difference does it make to me what you're doing when I'm not with you? When I find it possible to be at home," he finished whimsically, "why,—I'd like your attention!"

She laughed,—a merry little laugh which brought back the Helen of old. Goodness knows how long they would have kept it up had not the mother reappeared.

"Don't you children know that it's—morning?" she chided.

Jack looked at his watch. One-thirty.

"So it is," he acquiesced. "Well,—this night will never come again, mother mine. We can afford to dissipate a little. But good-night ladies, and—Merry Christmas!"

studio, "I guess I did pretty well today, huh?"

"Yes, things went very well today," replied the director. "I think that silhouette scene of the bandits captured by the posse is going to look very good. You see the way it was taken, there will be just the outline of you fellows against the sky—a faint outline that ought to be mighty effective."

"Silhouette—faint outline?" I echoed agast. "And me garbed up like this all day and keeping the right facial expression for hours and getting hit on the bean. Mr. Calvert, I snapped (I didn't care, I was sore and I came right out without any quibbling) "Mr. Calvert, I'm through with the movies."

Back inside the romance factory I lifted my hand in waving away fashion, when I saw Mr. Babille, the hirer of "extras," coming toward me down the aisle between the dressing rooms.

"You can put someone else in my place tomorrow," I calls to him in a no-use-to-plead-with-me-tone. "I'm going into the world and become just the best plumber or the best cigar clerk or the best laundry wagon driver that it is possible for me to become. The actor bug has been knocked out of my head."

(Continued from page 17)

rolled into the room. One was an officer; the other, the red-eyed boarder. "What's the row?" Mumford asked angrily, but the combatants were in no mood to answer. Le Croix sprang nimbly over the contestants, and Handley and Mumford followed suit. This should be as propitious a time as any to escape. Little groups of men and women were scattered around the hall and the stairway, jabbering excitedly, but the triumvirate descended the steps three at a time. The lower hall was also crowded. Every one was wrought up with excitement, the cause of which Jack, Billy and Etienne had no curiosity to fathom. At the moment they were gaining the street, a cab drew up the opposite curb, and

(To be concluded.)

Bess Powers

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Hartford Building CHICAGO, ILL.

Margery Moore's BEAUTY CORNER

BEAUTY—THE MAGIC MIRROR OF WOMAN WHEREIN MAN
SEES REFLECTED THE IDEALS OF HIS OWN CONJURING

Nature's Beauty Doctor—the Mind

I am convinced that many women have remained beautiful well into late life, by the force of their determination. They refused to grow old.

Contrast this, good sisters, with the fretful, fuming habit of thought that brings the gray ash of decline into the lives of many women who should still be enjoying the heyday of their youth.

Mind is the cunning magician that works from within, that molds and fashions and controls what oftentimes the most cleverly devised cosmetics can never reach. For beauty must begin within, and radiate outward—or it is not beauty, but, at best, merely the semblance of beauty.

Mildly has within herself the power of prolonged youth—the well-spring of continued loveliness—if she but will use what is within her grasp. The Mind is the thing—the molder of thought and of body, which should be but an expression of thought.

To long for beauty is one thing, but to command it is quite another, and the command is of the mind, while the longing may be but a shadow that is fleeting in its passage before the mental screen.

The beauty doctor may help—may bring to your service many things that will work hand-in-hand with nature—but no one can give you a tenth as much as you may insure yourself.

Think beauty—and youthfulness—and attractiveness. Make it part of your cult. Hold it before yourself day after day—until you have finally come to reflect this thought—and your features are aglow with the beauty of your mind.

You say it is impossible? It is as you will. Impossibility is a barrier that we construct to meet our willing decline. So long as we believe that there are experts who can bring us back from the cold evening of unloveliness, we must accept what they can do for us. But if we believe that we have within us the basic force of beauty—if we believe that our minds shaped us in a finer mold in the beginning—why should we not make the demand of beauty one of our most persistent processes of thought?

You—every woman—longs for the mystic power to stay the progress of the years. Time you can not hold, but beauty you may prolong, provided the while you do not place upon your body undue taxation through unhealthy methods of living.

Within your mind there is the dictator that governs your body, and if this power is sufficient to control your corporeal operations why should it not aid you in the attainment and the prolongation of genuine feminine loveliness? Try it—now and continuously—and watch results!

Margery Moore

Answers to Correspondents

S. M.

Your letter is very interesting and I don't blame you to want to rid yourself of blackheads. They are very unattractive and can be eliminated if one is persistent. In the first place you must cleanse the skin thoroughly each night. First wash the face with tepid water and a pure Castile soap. Rinse thoroughly in clear water and dry. Then apply a good cleansing cream and allow to remain on a few minutes. Wipe off with a soft cloth and apply Acne Cream freely. Allow the Acne Cream to remain on all night. Repeat the cleansing process in the morning. Wipe off and apply a pure powder. If you will send me a self-addressed stamped envelope I will advise you what creams and powder to use as it is very essential that these preparations be absolutely pure.

J. B.

No! A thousand times no! Never

If you want advice on beauty topics, write to Margery Moore. She will be glad to answer all questions. If a personal answer is desired, stamped and self-addressed envelope should be enclosed. Address communications to Margery Moore, Care Movie Pictorial, Chicago, Ill.

take drugs to reduce your flesh. Stop eating all fatty foods and sweets. Take exercise in the open air and practice deep breathing and your fat will leave.

Edith.

The lump in your throat may be goiter. You should consult a physician before attempting to get rid of it by massage. If you will send me a self-addressed stamped envelope I will advise you what to use for freckles. I can not recommend any particular preparations through this column but will be glad to advise you privately as to creams and powders that are pure and harmless.

A. G.

See my answer to J. B. in this column. Any drug that will reduce your flesh is harmful to your entire system and I know personally of two or three women who died from the effects of such drugs.

THE SPLIT REEL

Rubiyat of a Censor

Last night my gang and I made merry right.
At 4 x. m., I was a hully fright,
And now I'm on the job again—
oh, well,
I'll single out a feature for a fight.

You see, I am the Law, I am some guy.
How I delight to watch the feathers fly,
And when my liver's purple, then beware,
For films I have an awful nasty eye!

This scene, I understand, required much cash.
It's tame, I guess, but I must call it rash,
How I love to destroy what others build,
Say, watch 'em cut it to a fleeting flash!

Poor nuts, they slave and moil and slave some more,
And build up crises bravely by the score.

And I—the Law—the Film God!
—Here I smile;
I love to see 'em squirm and know they're sore!

Last night those absinthe frappes had a kick,
My head is splitting—I am really sick.
But now my vandal spirit may enjoy
This bliss supreme, this amputating trick!

In all my life, I've ne'er evolved a thing,
Yet in my soul a demon voice does sing.
Exultant at my power to slash and chop
And spoil a plot and treat art to my sting!

Some day the Vox-Pop wave will blot me out,
But while I'm here, I'm going to have my shout—
I have my reasons and all that, pray note,
But bless me if I know what I'm about!

Where has the Universal anything on the rest of us? Who hasn't starred in "The Broken Coin"—huh?

Anyway, the Goddess got off the job before cold weather caught up with her! In other words, she finished before the clothes of the season!

Every girl thinks it's "the diamond from the sky"—first time. After that, it's a cobbler-stone.

The chief objection to boots that lace up the back, and rolled down hosiery, is that they break into the plot with close-ups.

Here's hoping it's an eternal triangle:

Ince
Griffith. Sennett

Marguerite—S. O. S.!!

Say, Marguerite! Clark, we like your style,
Your winning ways are cute—
You don't know how we love your smile,
Say Marguerite, it's a beaut.
Say, you're not married, tied for life,
All harnessed to a mate?
Oh, say not so, that you're a wife!
Alas, are we too late?
Or, are you single, are you free?
You see, we're anxious, true,
Just pass the word along or we
Can't tell our wife—oh, do!

Oh—YOU—ROScoe!

Dear Fatta da Arbuck:
Me'n Guiseppe seen you in da swella da feelm—um, so fine! You granda da greata da man. Only, Fatta, please don't makka da close-up—um, so beeg! It look too much lika da damma da Zep!
Yours,
Pedro.

Me-lo-dra-ma!

Oh, see thee no-bul vic-toe-ree!
The hee-ro conk-ers vice—
He saves thee lov-lee he-ro-wine,
And does it in a thrice!
Where-e'er he go-eth, sin fades out.
And vir-choo takes thee throne—
The dev-vil sure-lee takes thee count,
Ex-kuse me while I groan!

S-s-h—Gish!

I wish I were a wisher
What could always get my wish!
Do you know what I'd wish about?
About the Sisters Gish!
I'd wish for Lilyan an' for Dot—
So do not answer, "Tish!"
I wish I were a wisher
What could wish me near Miss Gish!

Seven Second Split-Reels

"THE EXPOSE"

Reel 1—Pierpont is on his knees to Prunella. She registers disgust, and pointing to the approaching Count Emout, signifies that she prefers him because of his immaculate linen. Calls Pierpont's attention to Count's gleaming shirt bosom.

Reel 2—Pierpont registers a big idea. Offers Count light for his cigarette. Count reaches for it. Pierpont drops it, as if by accident, upon the Count's shirt bosom. Explosion, gleam of red flannel beneath shirt bosom. Count flees.

Reel 3—Pierpont registers joy. "I thought it was celluloid all the time!" he exclaims.

HARVEY PEAKE,
New Albany, Ind.

"THE SUPPORTER"

Reel 1—Wedding ceremony.

Reel 2—Exit music begins. Bride and Groom turn from altar and begin to march slowly down the aisle. Groom glances down to floor and registers horror! Bride looks at new husband, sees horror, looks for cause and finds it. She registers hideous amazement. Audience follows eyes of unhappy couple and fixes gaze upon Groom's feet. Men climb upon backs of seats in order to see, and women fight for good views. They register surprise. Best man saves situation. With quick gestures he stoops and unfastens long, white elastic supporter that is trailing conspicuously over the dark carpet behind the groom's left foot.

HARVEY PEAKE,
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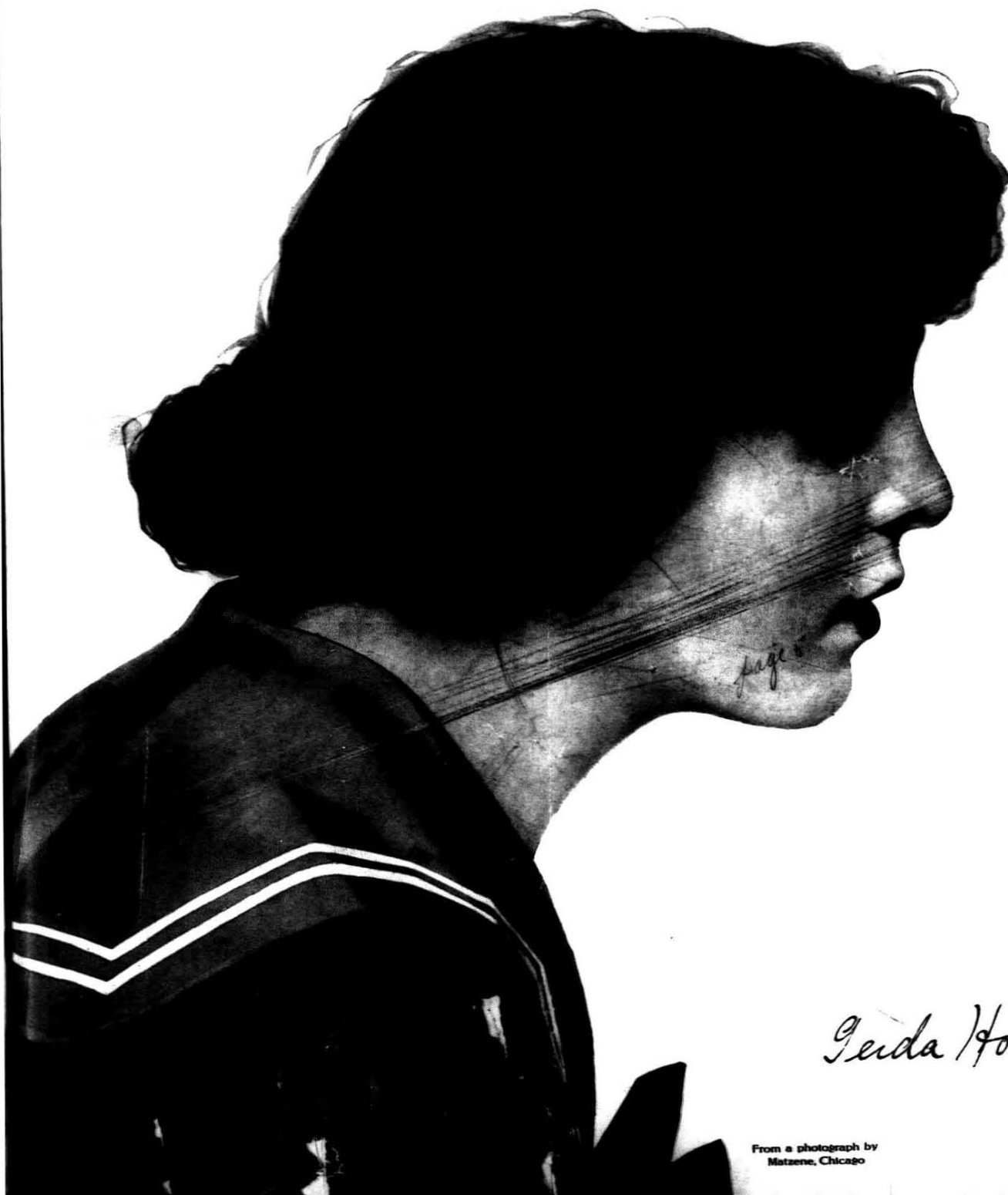
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MOVIE PICTORIAL

OCTOBER 1915

TEN CENTS



Geida Holmes

From a photograph by
Matzene, Chicago

FUTURE FILM FEATUR

"CARMEN"

PRODUCED BY CECIL B. DE MILLE

Released by
JESSE L. LASKY FEATURE PLAY COMPANY
BY ARRANGEMENT WITH MORRIS GEST

CAST

<i>Carmen, the Gypsy</i>	- - - - -	GERALDINE FARRAR
<i>Don Jose, a Young Officer</i>	- - - - -	Wallace Reid
<i>Pastia, a Tavern Keeper and Smuggler</i>	- - - - -	Horace B. Carpenter
<i>Escamillo, the Toreador</i>	- - - - -	Pedro De Cordoba
<i>Morales, an Officer</i>	- - - - -	William Elmer

Geraldine Farrar, the noted prima donna of the Metropolitan Opera Company, has graced the films with her splendid version of "Carmen," based on the story by Prosper Merimee. It is the tale of the half-wild, fascinating gypsy girl, who lived with a smuggler band on the mountainous coast of Spain. All of the wondrous adventures of this delightful creature are unfolded in a manner that was not possible on the speaking stage, by the greatest interpreter "Carmen" has ever had. Thus, one of the great classics has found an abiding place on the screen, and the world may now see "Carmen" as she really was.



"Come with me to Seville," pleads Escamillo



Love, hate, jealousy, flash in and out—tempestuous passions that ever ebb and flow in the lives of these mercurial people

In the unfoldment of the story of "Carmen," Jesse L. Lasky paused at no expense and permitted no obstacle to stand in his path. Wonderful bronze gates were constructed, weighing many tons, so as to convey an adequate idea of the medieval splendor that plays such an important part in the setting of this masterpiece. The scenes in the bull-ring are carried out in all of the faithfulness of the arena of ancient Spain. The tremendous and costly preparation required may best be appreciated by viewing "Carmen" on the screen. The very heights of the Lasky ingenuity were reached in making the portrayal a genuine masterpiece of the films.

Geraldine Farrar is ably assisted by an all-star cast; Don Jose, the ambitious young officer; Pastia, the crafty tavern-keeper and smuggler; Escamillo, the intrepid toreador; and Morales, the officer, all blend that essential support that makes the portrayal of "Carmen" so gripping and thrilling. This production represents one of the most daring endeavors of cinema, because it embodies the picturesque and intensely dramatic, the most faithful costuming effects, and the most costly settings imaginable. Through the Lasky method, "Carmen" is presented in all of its glory. It will be one of the stories that will live for years.

The beautiful star, Miss Farrar, has been most highly complimented for her exceptional artistic work in this production. She has proved her adaptability to the screen. The whole-hearted manner in which Miss Farrar entered into the production was a guarantee to the keen observation of Jesse L. Lasky that he had hit upon something that would have no limitations in popularity when presented to the film-loving public.



And tragic death is life's final chapter

MOVIE PICTORIAL

LOVE vs LITERATURE

By MARY RIDPATH-MANN

Illustrated by Mildred Lyon



As he hurried along he saw a woman, or a girl, just ahead of him. She seemed to be standing still and swaying a little

still holding the girl in his arms. She hadn't uttered a sound. He knew by the way she clung to him that she was frightened almost to death. But she was no squealer!

Like every other cyclonic thing in the world, however, the storm was too violent to last long. It seemed only a few moments until the wind subsided from a tornado into a breeze and the rain from a cloud-burst into a shower. The temperature had fallen heavily and where a few moments before it had been unbearably hot one felt now that an overcoat would not be uncomfortable. The girl moved restlessly and released herself. Then she spoke and although it was too dark to see her face, the voice was of the kind that, once heard, is hard to forget.

"I want to thank you," she said simply. "I suppose it was foolish, but—I was frightened."

"Not foolish at all," he answered. "It was enough to frighten anybody. But see,—it is almost over. There is the moon already."

"YES," she said, and again her voice thrilled him, "it is almost over—the storm outside."

He looked at her curiously. It was not yet light enough for him to see more than the bare outline of her figure. The wind had died away and although there was an occasional flash of moonlight, it was still raining.

"I live only three doors from here," he said. "If you will come with me I'll get an umbrella and something to put around you. Then I'll take you home."

"Oh," she protested, "it isn't necessary at all. I can get home alone."

"Of course you can," he said,—"but I won't let you. Come on. Can you run for it?"

A moment later they stood inside the marble entrance of the building containing the handsomest (and most expensive) bachelor apartments in all New York. The storm had cut off the electric lights but in the entrance the gas was burning brightly. Here the man looked into the girl's face. She looked into his and each saw in that of the other something which caught and held the attention. The girl saw a strong, clean-cut, handsome countenance, full of culture and life, a firm straight mouth, a pair of laughter-lit steel-blue eyes which snapped and were full of fire. She saw a figure, tall, splendidly built, perfectly groomed, a man



whose presence was that of a king. As for Ainslie, he found himself looking down in a delicate, flower-like face framed in masses of hair as black as the night of Tam O'Shanter's ride—a face chiseled like a cameo, full of character. It held eyes that matched the hair,—dark, deep, intelligent. They seemed fathomless. In them brooded something which looked like passionate rebellion. Her figure was still girlishly slender although he judged her to be twenty-five, and her mouth was sweet and tremulous,—a mouth which looked as though it had been made for naught on earth but kisses.

"Will you wait here a minute?" he asked. "I'll be right back."

He was as good as his word. The time seemed very short until he stepped out of the elevator again. He had donned a rain coat and cap, had an umbrella in one hand and on his arm another rain coat which he held up for her to slip into.

"I borrowed this from Kim, my Jap," he laughed. "I'm afraid you'd be quite—quite lost in mine. Wouldn't you? There. That's fine. Now,—where do you live?"

She hesitated a moment. "Mohawk street, number fifteen," she said.

HE understood her reluctance to disclose her dwelling place. Mohawk street was not a desirable place in which to live. True, it had once been a part of New York's best. Now it was only rows and rows of cheap boarding houses, all forbiddingly alike. Moreover, it was about six blocks away.

He raised the umbrella and as they started up the street she suddenly felt her elbow resting lightly in his hand. An almost sickening wave passed over her. How fine it was to be big and strong and a man and not to be afraid of anything, or of anybody, or of Life itself! Ainslie talked easily, tried to draw her out a little. But her thoughts were

LAWRENCE Ainslie waked up that morning with an almost overwhelming feeling that something was going to happen. It did.

To begin with, it was a stifling day. And as luck would have it something went wrong with his car on the way down town and he had to send it to the repair shop. A business matter detained him at the office until quite late, so he had dinner down town and then took the surface car for home.

When he got off at the corner it was about eight-thirty. A bad storm had gathered and was just about to break. He hesitated a moment, considering whether he could make the two blocks to the building where his apartment was or whether he had better step into the drug store and wait till the storm was over. He decided to take a chance on getting home. To the end of his life Ainslie looked back upon that decision as the most momentous of his career.

As he hurried along he saw a woman, or a girl, just ahead of him. They two had undisputed possession of the street. Everybody else had scuttled under shelter. When he reached the middle of the second block, within a stone's throw of home, the storm let loose in all its fury. Had Ainslie taken to his heels he might still have made it. But there was the girl!

A blinding flash of lightning gave him a glimpse of her a few feet ahead of him. She seemed to be standing still and swaying a little. He sprang forward quickly, picked her up in his arms and dashed up the steps of a house into the vestibule. He was not a moment too soon. The second flash revealed trees bent double by the wind. The third showed the rain blown in solid sheets down the street, while the fourth split the electric light pole into splinters and shut off every light in the block. It was not a moment in which to stand on ceremony. Such a storm tested even Ainslie's magnificent nerve. It suddenly occurred to him that he was



When she came in he saw a flush of mingled anger and distress on her face

weighty and her replies brief. When they reached the top of the steps of the house where she lived she turned and began quickly taking off the coat. He laughed.

"Does that mean that I may come no further?" he asked.

"I—you wouldn't—" she stammered, and again he understood.

"You'll tell me your name?" he asked softly.

"Gracia Harding."

"And—what do you do? Won't you tell me that, too?"

"I write,—newspaper work, you know. And I've often had stories in the magazines, too. Just now I'm working on a book."

He looked at her thoughtfully for a moment. Then she spoke again.

"You were very kind to—to take care of me," she said. "I am grateful."

"IT WAS a pleasure," he said quickly. "Good night. Will you shake hands?"

She put out her hand, small and slender, and it seemed quite hidden when his own strong one closed over it.

"Good night," she replied.

He turned away but before he was half-way down the steps he came running back.

"My name's Lawrence Ainslie," he said. Then he added suggestively, "People who really like me call me Larry."

Gracia climbed wearily up the two long flights of stairs to the small room she occupied on the third floor. She took off her coat and hat and sat down without making a light. For an hour she sat there in the dark, thinking, thinking. To her it seemed as though the end of all things had come. The future held nothing. The past, fraught with dead illusions, with wrecked friendships and a lost love lay desolate behind her,—five years of hard work, of honest, earnest effort against overwhelming odds. Bravely had she fought a bitter fight and lost. Now she was that thing which public opinion scorns above all others and for which the world has no room,—a failure.

Her thoughts went back to her college days in a little town in one of the central states. Her father had been a professor in the college and she herself a brilliant student. Early in life she had given promise of literary ability and a wise father had guided her studies to that end. But there was one thing which a college education failed to teach her. This was that when the most popular fellow in the whole school bestows his undivided attention on one girl for four straight years, takes her to the dances, the games, the boat-rides, tells her she's his best girl and he's crazy about her and kisses her good night it *doesn't* mean that he's in love with and wants to marry her. But she, little fool! had thought that it did.

How well she remembered the last evening they had spent together! She still thrilled with pride when she reflected that she had risen to the occasion and given him as good as he sent. They had been talking of the end of their school days when he remarked casually that he supposed as soon as college was over he would have to marry and settle down! Her heart had almost stopped beating but she gave no sign. Then the young cad went on.

"You've been such a jolly little pal, Gracia. You didn't think I meant anything, well—seriously, did you?"

And she had stood the test. Straight she looked him in the eyes and answered,

"Of course not. How absurd!"

SHE still recalled with a sort of grim pleasure the look that had come into his face. The thrust told.

But, oh, how long had been the summer days that followed! And how empty life had seemed! She knew that with the opening of school again in the autumn she would be the victim of cruel comment,—be relegated to the ranks of college widows. So she had just told dear old Daddy all about it one day and had begged him to let her go away, far away, where she could work hard and forget. Her mother had protested, first angrily and then tearfully, for she was a Southern woman, linked by ties of kindred with many of the well-known families of the Old South. Work? Her daughter? Why,—Gracia was a lady, and ladies did not work! But her father had understood. He had let her go and a short time afterward she was fortunate enough to get work on one of the large New York papers and was getting on famously. And all had gone well till Daddy had suddenly died. Then the helpless mother was left with nothing and with nobody to look after her except her daughter. To make their living in the small town was out of the question. Besides, any one with any ambition would stagnate there. So the home had been sold. A few of her mother's cherished possessions, old mahogany which she had brought with her from the South, had been shipped to New York,—and Gracia's piano. They had furnished some rooms in a quiet neighborhood and the daughter had taken up her burden and turned to her struggle against the world. But the battle had proved an unequal one. The mother knew naught of management, of economy. Strive as she would Gracia could not make enough money to meet their expenses. Things went from bad to worse. From four rooms they moved into three, then into two, then into one. Piece after piece of their cherished mahogany had gone to pay the bills. The mother had faded and drooped under adversity and finally her life had flickered out. Yesterday she had buried her. And—where was the money to come from to meet the expense of that burial?

But this was by no means the worst phase of the situation. The ending of her college romance had planted in her an absolute distrust of men. Since coming to New York she had met many, had been thrown in contact with them daily. Many of them would have been her friends had not that experience bred in her a cynicism which often made her bitter, ruthless. Men were Mormons. The thing which they called affection and which they dealt out pompously to women (several of them at a time) was something she did not care for. All men were mere incidents in life, anyway,—just side issues. The less she saw of them the better it pleased her. They were all alike in one respect. They were satisfied with just the froth, the imitation. Well, let them find it if they could. The real thing bored them to extinction. A woman might as well make a play-thing of the men. If not they would make one of her. During her mother's last illness when she had been in desperate straits for money she had had one more experience which was not calculated to raise her not-too-lofty opinion of men. She had gone to her "boss" on the paper and asked him to advance her some, making plain her reason for the request

and her great need. She had worked with him for five years, had always regarded him as a genial manly fellow, disposed at times, perhaps, to be a little too—too friendly, but in the end a wholesome sort. But how the veneer had come off that day and revealed to her the real man! How the veneer always does come off when it becomes necessary to disclose the fact that one is in want! Poverty clears the vision as nothing else in all the whole world can. When she made her request he had risen quickly, seized her two hands and whispered hoarsely:

"I can't advance your salary, but of course I'll give you money, Girl,—all you want—on one condition!"

She had broken away from him in horror and had returned to her dying mother with neither money nor a job. Later she had taken a position temporarily because it called for but half a day's work and thus left her free to devote the remaining time to her mother. All day today she had been down town, seeking an opening somewhere but without success and when she found herself caught in the storm she had just come to the conclusion that she would continue the present arrangement and devote the extra time to finishing her book. Gracia had faith in that book. In addition, she had ambition. She wanted to make a name, a place for herself in the world. She felt that she could. If she could only get her book done, it might not only bring her reputation but might solve her financial difficulties as well. The present arrangement would necessitate the strictest economy. Well, she was accustomed to that. She would keep it up.

Lawrence Ainslie! Where had she heard that name? Oh, yes. She remembered now. It was on the directory of the office building where she had worked for five years. She had often passed by that suite of handsome offices on the floor below, the doors of which bore the words: THE LAWRENCE AINSLIE ESTATE. Of course she knew who he was. Everybody in New York knew. He was the son of the late Lawrence Ainslie and the sole heir to his colossal fortune,—a fortune so extensive that it required a whole corps of stenographers and clerks to keep things moving. And he had been kind to her,—had held her in his arms while she shivered with fright, had brought her to her own door and had told her that people who really liked him called him Larry!

She pulled herself up with a jerk. After all he was just like the rest. He was a man. She hated men. They were all alike. And he was rich, and she was not of his world. But pshaw! Why waste time thinking anything about him? She would never see him again, and if she did she would not notice him!

But Gracia was reckoning without her host. She did not know Lawrence Ainslie. He was a man in whose dictionary the word *defeat* was not to be found. When he wanted a thing he went after it. When he went after a thing he got it. In one way or another he always carried his point. He was just past thirty now,—a whole-souled, normal man, whom wealth had not and could not spoil, who hid his perplexities under a cloak of merry banter, who laughed his way through life and into men's hearts, whose personal magnetism none found themselves able to resist. He felt deeply the obligations which wealth entailed upon him. He took them seriously. But he kept them out of sight, hidden within him self.

FEW people knew of his extensive charities, of his ever-ready willingness to contribute to a worthy cause. The fact that a man was poor cut absolutely no figure with him if he liked the man. When it came to women,—well, he seldom argued beyond this point. He had grown up in the midst of the Four Hundred. He knew very well that there was not in all New York society the mother of a marriageable daughter who did not cherish secret ambitions in regard to the son and heir of the house of Ainslie. Since his college days he had come and gone among them, but one after another had given him up and married their daughters to some one else. In spite of his wealth, his good name, his social standing, Lawrence Ainslie was just plain man. He yearned, as other men do, for a home, a wife and children of his own, and not infrequently he had envied some young fellow from his own office who had married, who could go manfully to the girl he loved and ask her to be his wife, confident that if she said yes it would be because she loved him instead of his bank account.

So while Gracia sat in her dark room wrapped in the bitterness of her own thoughts, Ainslie walked up and down the living room of his handsome apartment, blowing rings of smoke into the air and having it out with himself also. He could not forget

the slender, graceful, trembling girl he had held in his arms, nor the sorrow in those dark eyes that had looked up into his. He had understood then why she had referred to the storm *outside*, for in those eyes he had read a soul-storm which raged within her no less fiercely. And it had seemed good to hold her, to have her feel that he would not let anything hurt her! Neither was it the lovely face alone which had attracted him. Lawrence Ainslie had an unerring knowledge of values. He saw everything that lay behind those eyes, innate refinement, charm, good breeding, womanliness.

He tossed his cigar aside, turned out the light and went to his room where Kim had arranged everything for the night. He donned his pajamas and turned in. But he could not get to sleep. He kept thinking about the girl!

"Writing a book!" he said. Then he laughed softly to himself. "Absurd little kitten! What possesses people to want to play the literary game is more than I can figure out. She'll spend a year, perhaps two, writing that book. Then she'll be another year finding a publisher. If she succeeds it will be another year before the book comes out and still another before she gets any money from it! Good Lord! It's one thing to write a book and it's another to get people to read it! Besides, most of 'em are rotten. The shelves of the book stores are filled now with stuff that it was a crime to print!"

He stretched himself out in bed, put his hands behind his head and continued.

"Gracia! Wonder where she got that sweet little name? Never knew a girl named Gracia before. But it seems to just suit her. Jove! But isn't she a pretty little thing? She's the kind of a girl a fellow could just love and love—and keep on loving forever! She's the kind of a girl that would never get tiresome. And her mouth! Well,—all that I have to say is that if St. Anthony had ever seen that mouth he *wouldn't even have hesitated!*"

He turned over, poked at the pillows viciously and tried it again.

"WHAT business has she writing a book, I'd like to know? Or writing anything? She ought to marry. That's what she ought to do, and have somebody to love her and take care of her. . . . What a rotten old neighborhood that is she lives in! . . . Her clothes don't look—just—right—either. But then, they didn't make any difference. You didn't see 'em after you looked at her face. . . . I wonder—if she wants—needs things!"

The thought came like a blow. It was unbearable. He sat bolt upright in bed, jerked the covers loose and turned over the pillows. What in the devil had Kim done to his bed anyway? He had never found it uncomfortable before!

Presently, however, the absurdity of it all dawned upon him. He laughed again a little and began to think more sanely. And at the end of his thinking he had arrived at a very definite conclusion. When it came to a matter of a quick decision, Ainslie had always been a plunger. He was one now. He had seen the girl he wanted. He meant to have her. He had already decided that Gracia Harding was to be his. So when he settled back in bed again he found himself extremely comfortable. Also, his thoughts now went off on a different tangent.

"I guess I'm in love," he said to himself. "Wonder if it always hits a fellow all in a heap like this? Well, it feels good, anyway. I like it." Then he laughed again. "Won't Fifth Avenue be scandalized, though?"

He began to grow sleepy but the thoughts kept coming even in his drowsiness.

"Won't it be *great* to look up and see *her* on the other side of the breakfast table? . . . And won't she just look *ripping* in the right kind of togs? . . . I'm going to buy 'em for her,—lots of 'em! . . . Writing a book! . . . Well, if one has literary ambition I reckon it—*isn't*—quite right to try to just strangle it altogether. But she's in no shape now to write anything really good. . . . I'm going — to — put — a — crimp — in — that — infernal — book!"

As was his custom Ainslie went at the matter systematically, although with hammer and tongs. He recognized that it was a somewhat unusual state of affairs. Gracia was not to be had for the asking. The first step in the game was to make her trust him. But this proved a proposition which, during the weeks that followed, assumed proportions of which he had never dreamed and which threatened to overthrow his whole line of argument. He did not know, nor could he find out, the reason why he could not win her confidence. On the day after the

storm he had stopped at the florist's. He felt like buying out the whole shop but had the good sense to realize that something simple would be more suited to his purpose. So he had ordered a bunch of pink sweet peas among which perfect sprays of lilies of the valley were to be mingled. These he sent her with just a line to the effect that he hoped she felt no ill effects from the excitement of the night before. She had written him a well-worded little note expressing her thanks but absolutely lacking in the expression of anything else. So he had had to try again.

He looked in the telephone directory to see if she had a 'phone. He did not find her there. Then he called the information desk and inquired whether there was a telephone at 15 Mohawk street. He found there was and a few afternoons later he called her up. Wouldn't she let him take her out in his car? She declined. He insisted, and after a good deal of argument she consented. He had won the first battle.

During the next few weeks, however, he found that it was not so much of a victory after all. He tried in vain to coax her to go to lunch with him, or to afternoon tea or the theater. She stubbornly refused. Ainslie took it all calmly. He had not failed, during these days, to learn of her attitude toward men, but to her scoffing and cynicism he paid not the slightest attention. Whenever she spoke of her book he bantered her unmercifully, teased, tormented and ridiculed her good-naturedly, always keeping a watchful eye for the effect. When he saw that he had gone a step too far he always apologized contritely, and whenever Lawrence Ainslie apologized there was but one thing on earth to do and that was to forgive him.

Had he only known it, Gracia's attitude toward him, her avoidance of him, were not due so much to her former scornful opinion of men as to some subtle change within herself. When in his presence she had an unaccountable feeling of being drawn to him against her will, irresistibly, as the needle is drawn by the magnet. His glance was so—so compelling, his personality so—so overpowering! But in the end she always fell back upon the old argument. How could he have anything in common with her? How could his intentions be honest? He belonged to the world, the great, restless, teeming world in which she herself had been able to find no place,—the world which fawns upon and caresses you when you are a success and which tosses you, in short order and without compunction, upon the human scrap-heap when you fail! She belonged to humanity. It was *his* world that had made her what she was. Again the thought crept into her mind, as it had done a thousand times before, that the real tragedies which are linked with poverty are not to be found in the ghettos of the world, but in the attics, the hall bed-rooms, the third-floor-backs where men of brains still struggle and women of ability still fight to keep from being caught in the maelstrom. Of these society demands a certain standard of living, of respectability. Yet society will do nothing toward assisting them to attain it. So long as one has the strength to strive philanthropy will not give him a lift. When he can no longer fight, well—there are always the Bread Line and the Associated Charities!

But, like Ainslie, Gracia had a way of keeping her thoughts to herself. Therefore he found it difficult to make headway. One day when she had administered the severest sort of a snub (which

Gracia worked feverishly on her book but in reality she accomplished nothing. Every day she rewrote what she had written the day before. And money was so hard to make and disappeared so quickly



he had completely ignored) he said laughingly: "Miss Harding, your ancestors must have fought at Bunker Hill."

"They did not," she flared back, "But they fought at Gettysburg,—which is more to the point."

"You bet it is," he replied. "They were defeated there, if I remember."

"They were not," she retorted. "They didn't live to be defeated. They died fighting!"

"Well, they left a valiant descendant in you," he laughed.

A few evenings later he called at 15 Mohawk street and asked for her. Fearful lest she should decline to see him he did not send up his card. While he waited for her, though, he realized why she did not wish him to come there. The house was of the type which has the old-fashioned double parlors. Everything in the room was pitifully tawdry, relics of a generation ago. Two or three couples lounged about the rooms in suggestive attitudes, the men of the most ordinary type, the women even less presentable. One of the latter, suspiciously high-colored and unnaturally blond, looked at Ainslie, blushed, simpered, sat down at the piano and began to sing. His heart sank when he thought of Gracia among such associates and he was more than ever determined to put a stop to it.

When she came in he saw a flush of mingled anger and distress in her face. Evidently she had not suspected that her caller was himself. Her color died away as quickly as it came.

"Why did you come here?" she asked.

"To see you," he answered simply. "Come for a walk with me."

"I—I'm busy. I can't."

"Of course you can. Get your coat."

Again she felt his compelling power over her. She made no further objection, and a few moments later returned, ready to go out. For a while they walked in silence. Ainslie was filled with thoughts to which he could not give expression. The idea of this girl spending her days amid the surroundings he had just encountered was positively revolting. Yet how to remedy it was the question. He knew that any offer of financial assistance would be

indignantly refused, while to ask her to marry him in her present state of mind and on such short acquaintance would be madness. He was confronting a problem which he did not know how to solve. He decided that there was nothing to do but to just keep on as he was, to try to win her confidence and, in time, her love.

"What have you been doing today?" he asked.

"Working."

"On the book?"

"No. A short story,—just a pot-boiler that will pay the rent while I work on the book."

"I wish that book was in Halifax!" he stormed.

"No doubt. That is what all men wish when a woman is wearing her soul out in the effort to live and to be of some consequence in the world."

"It isn't that, Miss Harding," he answered. "It's the hard work,—the effort which nine times out of ten is unrequited, which saps one's vitality and makes life so sordid and unlovely a thing. I wish you'd give it up."

"Impossible. You don't understand. If my book is a success, then perhaps I can do what other women do, be what other women are, have what other women have. Perhaps I can be free—free from—"

A sudden pressure of his hand on her arm caused her to break off suddenly. It had been involuntary on his part. But she was grateful. It had put her on her guard. In another moment she might have revealed her terrible necessity and that, to her, would have been the crowning humiliation. To have him know that, more often than not, she ate but one meal a day,—that she had mortgaged her piano, the last of her possessions, to pay the expenses of her mother's funeral! Not only that, she had gone to that very last resort of the desperate, a loan shark, for the money. Intuitively she felt that she would never be able to meet the payments with their enormous interest. The piano had been her one solace through all her troubled days, but now she never touched its keys. It seemed to look at her reproachfully as though it were some old and dear friend to whom she had been unfaith-

ful. No. She must work,—work desperately, fiercely. She must get the book done.

She was brought back to the present by hearing him speak again.

"Farrar is to sing Thursday night in Madame Butterfly. I want you to go with me."

"No. Thank you."

"Why not?" he demanded. "Now, look here, Miss Harding, why should you treat me this way? Why won't you let me give you a little pleasure? You love music. So do I. Now, why won't you? Is it because you—don't—like—me?"

"You know it isn't."

"Then, why?"

"Well, if it is real facts you are seeking I will give them to you. I haven't anything to wear."

"What nonsense! Why,—wear what you have on."

She laughed.

"Mere man!" she scoffed. Then after a pause, "I shouldn't like to be held responsible for the loss of your social reputation. What would your friends think if—"

"Now, stop right there. What anyone thinks isn't of the least consequence. Miss Harding, won't you do me the honor to believe that what you wear doesn't make the slightest difference? Please try to think that I'm not—I couldn't be such a cad. It—it's you, not your clothes. Now, listen—"

He had fallen back again into his compelling tone. Once more the magnet drew the needle.

"I'm coming for you Thursday evening at seven-forty-five. And you are going with me to the opera. After that we're going somewhere and have a nice little supper and you're to be just the happiest girl in town for at least one night. So be ready. Don't forget. Thursday evening. Seven-forty-five. Good night."

He was gone before she had time or could recover sufficiently for further protest. When she got back to her room she was furious with him and at herself. She dropped down at her desk to write him that she could not, she would not accept his invitation. But an hour later she still sat there with

(Continued on page 23)

Carlyle Blackwell

By RICHARD WILLIS



Photograph Studio, L. A.

Born in Syracuse, New York and when his Daddy heard him squawk, he said, "Ding Bust! but I am disappointed. I thought that he would be a girl and here he hasn't got a curl, and yet he is my very first anointed. To commercial schools I'll send him and just enough I'll lend him to keep him in a quiet, genteel style; And in the far tomorrow, his old Daddy's thoughts he'll borrow, and adopt a business strictly mercantile." But alas for his predictions, the lad knew no restrictions and proved he had a will that wouldn't trail; Insisted on a college, although his thin frame knowledge did not encompass thoughts that he could fail. At Cornell "U" he labored at various projects wayward, till Professors shook their heads and knit their brows; And summoned him before them and begged he'd not deplore them, but better ways from them on he'd espouse. Said the Prof., "Do you expect, Sir, degrees you can annex, Sir, by turning signs, by cards or by hours late? Beware, 'tis very evident, you'll never be the President, or in some stately church pass 'round the plate." He did his best most badly; anon his Dad said sadly, "Alas, my boy, it really seems to me You're quite a bad investment, and this is not in jest meant—in fact, you are too big a luxury. So pack your cuffs and collars, and here's a hundred dollars; go buy some transportation far away; So pack your cuffs and collars, and here's a hundred dollars; go buy some transportation far away; I hope a man 'twill make you, and where it takes you—write, So far away he hid him with little else to guide him save lots of pluck and health and joyous youth; Took jobs which now sound funny to fill his hungry tummy, and drove a baggage car—and that's the truth! Such scenes we'll lightly touch on; we can not dwell too much on those painful days of labor, strife and grime; Just to indicate time's passing and muffle needless gassing, these stars will represent a lapse of time.

Did he quail or did he falter; did this cause his plans to alter; did he stay in that one fatal little groove?

NO—perish the idea for he never had a fear for the ultimate success of every move. And when he hove in sight of fair Denver on the night of a Sunday with a dollar and his grip;

He sought the thing he lacked for he meant to be an actor and said, "To Elitch Gardens I will slip."

Now, Mrs. Elitch, lady, has long owned those gardens shady, where Denver autos oft to see the shows;

She runs a general "stock," nor let any person mock, for there's many a famous artist really owns

A start as stellar player of the topmost stellar layer that needs must find the proper place and chance

To make a decent actor with labor a prime factor—Lord bless you, she can tell 'em at a glance. So Carlyle made an appointment, expecting disappointment and nearly got a stoppage of the heart.

As she questioned the young rover and calmly looked him over, then said, "I think I'll find for you a part."

He "got by" very nicely and did his bit precisely and gave his very best to clearly prove

Her estimate a right one and one may say a bright one, for Carlyle Blackwell now had found his groove.

And he has made confession that his rise in the profession is due to Mrs. Elitch, which is right;

His ardor did the rest for he did his very best for the company and audience night by night. He quickly won admirers but was one of those aspirers that wanted (as they all do, so they say)

To go where mighty fame is, where money and a name is to be obtained on New York's Great White Way. And now we pause to mutter that time is all a-flutter, these little stars will speed us on our way.

• • • • •

He gained the great me-trop-tis, and found much joy and top bliss in acting in the Keith and Proctor stock;

In every part he played in he simply was a spade in, he smiled alike at every boost or knock.

He traveled far and wide, too, in cities and outside too, with one-night stands and weekly stops galore;

He got right on the top, sir, yet did not want to stop, sir, and sighed for worlds to conquer even more.

One day he'll e'er remember, 'twas early in September, a friend said, "Carl, just try the movie game;

The stage is such a gaff, sir, come with me to Vitagraph, sir, for in the pictures you can make a name."

So Carlyle went and tried it and secretly decried it, but Smith and Blackton said, "Just stick it out."

And e'en then he felt bored, By Jove, he neatly scored, and that is how his screen start came about;

The rest was easy sailing; there was no chance of failing, for critics and the public liked him well;

The fans, tho' grown exacting, admired his brilliant acting and for his magnetism quickly fell.

His eyes so bright and snappy; his ways so bright and happy; his fame was voiced from Frisco to far Salem.

And Carl could not stand still so, he looked around until, lo! he took a tempting offer from the Kalem.

His work with Alice Joyce, oh! It gave the public voice; oh, the satisfaction that his art accorded.

In plays of high society, of slums or strict propriety, in westerns or in dramas very sordid.

Then Carlyle took a vacation, from his Kalem situation—then acting and producing kept him busy.

And when three years were nearly run, his work for Kalem Co. was done, he took an offer which would make you dizzy;

Toward "Famous Players" he did lean, he played in "Such a Little Queen" with little Mary Pickford—pleasing Mary!

"The Spitfire" scored and so did he; then followed others, two or three, with leads that made him famous, also wary!

Then came a lapse wherein, doggonit, a little bee buzzed in his bonnet, and Carlyle said he'd run his own affairs;

"The Favorite Players Company, shall be my own—belong to me, with members of my family taking shares."

He started in and right away he made "The Key to Yesterday," and followed with "The Man Who Could Not Lose."

"The High Hand" and "Last Chapter" came, the last prophetic in its name (misfortunes always come in ones and twos).

All loved so well, but war is—well! the tricky market went and fell, our hero did not have the ready money.

He closed his studio right away, experience demands its pay and he admits it really wasn't funny.

The pictures cost a big amount, in time he'll put to his account big profits plus—an added reputation

For work well done and prudits won; he had his way and had his fun and calmly Carlyle faced the situation.

Of course big offers quickly came, he took his time then chose a name which stands so clearly limned up in the front, sir;

And now with Lasky films he's known, at Lasky's he is quite in tone, and working hard as always was his wont, sir.

And there we leave him for we know that when we see a Lasky show, there is a picture treat which sure will stack well;

He's young, good looking, smart, athletic, splendid company, cool, magnetic—so here's our very best to Carlyle Blackwell.

THE DAY OF THE SPEAKING STAGE STAR

By Claude Sachs

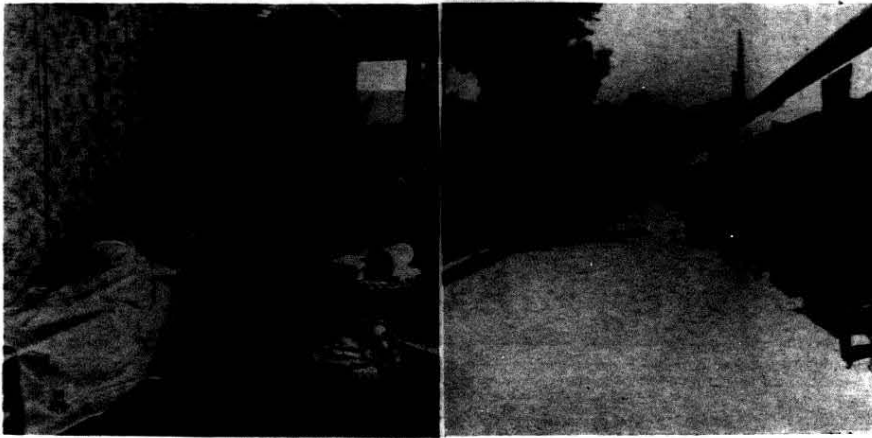
THIS is the day of the speaking stage star on the screen; competition is very keen, the magnates are out angling with costly bait, the well-known artists are coming and have been coming for some time; they are being judged and some will come again but many will not—that is, unless they come at reduced salaries and upon other bases.

At first the lady star made her appearance at the studio, looked over the dressing-rooms and demanded the best one there or her return ticket; there was a row with the permanent leading woman, much cajoling and mopping of managerial brows, then armed truce—but the newcomer obtained the dressing-room.

Along came more stars and the managers made the inducements better and more tempting—this apart from the salaries offered. They built new dressing-rooms and furnished them nicely; competition became keener and some manager added a bathroom to the dressing-room which appealed to Miss Star. More and more of them and it.

Finally Geraldine Farrar was engaged at a big actual salary and a bigger one press-agently and a suite of apartments was built for her in the studio—a reception-room, dressing-room, bath-room and what not. A grand piano was installed also, together with some beautiful furniture and costly hangings. A furnished bungalow was placed at her disposal and Miss Farrar was delighted and all was well.

Now comes pretty Billie Burke; the big man at Inceville, Thomas H. Ince, to wit, was not to be outdone by predecessors at the decorating and furnishing game. The result is that when Miss Billie Burke arrived she was escorted in state to the delightful, furnished bungalow which had been rented for her—piano and all—and then was further escorted and welcomed like a royal personage to Inceville where she had HER new dressing-room and suite all ready for her. Here it was that Inceville went Lasky-town one better, for the dainty Billie has a brand new bath-house built by the ocean so she might take her daily dip in comfort. That is not all—nossir; a number of the scenes are being taken on the Catalina Islands and nearby, therefore a special yacht has been chartered for the use of Miss Burke, her maids, doggies and trunks—luxuries the films don't show.



A corner in Geraldine Farrar's dressing-room suite in "Actors' Row" at Lasky's

Where is it going to stop? The stars see all of these things and know that they can demand much if they so desire. What will be the next thing? Automobiles? Out of date, my dear sir. Every star has had one placed at his or her disposal. Possibly they will demand that villas be built and deeded over to them. Maybe they will demand extensive new wardrobes at the managerial expense; probably they will not sign up unless assured of special trains to the Fair and California points of interest.

WELL, it is up to them to get all they can while they can, for their day is here and it will pass. The time is coming when the speaking stage star will be as the screen star—will have a comfortable dressing-room and an automobile. The time is coming when only a certain percentage of the speaking stage stars will obtain picture engagements at all. Some of them will be welcomed at all times and will probably alternate between the speaking stage and the screen, but it will be those with the right screen personality and with youth at their command, if they play straight leading parts, and with magnetism and a screen presence if they play character leads.

We have already been surfeited with actors and actresses who have appeared in youthful roles when their youthful days have passed, and although audiences will be glad to see some of these artists on the stage where youth can be simulated, they will not be welcomed on the screen where youth must be impersonated by youth and every added year shows itself only too plainly. The stars will have to choose parts which will be suitable or they will not get engagements—that is certain. And it is right.

A number of the speaking stage stars who have really been successful will probably drift into the silent drama altogether and will take their places with their fellows. They will always be welcome because of their experience and ability, but they will have to leave their exalted ideas behind them, and of course they will.

Every star that appears on the screen soon learns that he or she has much to learn to start with and that here is an art which is as great as that of the speaking stage; one which is different and which they can not dominate as they did the stage, upon which they obtained their experience and popularity.

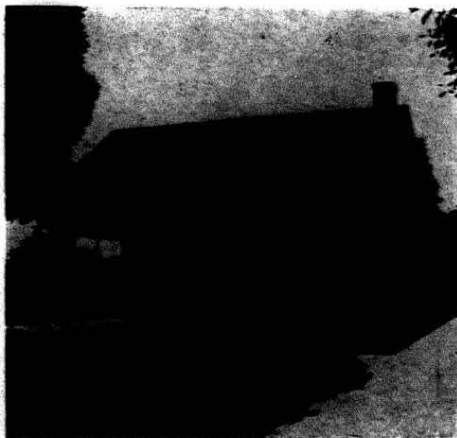
Geraldine Farrar was delightful; everyone was her friend and there were no temperamental outbursts. As a matter of fact, the higher the stars the better they adapt themselves; it is the secondary fry which make themselves obnoxious, a form of self-consciousness and the knowledge that they have to hold their own, coupled with a certain feeling of annoyance when they find the screen folk affable and independent—a family of themselves—willing to help if the artist is the right sort and aloof if he is not.

Yes, the day of the speaking stage star on the screen is now and not tomorrow. It is a fad—so to speak—and will die down. Certain stars will always dominate because of their magnetism and personality and will always find managers ready for their services.

THE speaking stage and the screen are things, are arts apart, even though they are so closely affiliated; the speaking stage is not dead and is not going to die. The pictures are here to stay; each has its sphere and each its following and it is becoming the custom for those superior beings who formerly disdained the motion picture theatre to patronize it the same as they have the "legitimate," and so it will be in the future.

But there are stars of various magnitudes, and sometimes we are not just in measuring and classifying those magnitudes. The picture star often appears before six million or more persons yearly, and this would require about ten years in the legitimate. The speaking stage fold do not always look at it this way, but this is the way it is. The screen folk are secure in a big way.

Inceville went Lasky-town one better. A beautiful bungalow, a palatial steam yacht and a private bath-house were provided for Billie Burke



MODERN RED RIDING-HOOD

Lenore Ulrich Reverses the Order of the Fairy Tale

WHEN you come to the place in the new Morosco-Bosworth picture, "Kilmeny," where Lenore Ulrich fondles the baby wolf with such seeming ease and composure, it might perhaps be interesting to know how really exciting the scene was, and how even more exciting the incidents which led up to it.

To secure the "atmosphere" of the true forest primeval so distinguishable in "Kilmeny," Lenore Ulrich and her band of players were conducted by motor to the mountains. Thence they proceeded, first by packhorse and finally by foot, to a wild, rarely frequented region, especially suitable for the gypsy story, where various suspicious tracks indicated the presence of bear, deer and even, according to some big game pundits in the party, wolves.

After pitching camp about sundown and rallying around a royal barbecue dinner in the open, seasoned with the tang of the pines and set off with copious draughts from a nearby mountain stream, the director sounded an "Early to Bed" for the Morosco-Bosworth caravan, in readiness for a busy morrow. Miss Ulrich and other women repaired to their marquee, the men preferring to roll up in blankets and "sleep out;" the camera men cached their equipment against any prowling wild animals; and the property boys made a last inventory of the cages of rabbits and scarlet tanagers which were to

Lenore Ulrich—the "Bird of Paradise" Star



A wild, rarely frequented region, especially suitable for the gypsy story, where various suspicious tracks indicated the presence of bear, deer and even, according to some big game pundits in the party, wolves

figure prominently in the coming wildwood scenes, where Lenore Ulrich disports so charmingly as the little runaway gypsy.

The minute dark had fallen, the circle of men around the monster campfire was found to contain the usual one or two diabolical members who had the ghastly imaginations which conjure up the gruesome ghost story or tale of horror. These grisly tales, told amid the weird stillness of the mountain fastness, produced the calculated effect upon the supposedly sleeping inmates of the Ulrich marquee which, for all its canvas walls, was by no means soundproof. *Conte I* was terrifying enough, but by the time they had spun *Conte X* with duly gruesome climax, the nursery was in such a panic that the director intervened and sent the mischief-makers to their respective billets about the fire. A basket or so more of knots and cones upon the flames, and all turned in.

It was in one of the early hours of the following morning that one of the property boys heard a short, shrill squeak from one of the rabbits; nothing more. He awoke; pushed out his head sleepily from his blankets; started to look around; then with an expression of fright, immediately ducked under cover again. Within his blankets he might have been heard to babble in inexplicable excitement:

"I'm dreaming! I'm dreaming! Oh Lord, I hope I'm dreaming!"

Scarce an arm's length away, there in the heart of the camp, he had looked into the glaring eyeballs of a great grey timber wolf. In its jaws, limp as a glove, hung a dead rabbit. Between its forefeet lay a crushed cage. One of the most dreaded marauders of the mountains had descended upon the unsuspecting community.

SOMETHING in the commotion of the property boy gave the alarm, and one by one all the prone, sleeping figures, lying like shrouded logs around the fire, sat up and rubbed their sleep-weary eyes and inquired indifferently the cause of the disturbance. Good for them, they had no premonition of their danger. Otherwise they might not have arisen all at once, nor so promptly. But something in their very unity alarmed the grim timber ranger, and, after a swift survey of the campfire circle, with a snap of its steel-like jaws, it took a fresh hold upon the hapless rabbit and in a lithe lunge of supreme insolence disappeared into the pines.

At once there was the usual hubbub of cross purposes and contradicting cries.

"Shoot him!"

"Get a gun!"

And from the opposition:

"Gun nothin'! Let him go!"

But there was at least one man of action—one Wilson, who as Lord Leigh in "Kilmeny" is a mighty man with a fowling piece. Wilson, while the others were strategizing, stole over to the arsenal of the prop boys, procured the same Winchester he had been carrying in the scenes of the Morosco picture, made sure of the cartridges in his magazine, and before

anyone realized was streaking it off into the pines after the daring plunderer.

Once he was gone, again there was the usual hubbub, this time of dissent.

"Don't let him go!"

"Get him back!"

"He'll stand no show if that wolf turns on him!"

Whereupon a white face, peering from a flap in the conventual marquee of the ladies, screamed:

"Wolf!"

And in an instant the tent was a whirlpool of hysterics. Nor was this general gloom ill founded. Since the first Russian novel, wolves had traveled in packs, and anything that could step the steppes as fast and as bloodily as they and with one onslaught could precipitate a whole drosky-ful of Tolstolian heroes into a "Casualty List" eternal, was no sort of thing for a motion picture actor with a prop rifle to go traipsing out to fool with.

Perhaps the general doubt about Wilson's ever returning uninjured was expressed when Director Apfel whispered behind his hand to Witaker, his assistant:

"Charlie, whom are we going to use if Wilson——"

If Wilson.

He needed to say no more. Those two words were the beginning of a fatally significant sentence, the rest of which was left blank, for no one on this earth to fill in but Wilson—or the wolf.

Suddenly—from somewhere about the peak—the Winchester rang out. Its echoes dropped down the steep mountainside like balloons; like balloons they floated out through the canyon at its far base, and billarded down great sleeping valleys to the sea.

A second shot broke out.

IT was ominous; nervebreaking. Why two shots?

Why the second so soon after the first? Had Wilson had to shoot in self-defense? Or was it that he had merely missed the first and brought down his game with a surer second? Had the wolf charged him on the first miss, and did it perhaps now have him down, its fangs roweling in his throat? Or was the second shot all that was necessary, and was the intrepid sportsman already standing with foot upon the dead brute's head and with a glorious pelt for his pains? At any rate, why in the name of heaven, if he had come off unscathed, didn't he shout, or call, or give some sign that they could go by?

Witaker whispered dolefully back to Apfel:

"It would be just as bad if someone did go on for Wilson. We've done 4,000 feet of the picture with him already!"

But amid the painfully growing tension there finally came a strong, vibrant halloo-oo over the pines. It was Wilson.

The camp let out a fervent yell of joy.

What extremes meet nowadays upon the film



Devoutly Apfel breathed: "Thank God!" Four thousand feet is a lot of film. Shortly the doughty Wilson strode in out of the darkness. His Winchester, pointing downward, was slid over his forearm. A dead wolf was slung across his broad shoulders. Most conspicuous of all, in his hand he held by the scruff of the neck a snapping, snarling, biting, furry mite—a newly orphaned little wolf cub.

After the fire of questions had been quelled to let Wilson tell his story, it developed that he had followed the wolf by its shadow against the rock and come upon it just as it was making for a cave. Not suspecting a litter, Wilson had let go with the Winchester, but had only clipped the brute in the shoulder and, whirling, it had charged him. Ejecting the shell, he had just had time to catch it with a steel jacketed bullet through the head as it came "head on." Investigation of the cave then revealed the baby wolf. The dam was a good six feet from tip to tip.

But the affectionate title of "baby wolf" need not inspire superfluous sympathy, for even baby wolves have penetrating, shingle nail teeth, and if you don't believe it you should have seen Freddie Earl's arm

just after he had attempted to relieve Wilson of his kicking burden as though it were a harmless rabbit. When he was cauterizing the place where the teeth went in, he probed into it with a cotton swab upon a toothpick, and fully half the toothpick sank into the hole.

Even so, not even a wolf cub can come into the ken of the Morosco-Bosworth director and hope to escape being trapped by a scenario. The ultimate fate of his wolflets was determined on the instant, and the next day Oscar Apfel appeared with a freshly written scene for Lenore Ulrich in which she was to be more or less supported by the prisoner, depending upon the skill of the directing staff in the art of animal training.

At first Miss Ulrich was inclined to balk at the idea of sitting before a camera with a 100 per cent wolf in her arms. She cast dubious glances at Freddie's bandaged arm. The "Bird of Paradise" star seemed skeptical about the tender mercies of a youthful beast who was by no means a vegetarian. But at length she consented, and so it is due to her nerve and pluck that the new Morosco-Bosworth picture, "Kilmeny," presents one of the most unique scenes ever secured

for the screen—that of a nationally famous stage star exerting the power of her charm upon a lusty, wild young wolf.

Unfortunately the audiences will not be able to tell from looking at the calm, self-possessed way Lenore Ulrich holds the wild eyed, trembling little orphan of wood and mountain, of the many rehearsals necessary to reduce him to that state of tamed submission, for ten consecutive seconds insisted upon by the camera man. They will probably not even guess of the one time in particular when only the timely intervention of a nearby property boy checked the cub just as it was springing bloodthirstily at Miss Ulrich's throat. They will hardly consider it possible that Director Apfel had to wait three hours in the course of this delicate operation. But they will doubtless consider it all highly worth while when they witness the spectacular scene itself displayed upon the screen. For what a far cry from that wild mountain peak to a comfortable loge seat in the theater! What a far cry from the refinement of Lenore Ulrich, the Morosco star, to the primitive fangs of the wolf! What extremes meet nowadays upon the film!

Diary of Daniel Darwood

A Chronicle of a Movie Idol's Hopes and Aspirations By Mabel Brown Sherard

Monday Evening, May 10th—

WELL, diary, for the honest fear you'll fail to realize the import of the hand behind you, let's get acquainted on the jump! I am Daniel Darwood, American manufacture, dispenser of sixty-five thousand "iron men" yearly, star of the Invincible Film Company, the motor power behind the flutterings of ten million little debutante hearts and the hope of the cause generally!

Are you sufficiently impressed? If so, I want to take it all back. I have put one over you, have given you the veneer smeared over my ordinary personality by the press and the "dear public." But, if I know myself as I believe I do, mighty little of this same press rot and hurrah, belongs to me. It is the screen behind which I preserve the shred of privacy left me—the flauntings of a business enterprise, founded upon the dollar-coaxing power of a man's God-given personality! I am not my own. My very thoughts are X-rayed for the delectation of a glamored public. I am credited with fads and fancies, that, in my heart of hearts, I abhor. And, so, I have turned to you for comfort. At least, you won't flatter me. Ordinarily, I despise a diary—it's a feminine institution, and therefore a dangerous one. But I must have a safety-valve some place to deny the million and one absurdities daily attributed to me.

With all my "magnetism" (bosh!) I can't write, so don't expect fine phrases and glittering English; just look for plain, heart-cured thoughts and the simple chronicling of a "colorful" life. That last rainbow touch is according to Hale, the Invincible's steam drill of a publicity man. He gets on my nerves. I picked up a copy of the latest Dramatic Forecast since dinner, and read the double-page ad of the Invincible, Hale's latest phosphorescent effusion. My picture, of course, and the following astounding (as the publicity man says "appealing") description:

DANIEL DARWOOD

Magnetic and Powerful Emperor of Screendom!

The Handsomest Man in the Movies!

See him in the Invincible's incomparable Forth-coming Release

"The Huntsman"—Five Thrilling Reels!

Now, "Emperor of Screendom" is some title to live up to! "Handsomest man in the Movies"—nice, joy-producing thought, to feel that a fairly decent phiz is one's only claim to fame! Suppose I should fall, and give my nose a permanent list to starboard! How long, do you suppose, would I be ye god of the screen? What if I should get a scar across this same money-steeped countenance! The Invincible would drop me like a boozing camera man and the dear Public would forget me in twenty-four hours.

But, diary, such thoughts get one nowhere. Therefore, since we are pals already, I'll leave you for tonight. To-morrow I begin work on "The Huntsman"—promise never to give me away, never to let my admirers "on," that I am ordinary clay, and you shall be my closest confidant.

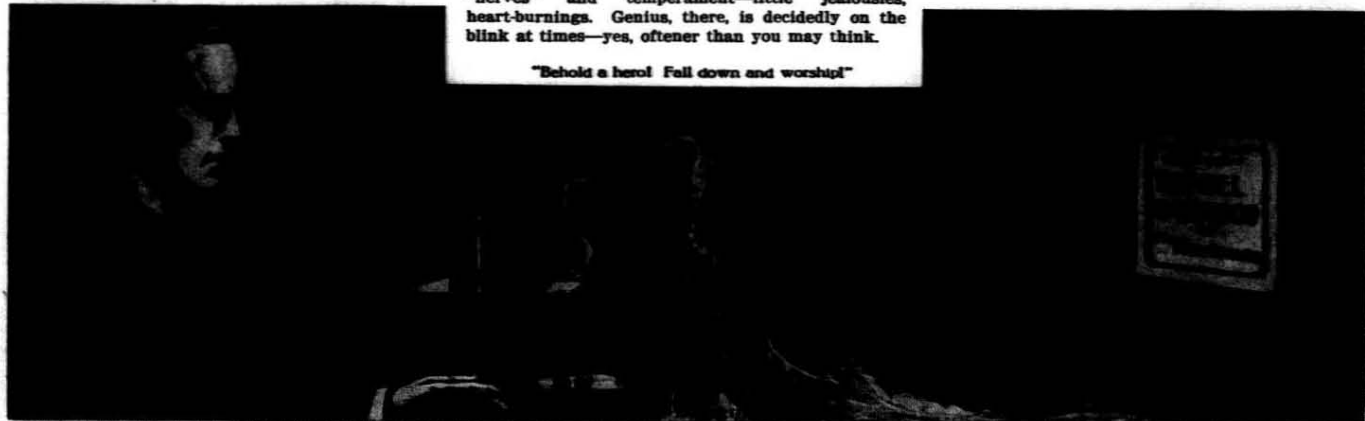
Saturday, May 15th—

Gosh, but I'm tired! This week has been fierce and Thompson, my director, has had an unusually large fit of cussedness on him. "The Huntsman" is going to be a fine release, nevertheless. What a blessing the camera fails to get the grind back of a picture—the perspiration, the hot, tense atmosphere of a busy studio—overwrought nerves—women ready to faint from weariness—the eternal struggle for realism! There is no doubt that talent, aggregated to the extent that it is found in the studio, breeds "nerves" and temperament—little jealousies, heart-burnings. Genius, there, is decidedly on the blink at times—yes, oftener than you may think.

"Behold a hero! Fall down and worship!"

SOMETIMES, I feel as though Thompson is sitting on my chest. He senses a scene's possibilities, and my angle of vision is usually at right angles to his. He is entirely too romantically inclined—a visionist, flying the heart-interest dope too high. In the "Huntsman," I play Harry Leigh, a delightful, young multi-millionaire—a role that makes me feel that I do not want to act. I want to be myself! And here butts in Thompson, his limitations at full sail, and wants me to be a regular grandstander—to say to the world, "Behold a hero! Fall down and worship!" Hanged if I oughtn't be hissed in the opening scene!

But, thank Heavens, one or two punk scenes can't ruin as good a story as the "Huntsman." We have finished the exteriors in the woods. A dim, cool place, soft clothes, a riot of Springtime glory everywhere! How I did feel the part! All except my meeting with the heroine. Right here, pal, I'm going to breathe a secret. I loathe my leading woman. Oh, yes, she is beautiful, but I can't bear to touch her. She has a snaky gleam in her eyes, that, in raw English, gets my goat! To be brutally frank, I think she would like to be Mrs. Darwood—but, damned if they don't have to anesthetize me first! You know (as long as I am digressing, I might as well get this out of my system for good) it is queer the way feminine leads respond! Some are quivery and tender, giving one's love business the fragrance of reality, that brings the catch to the throat. Some are like metal—they resound harshly to the scene and give it an air of forced passion—and some appropriate it all for their personal delectation. They are sure that the lovelight, pressed into one's eyes by the necessity of earning daily bread, is burning for them alone! Right here, I have touched Miss Henriette Lee in a vital spot! She is so vain, it is utterly impossible for her to believe that any man can have the impudence or the independence not to care. I feel like biting her good, when she breathes so seductively up



into my face, her eyes purpling with a velvet lure, that says plainly, "Escape me, if you can!"

Well, she may get me yet, but it will be on another planet. Sometimes, I wonder if I would make a satisfactory husband! If love and reverence can satisfy a woman, I ought to qualify—because I know that some day, when my little dream-queen steals into my life, the amendments I'll add to the definition of Love, will take up a whole page in the dictionary. Queer, isn't it, how a fellow dreams of his wife-to-be. Why I have decreed that she must be tiny, I don't know—or blonde, either. But I can see her, in a quaint, little high-waisted, pink-flowered frock—her soft, golden hair piled high, a strand of dainty pearls her only ornament. She will be rather old-fashioned—*she must be!* I couldn't bear her to know Life as I know it. But I said I am tired, didn't I? I am, and a little world-weary, too. Friend, good-night!

Monday Again—

A hard day. The rain came down in torrents, so we had to postpone our day at the shore, and do interiors. I had lunch with Morton, author of "The Huntsman," and found him a clever chap—no frills. His praise of my "Harry Leigh," was evidently so sincere it made me feel good all day, despite Thompson's nerves. I think Thompson is hitting the pace too high. A man can't lose sleep at night, drinking and abusing himself generally, and give the best of his talent to his work; I learned that early in the game. Pity, too, about Thompson, because he is all right in lots of ways. I hope the Invincible doesn't get on to these larks of his.

I HAVE just finished my evening mail—two hundred and twenty-one letters! Of course, I skim through most of them, following the modern slogan of "Safety First." Most of these letters are from women—disgusting, isn't it? Women are peculiar creatures (wonder if I am not sage No. 9,999,999, so to remark?) all emotion—ripply like the surface of a lake on a breezy day, responding in a splash of color, to every vagrant passerby. Some of the women who write me these letters, are good women; some of them are married and have little lives to mould. I can't understand it. I like a cool, impersonal letter from anybody, telling me plainly that they like a certain film, and, if it's true, my work in it. But, when I open a bunch of them, with every other one containing a plain or carbonated offer of marriage, or, well, plain, unvarnished invitations—it makes me think! Am I doing Humanity an injustice? Can it be that personal magnetism, capitalized, is a dangerous thing? And it makes me—*hate these women!* If I had a mother, I would get her to write every one of them a letter of good advice.

SO long as I am wound up on the woman question, I want to tell you about one of these letters I have just read. It is from a High School girl, eighteen years old, enclosing her picture. She is a pretty little thing and she lives here in Los Angeles. After she confesses an "undying love" for me, she brazenly asks me to meet her in a park tomorrow. Do you know, I have half a mind to go and be brutally plain with her? I have met her father; they are refined and prominent people, and I know, would be mortified beyond expression if their daughter's folly were generally known. The picture is a gem of photography—such marvelous eyes, such a sweet tender face, the bloom of fresh girlhood upon it! I wonder if she would not, in after years, thank me for telling her why she shouldn't write letters to a man she doesn't know. If I can make her feel so ashamed of this foolish note, that she will never be tempted to do such a thing again, I will feel that I have done her an incalculable kindness.

Wednesday, the 19th—

Had a day off today in the city, with an automobile trip out into the country in the afternoon, that made me feel like a new being. Later, I did the cruel thing I spoke of in Monday's entry: I met the Little Girl at the place she appointed at six o'clock.

She was so dainty, so delicately refined and so marvelously lovely that I could not believe she had written the disgusting letter I had in my pocket. When she saw me coming, she blushed and I could tell, from the way she twisted her little fingers, that she was nervous. I spoke to her gravely, and pitched in, at once. I told her that I had not come because I wished to meet her, but that I knew her father and wished to spare him from the anguish that could result, from a misguided daughter's folly. I told her that she ought to be taught a lesson. I took out the letter, and went over it word for word with her. She turned hot and cold—finally the blood drained from her face. I knew she was tortured, and, in spite of my resolute intentions, I felt desperately sorry for her. Her eyes were wonderful—little purple pansies, rimmed with gold-tipped lashes! Her soft hair was alluring, the sun sent little glints of glory through it, and her dress was pink-flowered. Strange that I should remember every little detail!

She took it wonderfully. I expected a storm of tears and angry protestations. I told her that she was much too lovely to be guilty of that silly note. I also told her that she was *not* in love with me, as she had believed, but had been thrilled with my portrayal of the lover in the film she saw. As I finished, her lips were quivering babyishly, the little pansies were hazed with tears, but she looked up bravely into my face—and said—brokenly: "I am—sorry, Mr.—"

Mr. Darwood. I—I don't know why—I did it! Please believe—that I appreciate all you have said to me." Snatching up the letter, she was gone before I could reply. I took the next car home, feeling miserably depressed. I am tired, too. More wretched grind ahead of me tomorrow. Good-night, friend.

Thursday—

I worked all day today, with about as much inspiration and temperament as a wooden donkey. Stilted scenes and bum technique—and you, alone, shall know why. I could not get the hurt look in those dear eyes, of the little girl in the park, out of my mind! Furthermore, I've decided I put the crown on "grandstanding," by going to her as I did. What a fool I was, to humiliate the little thing that way. I might have ignored her childish letter, or, at the worst, have written the things I said. But the heroic (!) impulse to teach one woman a life-lesson, struck me full force. If she had just stormed a little! But, instead, those sweet, quivery lips, and those hurt, shadowy blue eyes—I feel just about as cheery as a man who has stabbed an Easter lily! It haunts me, diary. What shall I do? I know she rushed home, dazed and bewildered with shame, and buried her little head in her pillow and cried her heart out. She was so tiny! When she stood up, I noticed that she did not reach my shoulder. I could—oh, well, what's the use of growing morbid over a fool stunt! Even Daniel Darwood must err occasionally—the "movie idol" must betray his toes of clay. What a joy to be able to rattle along to you, to feel that I can say what I please and have no open-mouthed reporter standing around to gobble up every word, no fawning humanity to hear. Thank God, that, while I love my actual work, I don't love the publicity end of it.

Saturday Evening—

REST night, again! If I were to tell you the amount of work I've gotten away with this week, you wouldn't believe it possible. I am keeping you, diary, for recreation and not to tell you of my studio life, so, as you've noticed, I don't dwell lengthily on its hardships. You are my mirror—I can look into your clear pages and see the Self I want to be. I may get disgustingly sentimental and even poetical, but, for Heaven's sake, put up with me, won't you? A fellow, who is alone in the world as I am, with no time and less inclination to make bosom friends, has to have some outlet for his vaporous musings. I am still so depressed; don't know why I feel like a morgue inside. Life has seemed so empty all week!

(To be continued.)

Movies of the 'Forty-Niner

DEAR BOB:—The sluices are not yielding up quite as much of the auriferous as they did in the old days, and this month's check is a trifle smaller—but, then, you shouldn't need as much as you did in the years that have sped. In the first place, Bob, you're married, and married men need not put up the same pretenses as sweethearts; and, besides, you have more economical entertainment.

No more theatre parties—not if the East is the way I saw it up in San Francisco a few weeks back. I had got tired of the digging, Bob, so I wandered up to the old reservation to glimpse the Fair. The Exposition was great—but greater still were the Movies.

I wanted to linger—they had such a firm grip on me. And again, Bobbie, they brought back the long ago—when I was a cub, feeling the first bite of the gold-bug, with your great-grandfather and great-grandmother. We were 'Forty-Niners, but it's sort of dim at times, what with the blistering heat and the choking alkali dust, and the treacherous savages. It wasn't the way the younger generation has it—with Pullman cars and all that luxury. And yet, we were not without our joys, even though they were mighty bitter joys at times. We had the Movies, too—enormous Movies projected from somewhere in the sky, on the white, blistering screen of the desert. We had Dramas and occasional Comedies—and no end of Tragedies. Sometimes we saw beautiful valleys with sparkling streams—while our tongues were swelling and burning in our throats and strangling us. We saw peaceful vales nestling at the feet of

towering mountains—and luring us on. All the while we knew they weren't true, just as you know the plays on the screen are make-believe. But if you see Nature's Movies out in the Mojave, and you are dying of hunger and delirious with thirst, you'd believe them, too.

There wasn't any beautiful girl dealing out tickets, either. There was no sign, "How Many?" But there were tickets, all right enough—dead men's bones, with grinning skulls, laughing their last and most enduring laugh at the Movies of the Desert.

And the scenes on the screen changed often—strange scenes that beggar description—natural color photography, refracted by the mighty lenses of the air.

Sometimes we tried to not look—to gaze, instead, at the broken ranges, as dry as cattlebones—the reality that we faced. We set our jaws betimes, and kept our faces toward what was—but, Bobbie, it isn't human nature to persist in such fine resolves—not with babbling brooks and waving palms and mossy banks welcoming us.

Well, Bob, I thought of all this while I watched the plays on the screen, and something crept up into my throat and almost strangled me, even though the play itself was not sad. I thought of the day we all went mad, and pushed along doggedly toward the Movie Lake lapping invitingly at the Screen Sands of the desert—almost at our feet. We ran at first, and then we walked, and then we crawled, like Gila monsters. But the Movie land was always just a little way beyond. And after we were too weak to even creep, we had strange delirious dreams about

the Things That Did Not Exist—and a red film fell over the changing show before us.

I dreamed I was submerged in the cooling waters—that rain was falling upon me, and that my thirsty body was drinking all of it as rapidly as it came. The entire universe had resolved itself into a fountain, and a lake, and an ocean of sweet, fresh water. And then—I opened my eyes, and some other 'Forty-Niners were feeding me the precious liquid from a canteen. After that, Bob, we went on our way, hoping for vast wealth. That is, I went—but the others did not come. They had joined the audience everlasting, that must grin unceasingly at the magic show on Nature's Screen.

Aged as I am, Bob, I would risk a trip East—but I have been afraid of the desert. Travelers tell me that the mighty Cinematograph is still in operation—just as it was ages before Edison was born. It keeps on filming weird dramas, but nobody has ever learned just where the Studio is located. It's here, and there, and everywhere, I guess—gathered a reel at a time, and pieced together without any titles.

We 'Forty-Niners had our Movies, Bobbie, but we didn't get in for a dime. We paid for them with suffering—with torture—with body and sinew and bone. We took chances that even the most intrepid film stars of today would hesitate to take—and we drew down no royalties. And sometimes, Bob, I wonder if the drama that we breathed and lived wasn't stored up somewhere in a Big Negative that will be printed and unrolled Sometime—Somewhere. I wonder, Bobbie? Affectionately your Grandad,

The 'Forty-Niner.

FILMING BIRD LIFE

"Shooting" Pelicans, Mallards and Other Feathered Creatures

By EDWARD A. SALISBURY

EDITOR'S NOTE:—
The following contribution to the Salisbury series contains the same high standard of merit that has characterized our past Salisbury articles. No one has done more toward popularizing natural history study than Mr. Salisbury. He has brought wild life to the very threshold of our homes. What he gives us is authentic, because it is exactly as it existed in the wilds. Remember, if you urge your exhibitor to secure the Salisbury series, you will be insuring your friends much happiness and yourself the enjoyment that comes of viewing the creatures of the wild in their natural surroundings and in pursuit of their natural affairs.

BIRDS live in a little kingdom of their own. Perhaps if we could talk in the language of birds and converse with them, we would find that they regard the singular, unfeathered biped, man, as a sort of unwelcome and treacherous intruder. To watch a bird casually, as it wings its way through the upper blue, is to really know nothing about it—its life, its habits or its impulses. But to stay hours behind a blind and film these original monoplanes, is to gain a new sort of insight into the marvels of bird life.

Birds of all sizes and descriptions present sources of endless study, and research and the clicking camera have added to the chronicles of natural history by registering the truth about these creatures of the wild, and thereby giving to the world faithful representations of them upon the screen. Birds in captivity are in a sort of restraint that makes a study of them far less dependable than of the wild birds, which, not suspecting the camera's presence, go about their affairs in a perfectly natural way.

A motion picture camera weighs eighty pounds. In order to secure these pictures, it was frequently necessary to carry the camera to the top of a tree 165 feet from the ground.

During our visit to Pelican Island, Clear Lake, Cal., which is the nesting ground of fully 10,000 pelicans, we witnessed the ministering actions of the pelican mother feeding her young. This is something that few students have ever been privileged to view.

Shortly after our expedition to this island, the Bureau of Biological Survey issued strict orders forbidding the employment of the camera in the preserve. The young pelican not only reaches its bill, but practically all of its long neck, down the throat of its mother. The parent pelican has a large supply of partly digested fish in its pouch, in storage for the enjoyment and nutriment of its young. But the feeding is not left entirely to the maternal side of

the house, for the father also feeds the young in a similar way.

To you or me the young pelicans would look alike, but out of the noisy broods waddling around, the parents are able, in some mysterious way, to select their own offspring. The young pelicans do not always discern their own parents; sometimes they choose the wrong mother and are belabored for their pains. While the pelican is not a thing of beauty, it is built along economical lines. It is never without its larder, and its pouch might be used as a suggestion, by the way, for the contemplated freight-carrying airships. Each moment of study reveals something new and interesting about these clumsy fowl. They present many new and unusual studies in natural history, particularly where one encounters them in their wild surroundings.

Perhaps one of the reasons why we enjoyed our work at Pelican Island was because it was a lovely spot, which differs indeed from the lowlands of Southern Oregon, along the Williamson River. In these swamps of Oregon, which are covered with tule, and through which our party tramped diligently in search of the nests of ducks and other migratory water fowl, we suffered no end of inconvenience. The natives had informed us that there was not a single mosquito in these marshes, which we learned was a correct statement. They were all married! These swamps are more than thirty miles in length and ten miles across, and they are dotted with deep holes filled with water, into which at least one of the party would be submerged at some period of every day, which necessitated remaining behind the blinds in a decidedly waterlogged condition.

During the summer months, the residents are able to cut the long wild grass for hay, because the water has receded. This hay is piled up in stacks and on practically every one of these stacks I located from two to five Mallards' nests. The mother mallard is a natural housekeeper, lining each nest with down plucked from her own breast. If she is obliged to absent herself from her little home for a prolonged period, she covers the eggs with this down, which shields them from being chilled.

We camped in these Oregon marshes for several weeks and, while our discomforts were numerous, we succeeded in securing several hundred feet of instructing and interesting films. Our pictures included every variety of ducks and geese, both old and young, that inhabited the swamps.

OUR filming expedition did not cease with securing these pictures of waterfowl. We decided that the eagle merited some of our attention, and during this part of our travels we made our headquarters at Eagle Ridge Tavern, at the upper end of Klamath Lake, Oregon. This is one of the most delightful resorts in America, with endless varieties of hunting and fishing. It was in this vicinity that we located more nests of the Bald and Golden Eagles than at any other point on the Pacific Coast.

Remember, a motion picture camera weighs eighty pounds. In order to secure these pictures, it was frequently necessary to carry the camera to the top of a tree 165 feet from the ground. The camera had to be held in a steady position while the operator sat astraddle a small limb. In this precarious and cramped position, one would have to remain perhaps for hours. Filming the creatures of the wild is a tax on one's patience. Not only must the birds become convinced that no danger is lurking near, but they must remain within focus of the camera a sufficient length of time to

enable the operator to secure an animated photographic sketch of their everyday lives.

Through the exercise of this quality of patience, we were rewarded in securing a great many pictures, that embodied in scope the life-story of these eagles, from the time the mother bird first inhabited her house until the young eagles were old enough and strong enough to fly. These eagles must have been known originally in Methuselah's time, because many of them attain the ripe old age of 200 years, and some of them live to be more than 400 years of age. Unlike the human being, an eagle never takes more than one mate. To love, honor and obey, therefore, in Eagle-land is to enter into a considerable contract.

The Bald Eagle makes its diet usually on fish, but the Golden Eagle is a falcon of Mars and much prefers to battle larger, living creatures. He is particularly fond of spring lamb on the hoof, and other animated rural assets. It is needless to say that we had many thrills and a few frights because of these Golden Eagles. It was not a position that warranted the relaxation of vigilance. Many times we would have received painful clawings had we not been everlastingly on the alert. Unknown to these marauders of the air, we made records of their lives so that their flapping wings, penetrating beaks, and dangerous talons might be shown in safety on the motion picture screen.

THROUGH our adventures in search of bird films, we engaged in a thrilling goose hunt. I refer to it as thrilling, advisedly, because it is really wanton slaughter of these defenseless birds.

In a great many instances from 500 to 800 are killed during a single day by just one party of hunters. Many of these sportsmen are residents of the larger cities, who travel to the fields during the open season and join the camps where are operated the decoys. The sportsmen pay from \$5 to \$10 a day. And then the slaughter continues for three or more hours. At the railway stations throughout the Sacramento and San Joaquin Valleys of California, during the open season, great piles of these dead geese may be seen.

There is a little bird that I filmed in over 1,000 feet of pictures, that is being rapidly exterminated. This bird is the Wilson Snipe, as it is known to the hunter.

During my expedition I met the Valley Quail, the China Pheasant, the Cormorant, the great Blue Heron and a great many others. I am glad that I have been privileged to have the public travel with me, because the camera's eye is the world's eye.

The scenes that I filmed from the tree tops, mountain crags, and the depths of the swamps become a part of the world's records, providing a means of bringing the natural life of the feathered kingdom into the family theatres of the film-loving populace.

The young pelican not only reaches its bill but practically all of its long neck, down the throat of its mother



GERDA HOLMES ART'S VOTARY

A Film Favorite Noted for Intense Dramatic Action
and Exceptionally Artistic Portrayals

SHE lives every light and every shadow—every smile and every tear—because she loves the art that has claimed her, and lives the character that she portrays. Gerda Holmes is one of the beautiful women of the screen who has developed dramatic skill as a fine art.

While she was leading woman for Essanay, she played in an attractive production, "The Spirit of the Madonna," in which she interpreted the character of a nun. She had evolved from a great painting upon the wall. When the work was done she returned to the painting and the film ended in a fade-out, with the circle of light narrowing until finally only her features were illumined. No film ever produced had more "repeat" runs than this one. An exhibitor in New Orleans had booked it as part of one evening's programme. By request, this film was repeated every matinee and evening for a week. The magnetism of this talented actress' marvelous dramatic expression simply radiated from the screen and gripped all manner of folk irrespective of their religious views.

Years ago, when the Thanhouser Film Corporation was producing some of its best work, and had Gerda Holmes, Maude Fealy, Florence La Badie, James Cruze, Jean Darnell, Wm. Russell, and Peggy Snow in the chief casts, many remarkable screen stories were made, such as "Robin Hood," "Little Dorrit," etc. It was during this period that Gerda Holmes made her debut as a film actress, and since that time she has appeared in scores of brilliant productions, playing opposite many of the most noted leading men of the photographic drama, including Francis X. Bushman, Richard Travers, Bryant Washburn and E. H. Calvert.

Whatever her part has been, Gerda Holmes has plunged into it heart and soul, and the photographic reproductions that accompany this article will convey in a small way an idea of her artistic skill. These pictures were taken from her latest triumph, "The Victory of Virtue," produced by the United Photoplays Co., under the direction of Harry McRae Webster. The story itself is remarkable in its allegorical details and is replete with many of the most difficult examples of the art of film acting, having innumerable dissolves and considerable double photography—all of which demand the most painstaking care in faithfulness of details in costuming, make-up and dramatic action. It is one of those plays calling for the highest dramatic art, and in the hands of any one less skilled, the play itself would be ruined, because it brings in every major and minor chord of dramatic emotional acting.

It shows the care-free girl, reared amid luxurious surroundings, gracefully favored by Nature, and with a host of admiring friends. And step by step, through love's awakening and the machinations of an evil-minded wooer, who finally reveals the cloven hoof, the action carries its beautiful leading lady down into the valley and shadow of error. Once she has tasted the sweetness of the bitter cup, and Virtue has come to guide her footsteps aright, she views the glories of a life well lived only to again turn her eyes to the flesh-pots of the world, and run the gauntlet of jealousy, despair, gluttony, and the other cardinal sins, to at last find surcease in the embrace of her satanic consort.

She revels in all the bacchanalian debauchery of youth—and then, as the cheering cup enslaves her, she is cast off even as her predecessor was dismissed. She has fallen from the heights of her youthful glory into the yawning pit of unending despair.

In order to carry out these innumerable transitions Miss Holmes was obliged to draw upon the great storehouse of her dramatic abilities. She proves herself to be mistress of every emotion and an adept in costuming and make-up. As the play terminates, she is once more led back to her former self and realizes that the vision she has beheld has been an

accurate revelation of the termination of the path she had so inadvertently chosen. During the period of her deep meditation, she had brought before her mind's eye every pleasure and every pang of the life that awaited her in the kingdom of oblivion. When she had returned to the narrow lane, her resolve was formed beyond shattering. She was a little older and infinitely wiser, but she had retained the charms that she had so nearly forfeited.

As a medium for her dramatic capabilities, "The Victory of Virtue" offered Miss Holmes all of the harpstrings of human emotions: Hopes, despairs, fancies and truths. The height of dramatic art lies in making the public feel what the artist has felt, and unless the artist lives the part she plays, then the screen reflects merely a series of photographic records. It is art that makes the screen a living thing and that tells us that we are actually viewing the scenes that we witness. Art causes the screen to be more than a flat surface upon which the projection is reflected. Art makes the filmplay a living, breathing reality—an aperture through which we view the world of make-believe.

Gerda Holmes has demonstrated, times without number, that she understands every emotion that has ever passed through human minds, or that has been buried in the hearts of men and women. But beyond this understanding is her artistic ability to blend these emotions in bodily action and facial expression, accentuated at the proper moments through forceful dramatic pauses. One of the great dangers of dramatic portrayal is overdoing an emotional part. To overdo is even worse than to underdo. Like the cake that is baking in the oven, there arrives the one isolated second when it has attained perfection. To withdraw it a moment too soon or a moment too late is to forfeit some of its goodness. So it is with dramatic expression. To arrive at the crux of the dramatic moment a second too soon, or a second too late, is to rob it of its pure suggestive flavor.

GERDA Holmes, like all great actresses, was born with a predisposition for things dramatic. Even during her childhood, she created around and about her an illusory world separated from the real world by a promiscuous arch of her own making. Consequently, she was young when she entered stage-land. She is still a young woman (in her early twenties) and resides with her parents at the family home in the North Shore section of Chicago. She was reared amid surroundings of position and wealth. Unlike many actresses, she was not obliged to take up dramatic art as a means of a livelihood. It was purely a question of choice. And through the years in which her fame has been spreading among millions of picture enthusiasts, she has still retained her earlier friendships—she has not been segregated from the environs of her girlhood. With very few exceptions, she has resided continuously beneath the family roof-tree. She has seen what was once a suburban home become part of a mighty city, surrounded by many square miles of apartment buildings. She has grown up with the remarkable progress of Chicago's North Shore—in one of the most beautiful residential sections of the mid-western metropolis.

The grounds surrounding the Holmes mansion are very large—platted according to the dimensions that prevailed along the North Shore in its earlier days (and a dozen years ago, this was a suburb!)—with many nooks and corners, and stately elms and beautiful maples. There are many lawns—shade for the long summer days—rest-spots where Miss Holmes finds comfort in her few leisure hours reading her favorite authors and entertaining her friends.

Around and about, in the neighborhood, are numerous picture theatres—and more are being added. The neighbors all watch for Gerda Holmes releases, and the first runs are absorbed by the North Shore movie palaces. This talented young screen actress



A transition from the innocence of girlhood to the bitter depths of hardened old age—the entire gamut of human emotions

is known and loved by thousands in Chicago, and simply because her art in the films has been so artistic that it carries its message straight home to the hearts of people—men and women, boys and girls.

Miss Holmes loves music, the drama, and above all the pictures. She delights in the work of other artists, and no one is more ready to pay a compliment than she—provided it is justly merited.

Her parents, too, have felt the pleasure of the pictures, and whenever there is a new release in which Gerda stars, the family will be found in the nearby theatre watching the new wonders of the family genius—for Miss Holmes is a genius—the home-loving type that is altogether too rare.

While most of the movie actresses are given to the majority of out-door sports, Miss Holmes retains the inclinations of the old school—and is an ardent student. She counts every day lost that has not added to her store of knowledge. She is posted on all current topics, and keeps abreast of everything that is being done in the films, as well as on the speaking stage. Many of her friends, who are in Chicago for a "run" at the down-town theatres, call to see her, and exchange green room gossip—like voices out of the past; for the movie star has a new class of green room gossip, while still relishing morsels from the old.

There has never been a more sincere student of

dramatic parts than Gerda Holmes. Whenever she is working in a feature, the success of that feature dominates her thought in the studio and out on locations, as well as during her hours of recreation. She meditates on what she has accomplished and upon what is still to be done. She regards no detail as trivial, but every one as important and as possessing direct bearing on the big moments of her play. Instead of being satisfied to do her best during her working hours, with her evenings in view as an oasis in the desert of labor, she regards these hours off duty as preparatory of the work that is to come.

Some of these intimate facts about Miss Holmes will explain why she has such a multitude of followers. Although a remarkably pretty woman, she has never been satisfied to simply "pose in pictures," which is a popular misconception of the duties of a screen actress. Any pretty woman may pose—but it takes an artist to act. The native talent must be developed through the most unrelenting study and practice. To make every picture a masterpiece has always been the fondest aspiration of Gerda Holmes, and her countless thousands of friends attest to the fact that she has succeeded.

In addition to her dramatic ability, Miss Holmes also possesses a beautiful voice, which is rich in tone and wonderfully modulated. Some months ago, while one of her pictures, "The Song in the Dark," an Essanay, was having a big run, she appeared in

person at many of the high-class photo-play theatres in Chicago and the immediate vicinity. In one of the scenes she was shown singing, and when this scene was projected on the screen, she would stand at one side of the stage and sing the song. In this way she had an opportunity of meeting in person thousands of her admirers. The experience was also most agreeable because, in a measure, it carried her back to her speaking stage days. However she enjoys filmplying more than any other branch of dramatic work.

There has never been a dramatic artist who believed more firmly in the screen than does Miss Holmes. In playing for the films, she sees a breadth of opportunity of entertaining millions instead of thousands. She has found that the relentless scrutiny of the camera demands greater faithfulness to every detail of dramatic portrayal than the speaking stage ever required. The limitations under which film players work have set dramatic art at a new angle. In film acting she sees a highly specialized branch of an age-old art, and she has studied every phase and feature of this newest profession.

It is this conscientious effort, coupled with her own natal skill, that has made her such a pronounced screen success. Her innumerable admirers will recognize these truths through the medium of her screen achievements, and will look for still greater things to emanate from her magnetic art.

Pretenses of Pauline By Pauline Bush

EDITOR'S NOTE: In our August issue we published an article from the pen of Pauline Bush. We have received so many letters from readers asking for more, that we have persuaded Miss Bush to write a series of articles telling us just what she "pretended" with the help of Christopher Columbus, her English pug dog.

HE was a wonderful doggie, my Christopher Columbus. I always thought he was very beautiful with his wet stub nose and his long tongue which was always out for an airing or a kiss. When I asked him if he understood what I was telling him, he had a way of panting heavily as though he had just been on a long run; but that was his way of saying, "Yes, of COURSE, I understand, silly."

Christopher Columbus had a habit of getting punished with me, and when I was in trouble and hung my head Christopher's curly tail would unwind and go between his legs, and as soon as we were alone he would put out his yard of a tongue and cuddle up to me and lick my face. He never seemed to remember his own scolding—easing my trouble came first with him.

Christopher Columbus was human; there is no doubt of it, but he had one failing. He was very jealous, and although he was jealous of the goat, he was also afraid of him and showed his annoyance by circling the goat until he (Columbus) was tired out. Columbus did not exhibit good sense with the goat, for all Mr. Goat did was to turn in a circle and put his head down when Columbus got too near.

But Columbus' deadliest rival was Laura Bell. Laura Bell was the dearest pig alive. She was very fat and very pink and she liked my company and would grunt in contentment when I pulled her fat ears or put my arm around her neck. Columbus would growl and bark and try to bite Laura Bell, but he could never get a good hold, for Laura Bell was too fat and when Christopher Columbus got too vicious, Laura Bell would roll him over with her snout and then Colum-



Pauline Bush and some of her friends—she tells them stories

bus would sulk until I got rid of the little fat pig. One day when Columbus had been particularly grouchy because I had paid too much attention to Laura Bell, we sat down under the big tree and I told him he should not be jealous, and that he ought to remember the splendid way that Laura Bell had helped us out on one particular occasion. This is what I told him:

"You must not get so jealous, Christopher Columbus, and you must not be a mean doggie to dear Laura Bell. Don't you remember the time when she led the way through the reception room? You know Christopher how you and I hate society and I believe I always shall. Ladies dressed up in their

too, Christopher, and used some of Mother's things, and don't you remember you had a pipe in your mouth and I had on my old dress and no stockings on. Then we went to the door where they were talking, and I opened it and gave Laura Bell a push into the room and she squealed and ran through and you went through too and dropped the pipe on one of the ladies' dresses, and then I marched through with my bare feet, my nose in the air and a pink parasol open.

"I had to laugh when Laura Bell started slipping on the hard wood floor and when she squealed the ladies squealed too. Mother was very angry, indeed, and that was the only thing I was sorry for, because there were tears in her eyes because we were so bad.

"And don't you remember that I went to bed without any supper and that Pearl-Ellen, the nigger mammy, brought me up some bread and milk after Mother had gone out? I cried until she promised to let you come up for a moment and have some, too. So you must never forget how Laura Bell helped us that time, Christopher, and you must not be so mean to her."

Of course, Christopher Columbus understood; he always did. He just forgot the next day, when I was hugging Laura Bell, and tried to bite her. It was not real meanness—just human jealousy.

I used to tell Christopher Columbus some fairy tales and also some stories that I was going to write some day. I will tell you all about one of these stories in the next issue.



Christopher Columbus is no more, but Pauline Bush still has canine friends



Photo by Harwood

MABEL NORMAND



ROSCOE ARBUCKLE



CHARLES MURRAY



Photo by Litzner

SYDNEY CHAPLIN



Photo by Hartwood

HAMPTON DEL RUTH



This is the Aggregation That Silences Sobs for the Wearied Millions and

THE KEYSTONE

By DICK M



Is a comedian really funny outside of his comedy act? The popular idea of a humorist is a funereal looking gentleman with a drooping mustache and sad canine eyes.

If you were to walk into the Keystone Studios, at Edendale, near Los Angeles, you would feel that you had discovered the mother lode of the funnybone. The Keystoneer was born funny. The first thing that most of them did upon greeting this gloomy world, was to smile at it, and they have been laughing and making the world laugh ever since. Once a professional comedian decided to join forces with the Keystone crew, but he was unable to take a practical joke. He never finished the picture.

One is forced to believe that a water-witch wandered around the broad acres of the studio location with a crooked stick, and located the Spring of Hilarity and called it Edendale.

The Keystoneers do not extract all of their humor from the scenario. They have some of their own. They originate it. Fun plays tag over their features, two shifts a day, and they smile in their sleep. This is the aggregation that silences sobs for the worrying millions and reflects the golden sunshine of wholesome humor from the screen. The screen will never billiard back humor unless the camera registers it originally. There cannot be any make-believe in the thorough enjoyment of a Keystone comedy. The fun has to be uncorked outside of the sets so it will be served in liberal measure when the comedy is being filmed.

Just as every arch must have its keystone, so is there a Keystone to the arch of fun at Edendale. This Keystone is Mack Sennett, one of the big figures in the newly formed Triangle. Mack Sennett is known wherever laughter is echoed, or a giggle has broken life's monotony. Mr. Sennett is a Congress of Fun himself, but he has around him a House of Representatives of the Republic of Fun, and he encourages his comedians to perpetuate the business of smiling on the stage and around the studio. Mr. Sennett has a notable aggregation of laugh-provokers to assist him in his excellent construction of Keystone comedy, or may we call it masonry? For example: There is jolly Fred Mace, with the same broad grin that he wore the first time he put a laugh on the screen. Fred sort of wandered away from the fold for awhile, but he came back with his cap and bells and joined his jesting pals.

During my recent visit to Edendale, I had a fleeting glimpse of Mabel Normand, who was descending the stairs, three steps at a time, in order to escape righteous retribution at the hands of the pachyderm of Smileland, the rollicking humorist, Roscoe Arbuckle. Mabel Normand is filled with the bubbles of fun, just the way champagne is filled with its own kind of bubbles. There is surely something intoxicating about the good humor of this beautiful young lady. Not only is she a comedienne par excellence, but she has a heart throb for everyone whom she may help. What would a Keystone comedy be without Mabel Normand? What would the Keystone studios be without her? She is filled to the brim with dramatic talent and she knows how to build a comedy situation to the point of its big laugh.

But let us pass from the aura of the smile of the Lady Dainty of screen comedians, and go on a little sight-seeing jaunt to regard the splendor of his Humorous Majesty—Roscoe Arbuckle.

Of course everybody refers to him as "Fatty." His avoirdupois means the same to Mr. Arbuckle that heavy trading means to the Stock Exchange. He is funny in the pictures, but he is funnier

in actual life. If you have ever entertained the idea that Roscoe Arbuckle is flabby, just erase the information from your mind. Roscoe Arbuckle is an athlete. He can outlift the heavy-weight lifters and he can outrun the fleetest sprinters. Of course, if you were running away from him it would be a hazardous undertaking to stop short. Momentum consists of speed multiplied by weight—and Fatty Arbuckle has momentum. It is not long since that he won a running match in Mexico and romped away from the trained bull fighters, who thought it would be easy to outdistance a fat man. Roscoe is always a big favorite at the Keystone studio. He has an understudy. You may never suspect it, but his understudy is as great a character as he is. This understudy is a high-voltage, bow-legged, vivacious bull pup.

Strange things occur around the Keystone studios.

There was Charlie Murray all dressed up like a millionaire on Easter morning. He passed the time of day in his friendly way and a few minutes later he fell headlong into a mill stream. If a solicitor of an accident insurance company should stroll through the Keystone grounds, he would drop dead of heart failure. Those Keystone comedians look like an aggregation of bad risks. Comedy is strenuous work. The gentle public can laugh much better when some poor mortal is kicked in the face than if the comedy were of too refined a character. Just two hours previous to this episode of the mill stream, Mr. Murray had put on the same sort of stunt. Fearing that his clothes would shrink and that he might require a shoe-horn to re-enter them, he followed the best rules of Hygiene by allowing his garments to dry on him. You remember Mr. Murray when he was a member of the team of Murray and Mack. Now he says he is classified as a "lens squirrel," and likes the job. In order that you may not be impelled through your great goodness to dispatch a jar of balm to Charlie Murray, I will explain that before I left, he was wearing dry garments without any symptoms of gripe or pleurisy.

I had scarcely departed from Mr. Murray's company, when I encountered Syd Chaplin, brother of one Charlie Chaplin; but Syd is not like Charlie at all; being a brother, he does not attempt to copy the capers of Charlie. He

Scenario Department Staff of the Keystone Film Company
Del Ruth, Managing Editor; Clarence Badger; Fred
Haver; Harry Wulfe, (standing);



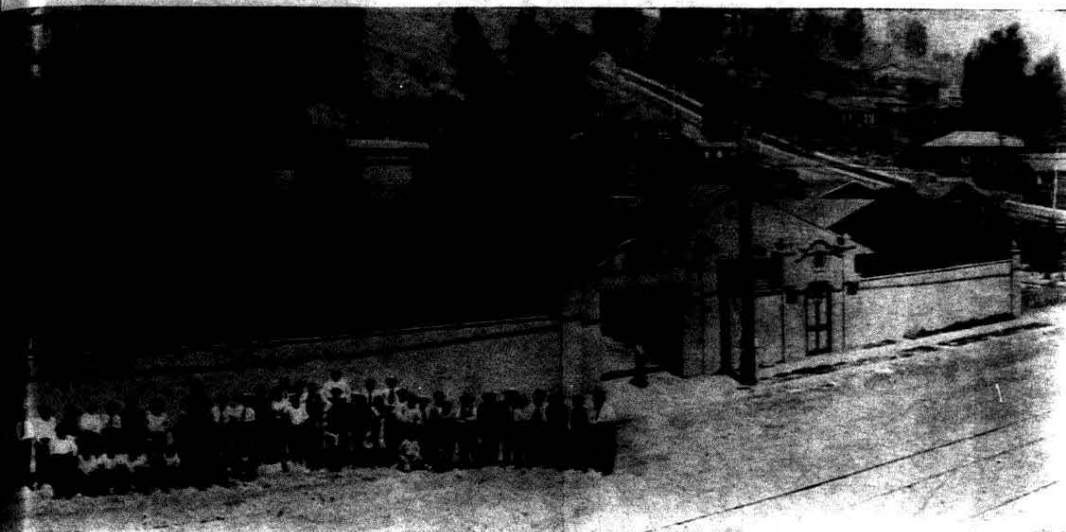


Photo by Hartnack

MAC K SENNETT



FORD STERLING



MAC K SWAIN



FRED MACE



CHESTER CONKLIN

Reflects the Golden Sunshine of Wholesome Humor from the Screen

OF ARCH FUN

ELBOURNE

leaves that to the comedians of other companies. Syd has plenty of good stunts of his own to

pull off. Consequently his big brother can never upbraid him. Over in one corner was Ford Sterling, noted over five continents for his battered silk tile and his funny chin whiskers. Ford was convulsed with laughter at the antics of Eddie Foy and the seven junior Foyes. There was a time when Mr. Sterling wandered away from the Keystone, but he wandered back again. When all of his make-up and costuming have been set aside, he is a mighty fine-looking chap, and he is one Keystone comedian who appears very serious and sober when he departs from the studio. Mr. Sterling is delighted with the advent of Eddie Foy, who is delivering the typical Foy brand of fun in the acts and out of them.

Raymond Hitchcock was also present. Raymond is having a great time of it in the pictures. He spends much of his leisure with Mack Sennett and Flora Zabelle, his wife. They do some comedy work and then they have a little supper. Raymond regards screening as a most enjoyable outing. He says it is a novel idea to have fun with a thousand audiences on the same night.

You know Chester Conklin, or any rate you know his mustache; but you should enjoy the cardinal pleasure of a personal acquaintance with this comedian. His memory is a library of anecdotes, and in many of his experiences he does not spare himself when they are narrated. Conklin is a very companionable fellow. He is a well-dressed man; makes friends and keeps them.

Mack Swain was not recognizable, due to the fact that he was not wearing his make-up. Mack is a big man who laughs like the breakers of the Pacific. Swain, Arbuckle and the ponderous

youth, who appears in the Keystone comedies, never ride on the same elevator at the same time. They are talking of forming a monopoly in the nature of a Fat Men's Club.

They are a great bunch, those Keystoneers, and their humor has become the standard laugh tonic of the universe.

You remember Louise Fazenda, who was formerly in the "Joker" comedies. She is young and daring and will take any sort of a chance that may provide a laugh.

Two more of the pretty and talented comedienues are May Bush and Minto Durfee, who put in full time at the Laugh Foundry.

The writers and artists and directors of the Keystone are companions, friends and co-workers. There is no aloofness, but the closest kind of good fellowship. Fred Palmer, general good fellow and publicity man, is always ready to turn a hand in any needed direction. It is Mr. Palmer who initiated the everyday bulletin service and he is one of the liveliest publicity men in the game. He had a wealth of newspaper experience before he entered the Keystone shop, and he has helped to spread the name and fame of everything Keystonean.

Another of the Keystone hustlers is Hampton Del Ruth, chief of the Scenario department. Del is in full charge and is responsible for the wonderful productions that have had their being within the Keystone releases. The comedy scribes associated with Mr. Ruth, are Harry Williams, Clarence Badger, Jean Havez, Harry Wulze, Vincent Bryan, and Charles Reisner. These artists and writers comprise the main battery of the Keystone comedians.

But let us take a look at the shop in which they labor. The studios line both sides of the road. They are a strange mixture of mission architecture and plain wooden walls with most unmission-like interiors, and they are arranged for convenience and capacity and their sets are noted for their great beauty. The properties that are broken up so ruthlessly by the Keystone players are not cheap, but are really expensive. If a piece of furniture is to be smashed, the Keystone idea is to make it expensive furniture.

Part of the fun of the Keystone comedy is the unexpectedness of events. To break a costly library table for the sake of comedy effects, is a certain means of extracting a laugh through the reaction of the shock of wanton destruction.

It is not so long ago that the Keystone plant consisted of a little, squat building in which were housed the offices and laboratories of everything that was Keystonean. It was in these days that Mack Sennett was directing Mace, Sterling and Mabel Normand. The comedies were founded on popular ideas, and when it came to comedy effects, Mr. Sennett proved that he was King of the Jesters. He understood public demands and knew how to meet them. To know what the public wants is a big step in the right direction, and to give the public what it wants is the next step in the right direction.

In telling this story of the Keystone, I would remind you that it completes my tales of the Triangle. I have already taken you on a visit to the Reliance-Majestic and the Ince Studios. These, with the Keystone, comprise the big, new combination, at the head of which are the three masters—Griffith, Ince and Sennett. Each of the three studios had perfected itself and the three brands of films had long since become favorites with the public, prior to this combination. The success of these plays will naturally be greater through the splendid alliance.

The world demands comedy and regards it as one of life's necessities. A program that is to be a success must embody a certain amount of comedy in it. The Keystone sign outside of the picture-play theatre has proved to be a veritable fun magnet. While others were experimenting with comedy effects, the Keystone was producing. While others were theorizing, the Keystone was practicing.

If laughter implies health, as we are told by many of the greatest authorities, then the Keystone players are the master practitioners, with Mr. Sennett as the Big Medicine Man.

Reading from left to right: Harry Williams; Hampton Del Ruth, Writer and Director of Publicity; Jean Havez; Vincent Bryan; Charles "Chuck" Reisner.



FUTURE FILM FEATURES

Sweet Alyssum

Five Reel Feature Produced By
Selig Polyscope Company

Written by Charles Major

CAST

Roanoke Brooks - - TYRONE POWER
Daisy Brooks - KATHLYN WILLIAMS
Sweet Alyssum - - - Edith Johnson
Wynne Garlan - - - Wheeler Oakman
Robert Garlan - - - Frank Clark
Thurlow - - - Harry Lonsdale
The Baby - - - Gene Fraser
Colin Campbell - - Director

It has been said that one-half of the world does not know how the other half lives. How often we do not know the truth



Daisy Brooks pretends the love she does not feel



Her love of wealth leads her along the primrose path



Wynne Garlan, a poor bank clerk, weds a worldly woman whose demands he cannot meet, is falsely accused of theft and begins life anew as a teacher beloved by his pupils



Thurlow vindictively arouses the law against Wynne

of our next door neighbor's life! Fate is a constantly turning wheel—moving jerkily here and there where rough, hard knocks occur, and anon smoothly when peace and harmony exist. "Sweet Alyssum" is a well told story of Life's many turns, excellently portrayed by artists whose depiction of "how the other half lives" offers an absorbing view of the pains of wrong doing intermingled with and contrasted to the pleasure of right living.



RELEASED NOVEMBER 15



Sweet Alyssum is willing to sacrifice everything for Wynne

Opportunity

EVERY play upon the screen—every song from the disc of the phonograph—every sputtering breath of the wireless: these things are singing a song of new courage, and pointing to the way of greater endeavor.

The good old times held their rewards, and created their famed folk, and builded their vast fortunes; but in the scope of their possibilities, they were but shadows compared with the sunshine of Today's opportunity.

If such marvelous things have come into being—such impossibilities as craft that fly above the clouds and convert man into a new and wondrous winged creature—and all within the span of a few fleeting years—then what may the morrow hold?

The picture play—the most wonderful of all this latter-day magic because it measures out happiness to the greater number of persons—is a challenge to your ingenuity, to your aspirations, to your determination.

Young men, crying against the odds arrayed against them, are unworthy of the time. If Opportunity stalked abroad in the past, then Opportunity is present in crowds at the present time. If the minds of some human beings could conceive such wonders as those which have already become commonplace, what may the next few years mean?

In the cradles of nurseries today, are future powers in the fields of thought and discovery. They will be powers simply because you, and the balance of us, will not be sufficiently diligent and clever to discover what is around and about us, crying out to be found. And none of these undiscovered things is lost; it is simply trying to manifest itself—it is

Cry not for the good old days, good friend,
Mourn not for the days of yore—
We've found more wondrous ways, good friend,
Than the ways we knew before.
Now men may die, but their voices live
And talk to us at our will—
And figures are seen upon the screen
When those forms themselves are still.
We thought that the telegraphic key
Spelled progress marked and fair—
But now a million voices speed
Upon the wings of the air—
The girth of the world has shrunk, good friend,
To a second's fract'nal part—
And what was but dream stuff, now is
The commonest kind of art.
Cry not for the good old days, dear friend,
But think of the days that are—
And you may find, down in your mind
Still greater things, by far!

whisperingly imploring that it may join the throng, and keep pace with the Forward March.

Young man, as you view the plays upon the screen, think less of the romance they portray, and more of the power they represent. They are examples of the supremacy of mind over circumstance. And yet you whimper—you are afraid of tomorrow—you doubt that you can ever succeed as well as though you were born a hundred years ago. To wish to have lived in a time that is gone, is to admit your defeat

in the present-day rush and the success that is the common heritage of the hour.

But "luck" did not bring these things. It was thought—action—a desire to do something that had never been done. The things that have never been done, are a trillion times greater than those things that have been done—because those who are to live will vastly outnumber all those who have lived.

Do you complain that Opportunity has forgotten you? Or—is that which you seek a soft, somnolent berth, wherein you may succeed without trying, and eat without working? What would Ben Franklin have given to live in days like these—or Dante, or Milton, or Shakespeare? They made the best out of the crude materials at hand—with minds capable of working into classic form the most excellent material that we waste wantonly.

You complain—because you are afraid—because you fear to put yourself to the test—because you refuse to admit that, had you lived a hundred years ago, your superstitious dread would have wilted your poor body and clouded your poor mind in the mere contemplation of the marvels that are part and parcel of TODAY!

Take courage from the truth that no time has ever been nearly so good as the present. Simply have a little more faith in yourself, and be anxious to work—to labor unremittingly, if necessary, for the sake of adding to the wonderwork of your day and hour. Then you will find a field of Opportunity that is as broad as all outdoors, and as great as the universe itself.

And until you have accepted this broader vision, and have adapted yourself to it, the screen and its marvels must mock your poor complaints and ridicule your faltering excuses.

ALPHA-BET AT THE MOVIES

THE old professor wags his head; he is in such a groove, he's going to take the Alphabet and go and see the movies. He took the vote of all the vowels, the I's were in assention, the consonants without the vowels would be in great dissension. "To B or not to be," said A, "to C's a D sight better, and should the X prove cross, well, then, oh G we shall not letter." "Oh, U!" cried crooked W, "just mind your P's and Q's or, you'll never see the screen tonight, for I shall tell the Censor." Old English slipped the Prof the H, and said, "E's got 'is 'ands full, and hif 'e hisn't careful, 'E will 'ave 'is bloomin' fans full." Flirtatious N just gurgled "M-m-m— I hope the boy'll see me, and yet we have an awful J, though still that J may please me." "A Kay-Bee film for mine tonight," observed sly S a stutterin'. "An Essanay for mine all right," vivacious V kept mutterin'. "Oh L—L—Ko!" said lazy Z, "a big U one for mine, sir, or else cut loose a K-L-M, I'm sure that will be fine, sir." "R all of you prime for a night?" the old Prof whispered smiling, "for F you're not, then just watch out, awhile the time you're whiling." "It suits us, Prof, just to a T," the Alphabet all shouted, "so Y wait further, Prof, old dear, in getting us all routed?"

They have filmed pretty nearly everything else: The Earth, the Stars, the Sun, the Moon—the cities and the country—the mountains, plains and ocean. They have filmed them all—all except one thing. Thus it came about that we consulted our old friend, the Professor. Said we to him, "All has been filmed; there is nothing new under the sun, or the farther side of the sun. What shall we do?" And the Professor scratched his gray head as professors are wont to do, and he said—like that "Ah, ha! I have it. I will film the alphabet." We dared him to do it, and he took the dare—and what he did and how he did it have both been chronicled by the Pote. The Pote is the intrepid interpreter, and this is his interpretation:

"Tut, tut!" the Prof responded sharp, "we still have more to hear from, for should we fail to take the quotes, you'll find the titles queer from the place you sit and sob or laugh, a ? sure will smite you, or pollywogging commas will jump from the screen and bite you." "So parenthetically we'd say," the scare-mark cried in wonder, "we'd put a period to our joys and then we'd roar like thunder!" "Let's make a dash!" cried A-B-C, "and hyphenate our pleasures, and hasten thither to the screen and drink its golden treasures." "But, as-to risks," the old Prof said, "we'll risk tonight's great feature, and let us see if we can't find a-breviated creature." A wedding interfered a bit, a period wed a comma, and caused the colon semi-joy, this semi-colon's mama. Apostrophizing thus, they marched in single-file or double, some hoping for romances sweet, and others hoping trouble. They took their seats most orderly and watched the faintest flicker—a giggling at the gravest scenes—most always in a snicker. They cheered the hero lustily and cat-called at the vill-yun, and found their endless joys pile up—a thousand to a trillion. The Prof was pleased to note that though he still had but a slack board, he'd let the Alphabet cut loose in Movies on the blackboard.

THE GIRL IN THE PATHE

By LLOYD KENYON JONES

XI.

FATE has a little way all her own, when it comes to shuffling the Deck of Life—and particularly in the dealing. Sometimes we mortals imagine that we are drawing aces, when—alas! we are getting nought but deuces, and not an over-supply of those. So it was with Etienne Le Croix. A shadow had crept onto his mental screen. It may have been the memory of a certain watch he had caused to be purloined on a certain express train long ago. Something had occurred that made him believe that great detectives are fortunate, rather than successful—or unfortunate, as the case may be. The latter was his special condition, which he realized fully and painfully as he looked ruefully across the narrow court and watched the Gold Dust Twins do their fade-out, with a cordon of burly London bobbies barring his clinching of the reward that Jack Randle had offered to be brought face-to-face with—the Girl!

"Ah, well!" Le Croix crooned softly to himself. "Eet eez not always zat zey block ze great Le Croix. What eez time? Bah! Eet eez ze passing of ze moment—and zip, soon eet eez past—and zen, ah zen, I claim ze reward of ze patient wait and ze burial of my fond deductions—ah!"

But none of these things did the intrepid little French hound of justice say aloud. He had a price. All men are said to have prices—as, for instance, Billy Mumford. His price was plenty of food and drink. Give him that—and all the hearts could be extracted from the Deck of Life, and he would play as enjoyable a game.

"I know," Le Croix continued to himself, in a vain effort to still the passions in his heart—glancing at Mumford the while. "I know who keel ze poor Miss Conway. And now—but wait, ze time must come. Ze time—oh damn ze time—he fly like he wear ze bandage on ze wing. He creep—zat's eet—he creep. But when he creep far enough—la, la—zen, zen—!"

"If you weren't a hally," said one of the officers feelingly, as he extracted Le Croix's fist from his eye. "Hi would 'ave you in the Tower speedily. But—" and then he curbed the sarcasm of his tongue. After all, he might exercise his position to impress the detective into the service. The thought made the bobby's heart warm.

The young ladies had gone—to the front. When a woman falls in love, she wishes to be a heroine—or eat poison. There isn't much difference, really, not in life as it is. On the screen, things are so much different. But this was not on the screen, this was not according to any scenario; it was an actuality, and that reality sank into Jack Randle's leaden heart like a pointed shaft. His resistance was gone—his fighting spirit had ebbed. The Girl in the Pathe had been his almost—and then Fate began dealing from the bottom of the pack, and here he was, farther away from the solution than ever. Maybe—but he shuddered at the thought, his heart chilled as many thoughts raced through his maddened brain. Really, what had he done to earn the girl—or any girl? Life is too often a fizzle when a young man has no regard for time and money. All the moralists had said it—but why had they said it with such sanctimonious smiles? He hated preaching; he loved philosophy. If somebody had only come to him earlier in life, and pounded the truth home to him! But nobody had ever come except unreal preachers with plaster-of-paris faces. If men who had really lived could only talk to men who are just trying to learn how to live, how much different the world would be. But when a man has learned his gospel from life, and not out of a book, he is given to holding his counsel. He is never sure that he has learned just how to live himself. So it must have been in Jack's set; those who knew kept still. Only thin-lipped Dominies talked—and it was too much like a funeral oration to suit a fellow of Jack's turbulent type. And here he was—the laughing stock of the world—dry-rotting in a London hostelry, with the Girl of his dreams being whisked to the docks, to depart on a mission of mercy—to soothe the death agonies of men a million times more worthy than he.

"We'll go to ze front!" Le Croix breathed at last—and the officer smiled. He was glad to see the diminutive Frenchman of the same mind.

"We fight—for, ah, la belle France! Um—ze sweet France!" Etienne's jaws closed with a snap. The recreant thought had crept into the back of his brain again, and he bit his lips. He would simply refuse to think. He must get his companions back to America. His mind was made up. He was firm in his decision—and having satisfied himself of his resolution, he wooed the sunshine once more, and smiled. He laughed over his absinthe in the inn, and he saw angels in the smoke-wreaths that arose from his stogie. He even gloated over the hapless pair that sat across from him—Jack Randle in the deep blue sulks, and Billy Mumford cursing the miserable cuisine.

But the days finally dragged around, and Etienne Le Croix executed a flank movement that would have done credit to a field marshal. He beguiled his friends into embarking on the wrong steamer—one bound for the Golden Gate through the Panama Canal.

In order to safely misdirect the pair, the detective doped them. He fed them wine that was rich in the smile of the poppy. At the pier, he had some little discussion with the ship's officers, but Le Croix was always equal to any occasion, great or trivial.

"Zey wine late," he argued. "Ah, ze temper of ze grape. But see, I have here ze extra money—ze grand trip!" And the extra money sufficed. After all, why should a ship's officials object to carrying a pair of inebriates, at a premium—and particularly when a submarine or a mine was a powerful argument against traffic of all kinds?

Le Croix, with the assistance of a steward succeeded in getting Randle and Mumford tucked away in their berths, where they slept off their torpor. But their brilliance did not return for some time. It did not come until it was too late for them to object. Le Croix objected with them, although they suspected him.

XII.

WHEN Grace Mollaine and Vivian Sinclair received the cablegram, they were just ready to attach themselves to the Red Cross society, but the message from afar was too important to countenance even their fine heroic spirits. It was a case of returning to London without loss of time, and booking passage on the first boat westward bound.

"We'll stay by ourselves," Grace suggested timidly, with a shiver of apprehension. "I don't feel right about anything any more. Why, portents are in the air—like wireless waves—smiling one on the cheek at every turn. For the first few days, at least, let us remain in our stateroom—and if we do go out, let us keep away from the other passengers."

Vivian acquiesced without so much as lifting her brows. When things go wrong so persistently, it is pretty nearly time to stay aloof. That is the safest way of keeping out of trouble. But they were getting to be good sailors, and staterooms are stuffy. They are too much like prisons. The second evening, therefore, the young ladies ventured on deck, but they kept by themselves and avoided all acquaintanceship. Had they been asked to describe one of the passengers, it is questionable if they could have done so. Yet one of the passengers, at least, could describe them. His pulse quickened—and he cogitated matters very rapidly.

"I feel apprehensive," Grace confessed to her friend. "Some things one may see—but the unseen we often feel. This is of the unseen variety."

Vivian shrugged her shoulders and gazed fixedly at the floor. She had felt it, too.

"It may be nothing," she argued feebly. "One's nerves can stand just so much strain and no more. It seems to me that ours have been put to the test severely the past few months, but back home it will be different. I tell you, Grace, it was poor business having those men shadowed that night in San Francisco. Of course, the girls did not know—couldn't know—except that they connected the incident of the watch with us. I wish I'd never seen the watch." Vivian paused. There were footsteps outside. They faltered before the door. And then—a loud rapping brought the young ladies to their feet. What could it be? What could it mean?

Grace arose fearfully—hesitant. The tapping came again—a nervous, apprehensive knocking. Grace steeled herself against eventualities and stepped to the door. She opened it quickly, and caught her breath as she did so.

It was the stewardess with a note. Grace looked askance at the square envelope, bearing the ship's insignia—and then glanced fearfully at Vivian. So it had found them even here?

"Under pain of unpleasantness," the note ran, "do not mingle with the others, or permit any one to see your features. It is vitally important that you heed this message."

"Who gave it to you?" Grace asked fearfully, as she gazed at the stolid stewardess. But that lady shook her head dolefully and compressed her lips, and walked away.

"It is something—dreadful!" Vivian sobbed. "What do you suppose it can be?" But Grace only drew her forehead into a web of tiny wrinkles and looked out of the porthole abstractedly and watched the stars blinking above the black water.

"We still have about twelve days ahead of us," she commented, at length. "Well, many times twelve days have had to pass before. I wonder—surely it can't be that terrible officer from Panama!" Whereat Vivian squealed deliciously and sank in a faint on the couch.

For two days the girls did not venture from their room, but after that, they caught breaths of salt air from secluded portions of the deck, and assumed deep black as their costuming effect, so as to ward off curious persons. Shadows seemed to lurk at every hand. Once some one walked toward them rapidly—and waved a hand at them to depart. They obeyed—but why, they did not know. Again, the purser spoke to them quietly, and told them that a friend wished them to remain in their room all the next day—but he refused further explanation. Had the ship been laden with wild beasts—had white fangs been bared at them from every corner—they would not have felt less uneasy. Why should they question, when apparently friends were with them, even though enemies were also present?

That night another note was slipped under the door. Grace saw it first. She listened, but heard no sound—except, perhaps a padded foot-fall outside, that and nothing more.

She attempted to keep Vivian from seeing the envelope, but Miss Sinclair was all vision; she was not going to permit any detail to escape her, night or day. She snatched the envelope from her friend's hand—not at all in accordance with her customary genteel manners. This was not a time for ethics. It was time for caution.

"They suspect," the note ran, "Beware!"

This was pleasant. It was calculated to give them happy dreams. They were beyond speaking; they were afraid to look squarely at one another, lest the terror in their eyes be recognized mutually. They did not even glance into the mirror except when they were obliged to—a restraint of unusual proportions for two beautiful young ladies. Beautiful! Indeed—except, perhaps, for pathetically drooping mouth- corners, and a few telltale lines showing around their sleep-robed eyes. Insomnia and nightmares are bad when combined—and they were combined constantly now.

IT seemed, before they reached Panama, as though they had been born and reared on that ship. It was torture beyond description to undergo the examination of the quarantine officers—but they had arranged with the captain to be as secluded as possible while these formalities were in progress. They scarcely dared look out of their room while they were passing through the Canal, although the tropical heat was burning them like red-hot brands from the fires eternal. But all things must pass, and the Pacific was cooler and more agreeable, even though it was extremely rough. And then, one evening, as they ventured on deck, with a little spark of hope burning in their hearts, they nearly ran into three stealthy figures—and Grace Mollaine groaned hopelessly and sank to the deck.

One of the figures reached them first and ordered the others to summon the surgeon and bring water—occupations for both.

So fate had finally caught up with them? That was their last thought as they drooped over in their swoon. The unseen had now been seen. The mystery was solving itself only to deepen. In their unconsciousness, they groaned. Fear had instilled itself in their hearts. It had claimed their souls. It was overpowering fear that had eventually seized them and claimed them as its very own. This was the dominating thought in the minds of both when they again took cognizance of the events occurring around them.

XIII.

"ZARE!" Etienne Le Croix said soothingly, as he helped Grace to her room, with Vivian following hard at his heels. "zare, soon we are in ze gran' Fresco. Hurry—ze othairs come soon." And, having placed Miss Mollaine on her bed, he pushed Vivian back of the door, and barred the way. "No water," he cried insistently, "only ze doctair—no one else."

"Who are they—who are they?" Billy Mumford demanded, as he placed a hand roughly on the little Frenchman, but Le Croix was not to be bluffed. The time was coming when he need not be bluffed.

"Stand back, I say!" Etienne commanded. "Al-ways you must do what ze gentleman won't do. Now, call ze stewardess. Zat is ze best part to play." And as he commanded, it was.

But from that moment, Le Croix was at his wits' end to keep Mumford silent. Did Billy suspect the identity of the girls—or was he simply growing sulky? Well, if watching would do any good, he would have plenty of that. He would be under the surveillance of every officer of the ship.

The relations between Le Croix, on the one hand, and Randlely and Mumford on the other, were badly strained. Some great gulf had opened between them—and with the Golden Gate drawing noticeably nearer every hour (twenty knots nearer), Le Croix was feeling his precarious position more keenly.

He had gone to San Francisco originally for a purpose, and now, after weary travels and ceaseless adventures, he was coming back again!

Grace and Vivian were ill. The spirit had been taken out of them. Now they had an idea of just what menace threatened them. What they had sought to escape all these months, was thrust upon them, and they were weakening under the burden of the ordeal. If they would only leave the steamer and pass the customs, and get into a taxi, they had a fighting chance. At home, they could barricade themselves in—and an army of servants would help them hold the fort against all comers. But out here at sea it was different. One is so terribly confined out on the ocean—so helpless in the face of danger. Small wonder they prayed that the boat would sink!

At last there appeared on the eastern horizon a long black mark, like the smoke that trails in the wake of a steamer. But it was not smoke. As the minutes passed, that line took form, and out of the dun mist shapes arose—stately shapes that eventually had an aperture between them. The Golden Gate was within view—and never before had it looked so beautiful to them. It was still early morning, and by noon they would be in their own homes, under the ministering care of tender nurses. These thoughts buoyed them up somewhat—but not sufficiently to make them feel at ease for a single moment.

As the mountains became more clearly limned against the bright eastern sky, they could not resist the temptation to go on deck, and join the happy throng at the rail. Why should they relinquish a view of—home? When does home look more welcome than from the deck of an incoming steamer?

For a moment, as they gazed in rapture at the entrance to the Bay, they forgot their danger—and then—a hand was placed tremblingly on Grace Mollaine's shoulder. She turned abruptly.

"Billy!" she cried hoarsely as she gazed into Mumford's eyes. "How dare you come to me like

this? That young rake of a friend of yours has done quite enough to disgrace us—and yet, from the start, you must have known that he has always lived just three doors from us in San Francisco."

"The Girl!" Jack cried, as he started forward, but Etienne Le Croix was between them in an instant—his face twitching, and his mouth distorted in a hideous grin that betokened anything but humor.

"The Girl in the Pathe—" and Randlely's eyes narrowed to slits, and he bared his teeth. "By George, at last I have met—the Girl!"

Down the Bay a tug was puffing its laborious way.

And Le Croix looked toward that tug hopefully. It contained the pilot and—a friend!

"Don't touch me!" Grace screamed, as she drew away from Randlely. "You, of all persons on earth, should keep away from me. It was you—you—who—" but she buried her face in her hands and wept hysterically.

The tug was alongside the vessel now, and several men were ascending the ladder. Two of them were immigration officials—one a pilot—and two—

"Here, officers!" Le Croix called. "here is the man who murdered—ze gran'—Miss Conway!"

Jack Randlely gasped as he swung around—and then a wicked light came into his features. When he spoke, his voice was high-pitched and harsh.

"Yes—yes," he chuckled dryly. "I am—but—I didn't mean to. And now—it's my damned luck again—I—"

He plunged over the rail, and a moment later a dark form was sucked into the hungry maw of the undertow that races past the lighthouse at the harbor entrance.

And the Girl in the Pathe was relieved of her obsession!

.....

Which proves, by the way, that real life and reel life are often different!

(The End.)

The Lost Chord

By MILDRED WASKA
With Decorations by Herself

EXTRACTING THE HUMOR MINORS FROM THE TRAGEDY MAJORS

ROME may have had its Nero, and 4th of July its fireworks, but whoever heard of a city having its Tigress? The Tigress might be related to the Bull Moose and there is no telling but that Ted Roosevelt won't be the chief performer this time. What awful noise I hear! Sounds as if the Tigress was let loose in the pantry. "One more," pipes the usher. My heart sank. Did he mean one more victim of the Tigress? Nothing stirring. Only room for one more inside the movie house. (Same thing). That meant me, I guess, so I went in. But that awful noise was still there. It was the organist massaging the keys and stepping all over the wrong pedals. He had a hard time managing his foot pedals. (Maybe he washed his feet and couldn't do a thing with 'em.) Somebody should have told the organist that he could stay, but that awful noise must go. If Nero played anything like this organist, I don't blame Rome for burning. In spite of it all, the Tigress came. It was only a woman that looked like Trilby doing the tightrope walk. (Blame her tight dress for it—what there was of it.) Too bad Svengali wasn't around to hypnotize her into wearing at least an Angora scarf around her neck.

By the looks of things she was forelady of the Crooks' Union. These crooks dressed up in their Tuxedos and invited themselves into society. Having such taking ways they took all the valuables they could handle, and get away with it. The leader of the crooks always wore a cane so he wouldn't catch cold. What a face! He ought to hang it on the wall and shoot at it. Two bunches of new money were soldered to his cheeks and his silk hat finished his appearance. Anyone could mistake him for a chiropodist, manicuring knotholes in wooden legs. But he got away with

the jewelry just the same and brought it to the forelady that was called the City Tigress. Her husband used to boss the crooks, but he quit. He got mixed up in a fight one day and got shot. The bullet entered the inner parallelogram of his diaphragmatic thorax, superinducing membranous hemorrhage in the outer cuticle of his basilaconthamaturgist. Anyway he died. I didn't want to cry because I lost my handkerchief and I don't like shiny sleeves.

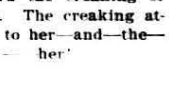
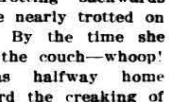
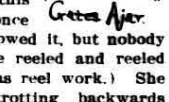
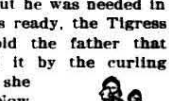
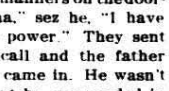
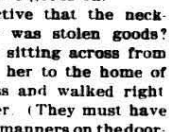
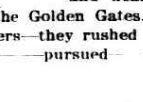
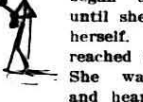
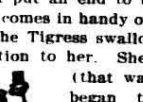
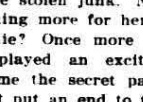
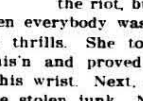
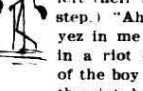
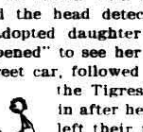
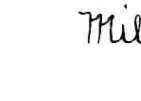
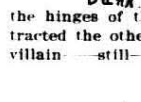
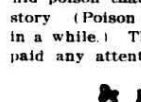
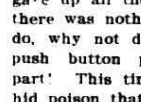
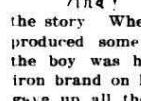
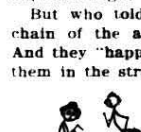
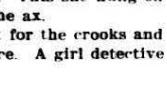
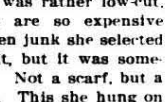
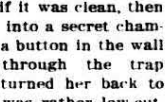
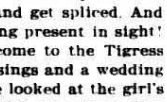
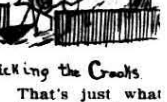
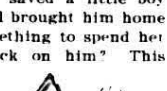
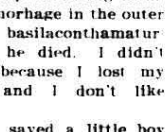
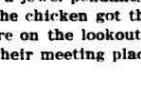
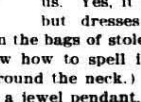
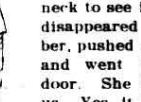
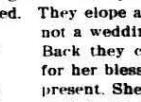
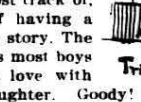
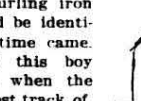
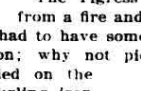
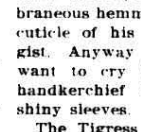
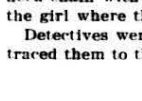
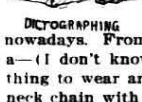
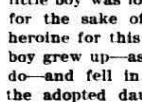
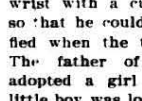
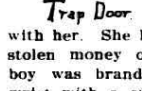
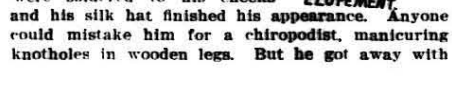
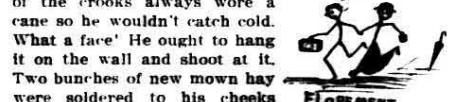
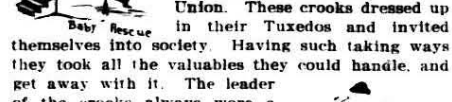
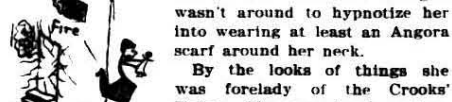
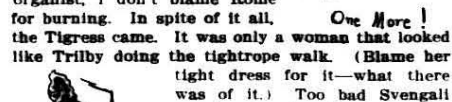
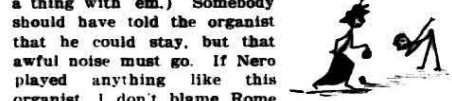
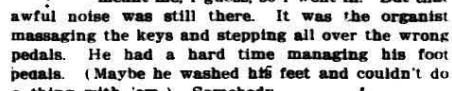
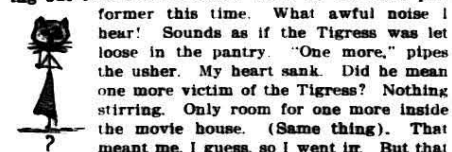
The Tigress saved a little boy from a fire and brought him home with her. She had to have something to spend her stolen money on; why not pick on him? This boy was branded on the wrist with a curling iron so that he could be identified when the time came. The father of this boy adopted a girl when the little boy was lost track of, for the sake of having a heroine for this story. The boy grew up—as most boys do—and fell in love with the adopted daughter. Goody! That's just what the author wanted.

They elope and get spliced. And not a wedding present in sight! Back they come to the Tigress for her blessings and a wedding present. She looked at the girl's neck to see if it was clean, then disappeared into a secret chamber, pushed a button in the wall and went through the trap door. She turned her back to us. Yes, it was rather low-cut, but dresses are so expensive nowadays. From the bags of stolen junk she selected a—(I don't know how to spell it, but it was something to wear around the neck.) Not a scarf, but a neck chain with a jewel pendant. This she hung on the girl where the chicken got the ax.

Detectives were on the lookout for the crooks and traced them to their meeting place. A girl detective

tricked them into taking her into the meeting room and when she found out their secrets, passed them along to the head detective. All kinds of tricks in the business. The detectives got the girl assistant to sneak in a dictagraph and with that they heard all, and caught the crooks with the goods on.

But who told the head detective that the neck-chain of the adopted daughter was stolen goods? And they "happened" to see her sitting across from them in the street car, followed her to the home of the Tigress and walked right in after her. (They must have left their manners on the doorstep.) "Aha," sez he, "I have yez in me power." They sent in a riot call and the father of the boy came in. He wasn't the riot, but he was needed in the story. When everybody was ready, the Tigress produced some thrills. She told the father that the boy was his'n and proved it by the curling iron brand on his wrist. Next, she gave up all the stolen junk. Now there was nothing more for her to do, why not die? Once more the push button played an exciting part! This time the secret panel hid poison that put an end to this story. (Poison comes in handy once in a while.) The Tigress swallowed it, but nobody paid any attention to her. She reeled and reeled (that was reel work.) She began trotting backwards until she nearly trotted on herself. By the time she reached the couch—woop! She was halfway home and heard the creaking of the hinges of the Golden Gates. The creaking attracted the others—they rushed to her—and—the villain—still—pursued—her!



Mildred Waska

On The Editorial Screen

MOVIE PICTORIAL

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*"They copied all they could follow, but they
Couldn't copy my mind,
And I left 'em sweating and stealing
A year and a half behind."*

—Rudyard Kipling.

Vox-Popping Hysteria

When "The Traffic in Souls," "Little Lost Sister," and a score of other slave plays bowed to the public, the press and the pulpit wept in unison because of the joy of the great moral lessons these dramatic lepers were teaching. Things were called by their right names. Loathsome diseases were discussed flippantly on the stage—suggestive scenes that could not have hidden their meaning from the most unsuspecting virgin, were lauded as "mighty lessons for the rising generation." The "hop" plays revelled in lust—were reeking with the stench of the underworld—and they "got past." No censor's hand was lifted against them.

But the screen! Ah, that's so different. The little ones may not enter the shambles of the tainted theatre, but the picture houses are for them. And so are the family newspapers wherein the rottenness of stage villainy is openly discussed.

We have a double standard: One for the stage and one for the screen, although the screen has never yet approached the depths of depravity that the speaking stage has known ever since the days of not an altogether over-careful Shakespeare. But on the one hand the box-offices are filled for the sake of morality (which, alas, must be shocked besides), and on the other hand the slightest suggestiveness in the films is damned with all the vehemence of injured innocence. If there is to be a standard, let it be set, also, in current literature. There are magazines that pander to the passions of the young—that are showing their red tongues and panting lasciviously, and yet find ready sale and not so much as a bob-tailed sermon against them. There are great paintings that are great simply because they display every detail of "the human form divine," and put to shame humans of lesser charms. Are they censored? Mercy, no! They hang in our very best public institutes, and before them even the dainty misses of the household may pause unabashed. Yet the screen—what an ugly thing the screen is, when viewed through the variable lenses of a shocked public sense!

A worm in the north side of an apple does not make the south side of the apple any sweeter. If we must forbid, let us hang the sign out over every theatre, every art-store, every art gallery and institute, and over all current literature. And let us not forget the drug-store display windows in which are revealed the hideous apparatus of tainted manhood!

Man's Guiding Sense

The art sublime that appeals to man's greatest sense—sight—needs no apologies and can get along first-rate without prophecies. Picture-playing is the world's highest artistic achievement, and let us still aimless discussions as to its future. It is here

—it will remain—and all other arts must bow before it, because it embraces in its broad arms, drama, literature, photography, history, science, human-interest in its many and varied forms.

The stage gave us glimpses of life—not as it is, but as it is refined by the touch of art. Paintings also gave us life—in its idealistic forms, good or ill. Poetry gave us art, and so did music, sculpture, literature and photography. But filmplying has improved on all of them—has gone beyond their metes and bounds, and has made a new art—the art of mankind's supreme sense—and with its dawn, it brought insurance of quicker and better perception, and a short-cut to learning.

If there be one among us who pauses to inquire when the photoplay craze will be done, waste no words in idle argument with him, because he is a sleeper. If a moralist arises to decry the plays of the screen, turn from him because he is a dissenter. And if there still be one who condemns the screen as a thing unclean, have sympathy for him, because he is a fool.

The Griffith Art

Ever since early last Spring, "The Birth of a Nation" has played to packed houses in Chicago, at 25 cents to \$2.00 a seat—twice daily. It has continued this remarkable record in the face of the fact that a large percentage of the possible theatre-patronizing public has been barred—children under twenty-one (although what there is to injure a child has not been made clear).

"The Birth of a Nation" has accomplished what few dramatic stage productions have ever approached, and it is still running as strong as ever.

Without respect to the just praise that may be heaped upon it, this wonder-play has established something we must not overlook; a new criterion for film masterpieces.

It carried the screen art so far out of its former level, the transition has been a shock. But having created this new standard, what is to follow? Has David Wark Griffith outdone himself? Is this his masterpiece? We can not say, nor can Mr. Griffith say, because masterpieces do not always herald their coming.

But this much we know: The master-hand that has fashioned one thing of beauty, can fashion others. The deftness that entered into the masterpiece must underlie his other work. Perhaps the theme itself has overshadowed all other motifs, but the Griffith cunning is still intact, and the world is wondering what new marvels will be produced by the man who finally carried filmplying up to and beyond dramatic heights.

The Silly Age

Just so long as girl babies are born (and we grant they are a necessity in the equilibrium of the world), that long will dainty maidens gurgie in bland delight because some star has wavy hair, and another soulful eyes. And so long as boy babies are born (and they are also part of the scheme), that long will young men go into quite as mad raptures over the beauty of actresses.

That is good and well so far as it goes. Love awakens, because it is also part of the scheme that there shall be love. But after these enslaving days of love (if there are any after-days), mature judgment must hold sway, and mature judgment judges beauty not alone for its veneer, but because of its art.

A few years back, the trick of film success lay in heaving a sigh as considerable as a ground-swell, and in gazing into the camera like a poor, innocent little baby-doll. Alas, beautiful though the close-up of feminine imbecility may be, and ravishing though the sigh of the screen lover may be, acting demands something beyond.

If for no other reason than that we dislike to be reminded of our puppy-love days, we shrink like tender violets from the goo-goo effects on the screen.

It makes us blush—even in the dark. Much would we prefer to watch Jack slay the Giant, or see Helen save the fast express. There is action in such plays.

As between the, oh, such wonderful sighs—and the, oh, such lovely doll grimaces—and the ten-twenty-third thrillers, give us the thrillers. Let us see knight-hood in flower—knight-hood taking a chance, instead of pressing a crumpled glove to the nether side of a downy mustache. Of course, romance is well and good—but isn't it encouraging to know that we may have something else—even though it is a view of how cheese-boxes are made in the Maine woods?

Speaking Frankly

The exhibitor is the servant of the public. Most of the time he does not think so, but his sudden success does not lift him from the class that serves.

The exhibitor is sometimes kind and thoughtful, and again as cheery as a new-made champion. During the latter moments, he merits to be squatted upon heavily and for a considerable period.

If the exhibitor argues that he asks us for but nickels and dimes, let us remind him that this is all the street-car companies receive, and it is all the telephone companies get, and much more than the gum-manufacturers usually receive, and yet they do very well.

The exhibitor is in business to please you, and if he fails to do it, don't be afraid that he will not sell a ticket to you next time you come. Perhaps he is rather inflated at times, but let your nickels and other nickels slip away from him, and net and gross are closer companions.

The exhibitor is learning, but he has not received his diploma, and can not until he proves that the mortals who pass his wicket are the ones who are really running the house. A flippant usher or a baughty ticket-taker can extract pretty nearly all the joy that should accompany an evening with our favorites. Think it over, and if you feel that you are aggrieved, tell the exhibitor. He needs you much more than you need him—because his competitor is just around the corner in the next block.

War Pictures

In view of the cosmopolitan position of America, the showing of European war pictures has been a doubtful form of entertainment. The majority of war pictures shown have been of captured soldiers, marching regiments, or other fragments of the great conflict, but not especially of the conflict itself.

One of the large film companies is said to possess nearly ten miles of films, showing the actual devastation of war. Some of these pictures have been exhibited privately, but they have been altogether too horrible for public display.

It is perhaps hasty to say that films of the war in Europe should be barred entirely. We do not know of any greater lesson of peace than a view of the war horrors of Europe.

The Chicago Tribune has recently solved the riddle. This enterprising newspaper has secured films from different European countries, showing numerous divisions of the great conflict. These pictures were taken with the sanction of the different armies, and consequently show scenes that are agreeable to those armies. One set of films illustrates the Russian point of view; another the German; another the French; and so on. Half the proceeds go to injured soldiers of all the warring countries. By viewing the entire series, one may gain a very comprehensive idea of the exact situation. These Tribune war pictures and the customary Tribune charitable spirit, will undoubtedly meet with great favor, because they are the first to give a correct idea of the war in serial form. They are not confined to the few flashes that we see in the various animated weeklies. They are genuine war pictures and they are going to teach a more dependable lesson of peace to Americans than all of the books or newspaper articles or editorials that have been or will be written.



Tradelasts



"THINGS ABOUT MY THEATRE I LIKE AND DISLIKE"

Conducted By Our Readers

Many Tradelasts Arrive

Although our new department—TRADELASTS—has just made its appearance, we are already receiving many letters, which is the same as telling us that TRADELASTS will prove extremely popular.

Remember that in competing for the prizes, you may say something good or something ill—you may praise or you may criticize. Suit your own sweet self. It is exactly the same whether you pick one of the cobblesstones, or pluck one of the lilies of the field. TRADELASTS will be absolutely impartial: It will help grind an axe or it will help pass a bouquet. It will consider the bone of contention or smile on any exhibitor who has done well. TRADELASTS is going to help us all keep in touch with the better things and the poorer things that the motion picture theatres are doing.

There are approximately 21,000 photoplay theatres in the United States. If there is anything unusual about your theatre, please let us know. Carol a song or pipe a regret—just as you wish.

The letters that are published below will give you some idea of about what is wanted. Just to show that our hearts are in the right place we are going to award our little prizes on the boosts as well as on the knocks.

You'll Make Chicago Envious

Duluth, Minn.
Our leading photoplayhouse has many excellent features. The chair-backs have fitted white linen covers which protect delicate waists and which are easily distinguished in the gloom, preventing confusion on entering. Dull black cloth, draped from top and sides of screen out to the proscenium arch, gives a shadow-box effect and helps the eye to focus and concentrate on the picture. House-lights, with restful green shades, are lit during intermissions, and the titles of overtures when played are announced on the screen. Also announced that "Positively no children under five years of age admitted at evening performances," so large audiences are spared the annoyance of fretful walls. When the house is filled, late-comers are kept beyond the rail in the foyer, and admitted in corresponding numbers to those who leave, the latter being ushered out by a side exit from the lobby. N. H.

Right at the outset we make the wholesome discovery that there exists a picture theatre without a crying baby. Vainly we have sought a theatre of this kind in Chicago, and have never been able to find one outside of the one-dollar and two-dollar houses. Miss H. should not have omitted the name of the Duluth playhouse. Do not shrink in telling us the name of your theatre, and especially when you say something good about it. Your criticisms may be rather subdued and muffled as to the name, if you do not wish to give offense.

One of the prizes goes to Miss N. H.

Good for the Lyric!

Van Wert, Ohio.
We have three movie theatres in Van Wert and they are all carrying very good releases, yet my favorite is "THE LYRIC."

Their releases are varied and I have the first time yet to see a poor release on their screen. The patrons can always rely on the fact that when they buy a ticket at this theatre, they come out satisfied that they have seen a first class release.

The ventilation, lights, music, ushers and general make-up of the house are the best. Everything is up-to-date and systematic.

In my estimation if every theatre were using as good releases as "THE LYRIC," I see no reason why the movies should not become the most educational and entertaining factor the world has ever known. That is speaking broadly but cannot be denied.

I am quite a movie fan and read all new magazines and try to keep up with the times where new releases and good actors are concerned.

Very sincerely yours,
(Signed) Irene R. Baer.

Dying Is Such Gay Business!

Cortland, N. Y.
During the death scene in the picture, "Hearts Ablaze," where the mother dies, much to the surprise of the majority of people in the audience, in place of playing something appropriate, such as "Consolation," "Hearts and Flowers," or one of those solemn pieces, the piano player started up "Good-bye, Girls, I'm Through." Some in the audience thought it very funny and of course the sentiment of the picture was lost.

Yours sincerely,
(Signed) Madeline Waldron.

That is quite in keeping, Miss Waldron, with the band returning from the cemetery, where the bereaved husband had buried his wife and was shocked by the stirring notes of "The Girl I Left Behind Me." Music has its charms, and also, its little surprises.

Kindly accept one of our prizes for this little incident of "Good-bye, Girls."

Honky-Tonk Effects

Little Rock, Ark.
The motion picture theatres in my town have various and sundry orchestras. The theatre show-

ing the highest class pictures has a contraption in the shape of a piano which combines a drum, cornet, trombone and goodness knows what else. If one sits too close to this Big Noise he is apt to go home on the verge of hysteria, for the operator plays only in synopted time, no matter if the picture be grave or gay.

Another theatre has a pipe organ. When they showed Charlie Chaplin in "Work," during the scene in which he dipped his whitewash brush in paste and slapped it on a man's face, the soulless organist rendered sadly and sweetly (shades of Ethelbert Nevin) "The Rosary."

Will somebody please do something to help the musical sense of the theatre managers and spare our artistic temperament? M. S.

Not only do we award Miss M. S. a prize, but we suggest to the exhibitor who tolerates this musical atrocity, that with each ticket he give as a premium two wads of cotton or a pair of ear-muffs. They will persist in doing these things, and very largely for the sake of economy. Is it really economical to annoy a perfectly good audience with inconsistencies and incongruities?

Murdering Sentiment

Washington, D. C.
At a local movie theatre, I recently witnessed a stately cathedral scene, a weird, but pathetic, Indian funeral scene, and a scene showing the happy homecoming of the reformed wayward son with his pretty bride. Here was a chance for the pianist to do some artistic work, but he murdered his opportunity. During the above scenes he played inane stuff that sounded like "Tell Aunt Rhody," etc., and continued his vile work with a reiteration that was maddening. For me, he destroyed the property value of those films just as really as though he had mutilated them with a knife. (Signed) Arthur Lennox.

It is, indeed, beyond understanding why an exhibitor will spend thousands of dollars for interior decorations and then employ a cheap dance-hall musician. Unless the musician in a picture theatre is one who would be welcomed in the homes of the best people attending the theatre, that musician is out of harmony with the needs of that theatre.

Another Musical Onslaught

Boston, Mass.
As I am following "Neal of the Navy," I went to the Beacon Theatre on Tremont St. last Thursday and among the pictures they had a pretty Lubin drama of Civil War time, called "The Last Rebel," a two-reel picture. During most of the picture the gentleman who played the piano followed the story quite well with old southern songs, but at the most pathetic scene, where the southern girl was bent over the body of a dying Southerner, who had married her to save her and her home and then sacrificed his life for the man she loved might live—the piano player concentrated his ability on "Johnny, Get Your Gun."

There was a scene that, if properly accompanied by soft, tender strains of "Old Black Joe" or some other good old southern song, would have brought tears, for Ormie Hawley's acting, as she tenderly smoothed the dying man's forehead, was perfect. But the effect of the entire romance was lost by the rank exhibition of the piano player's poor selection at the proper moment. (Signed) R. W. Twiler.

Those Fearsome Posters

St. Louis, Mo.
Our picture theatre, and all the others within a radius of a dozen blocks, remind me of Barnum's haleyons days, when his gaudy posters announced, "The Greatest Show on Earth." In the worst days of the five and ten-cent novels such atrocious and ghastly scenes were never permitted on the front covers. Wherever children go they are confronted by the thrilling scenes that are so lavishly displayed before not only the cheaper picture houses, but even those that are supposed to be refined. Admitting that the exhibitor simply buys these posters, will the day not come when a better effect can be produced in announcing the play? The films themselves have advanced far beyond the horrible examples depicted by the posters. Let me at least raise my voice against this lithographic outrage.

Sincerely yours,

To M. L. D. We must really give one of our prizes. It is indeed a pity and a shame that the atrocious poster should be perpetrated on a beauty-loving public.

The Worthless Front Seats

Camden, N. J.
Unless I manage to hurry through our evening meal and arrive at our picture theatre before seven o'clock the house is filled, which of course speaks very well for the enterprise of the proprietor. But I am admitted just as though there were plenty of seats, and then I am ushered down in the first, second or third row where the pictures are nothing but a blur. They hurt my eyes and I certainly do not enjoy them. If seats are to be utilized so near the stage, would it not be possible to have the screen set farther back on the stage? I understand that the

greater the length of the projection the larger the figures on the screen. Consequently, it would seem that were a screen set 25 or 30 feet back on the stage, those in the front seats would have just as comfortable a view as those in the middle of the house, while the ones in the rear would still see as clear a projection as though the screen were nearer the camera and the figures were proportionately smaller.

I counted the seats in the first three rows, there were 48 of them. This means \$4.80 for the proprietor. And yet many of those who have been forced to sit in the front rows have gladly walked or ridden a greater distance to theatres where they would be treated better. Consequently, the \$4.80 gain tonight may cost the proprietor over \$100 in the course of a year. Very sincerely yours, E. P. S.

To E. P. S. we gladly award our fifth prize. The screen can be set farther back from the proscenium arch provided the stage is so arranged. In many of the larger theatres in New York and Chicago, the screens are placed 25 or more feet upstage so that those seated in the first rows have just as clear a vision as those who are seated in any other part of the house. Some theatres have posts with seats directly back of them and compel patrons to suffer the inconveniences of straining their bodies and craning their necks, although their dime is supposed to be as good as every other dime.

Be on the Lookout for TRADELASTS

Let us see what we can discover, both good and ill, about our picture theatres. Let us praise the good things and condemn the poor ones. Approximately twenty-five million Americans are regular patrons of the animated drama. Never in the history of the world were there so many fans or so many patrons in any single line of industry.

The Tremendous Growth of the Movies

One element must be considered, in justice, when we talk or write about the Movies. Within the past six years, picture theatres have come into existence. Many of the exhibitors had no previous experience with things theatrical. Some were merchants, some farmers, some professional folk, and so on. Here and there we find an "old timer" who has marked step with the progress of the world.

Lack of understanding is frequently responsible for some of the errors committed by exhibitors, and yet some of them seem to refuse to understand. Folk of position and refinement, who meet insolent rebuffs at the hands of grossly ignorant ushers, naturally resent the insult. Loud-mouthed exhibitors, whose craniums are swelled because of sudden success, are likely to forget themselves—and these must be reminded. The exhibitor should study the needs and desires of his patrons, and above all else, he and his "attaches," should be civil.

Some of the worst pests are the patrons, who persist in whispering, giggling and talking, much to the annoyance of others. In some of the Chicago office building elevators are signs that read: "If you spit on the floor at home, spit on the floor here; we want you to feel at home." Reminders of this nature are not exactly gentle, but they are forceful. If we agitate the question of proper conduct in picture theatres, we may cause shame to subdue some of the more obnoxious—but again, we may not! It is a source of relief to agitate, at any rate—so let us agitate!

Five \$1 Prizes

Each issue we will give five prizes of one dollar each for the letters we consider the best. Remember that you may talk about the music, the appointments, comforts or discomforts of the house, the programmes, and general treatment you receive, the seating arrangements, the foisting of old releases upon patrons, or any other phase or feature of picture theatre management. These prizes are small, but they are given more as tokens of appreciation to those who help us dig out these interesting truths.

Make your letters short and to the point. Remember that while not every letter will receive a prize, we should be pleased to publish those letters that we consider merit publishing.

Address all communications for this Department to: Tradelast Editor, Movie Pictorial, Hartford Bldg., Chicago, Ill.

REALISM IN THE MOVIES

A Department for the Discussion of Films Possessing or Lacking Realism

Conducted by Our Readers

Be a Screen Sleuth!
REALLY, despite the great care of the producers and the casts, errors creep into the films—foolish little mistakes that cause the alert to giggle. Of course, many persons prefer to be entertained and are forgiving, but others have a sense of the humorous, and refuse to accept "it can't be did."

Read the letters that follow, and then note your own observations, stating the name of the releases, the scene and the incident. We wish only incongruities. Many of our readers mistake the foul purpose of this department, and now and then a scenario writer or producer takes issue with our readers. They, as well as you, own this page, so be careful before you proceed.

At any rate, go on a still hunt, and dig up inconsistencies as well as the more glaring errors. Sometimes, your judgment may be wrong, but roll up your sleeves and get ready to slam, because you are not injuring any one—but you are helping keep the directors and actor-folk on the alert. Hence, you are co-operating with them—and be consoled by the fact that you love your favorites just the same even though you grasp your Realism cudgel firmly in one hand!

Remember the five-dollar prize each issue for the letter we regard as best. Also, hold your letters down in length as much as possible. Address all such communications to the Realism Editor, Movie Pictorial, Hartford Bldg., Chicago, Ill.

Foresighted Vivian

Carnegie, Pa.
 In the sixteenth episode of the "Diamond from the Sky," Vivian Marston, "losing control" of her sail boat directly in front of John Powell's yacht, is rescued by the millionaire, Arthur Stanley, alias John Powell. Later she appears on deck in a evening gown. The next day when Arthur escorts her from the yacht, she is dressed in a traveling costume. Did she have a room reserved on the yacht? (Signed) K. M. M.

Sunshine and Shadows

Nashville, Tenn.
 Late in the Lasky production—"Secret Orchard" featuring Blanche Sweet—was shown here. There was only one thing I noticed which detracted from the effectiveness of any of the scenes. You remember the young American became slightly interested in a hero in a evening gown. The next day when Arthur escorts her from the yacht, she is dressed in a traveling costume. Did she have a room reserved on the yacht? (Signed) K. M. M.

Out-Raffing Raffles

Chicago
 In "A Business Buccaneer," the president and owner of a large rubber concern, in order to obtain a formula possessed by a rival company, performs the following atrocities: He hires a couple of safe-breakers, whom he accompanies to the office of the plant, and not only assists in the general pillage, but binds and gags the son of his rival and the latter's sweetheart, who has been attracted by a light in the office. He is faultlessly dressed, wearing a silk hat, and seemingly in evening attire. Is it at all probable or real at any phase of the game? (Signed) Daisy W. Brown

A Bright Conductor

Edgewater, Colo.
 In the four-reel picture "Infatuation," with Margarita Fischer, produced by the American Film Mfg. Co., my point is this: the company Adair is with leaves town at midnight, and Phylis goes with him. The scene has every appearance of night-time. They board the train—the conductor, with

his hand (and it's supposed to be night-time) gives the High Ball (not the kind you drink) signal, which means "Go ahead." The train is seen in motion before the scene is finished. In railroadings lanterns are used at night by the train crew to signal the engineer. I don't believe Casey Jones had anything on this engineer. Respectfully yours,
 (Signed) Lawrence J. Mendels.

P. M. or A. M.?

Houston, Texas.
 In "The House of a Thousand Candles" when Jack and Larry went in to dinner, the time, according to the clock in the library was 7:00. They partook of a three or four course dinner, after which they danced around the table with statuettes, and when they returned to the library the hands of the same clock pointed to 7:05. Don't you think five minutes too short a time for even movie actors to dine in? Yours truly, "Texas"

The Mysteries of the Dissolve

New Orleans, La.
 In "The Heritage," with Ella Hall and Robert Leonard in the lead, the mother dies and leaves an infant daughter, who is raised by a foster-mother. Years later, after the daughter has grown up, married and had a son of her own, she returned to the old home. Standing near the table the figures dissolve, and the new figure showed her own mother. Instead of her step-mother. The people remarked about the incongruity. Inasmuch as the dissolve showed the daughter grown up, they should her own mother have been seen? Sincerely yours,
 Mrs. C. LeB.

The mysteries of the dissolve are beyond fathoming.

To Mrs. J. J. O'C.

Dear Mrs. O'C. Your beautiful tribute to "Helene of the North" is, alas, far removed from the purpose of our "Realism." You have planted a beautiful rose where we were looking for a pile of bricks. Should Miss Marguerite Clark chance to read this, she will realize that she has escaped a "slam," even though we did not repeat the compliment.

It Occurs in the Best Society

Atlanta, Ga.
 In "The Social Lion," a Blaisie release, after the husband returns from Europe, where his rough Western manners have been smoothed off, and he had a good account of himself at the party his wife gives in his honor—his wife takes him upstairs and presents him with twins, greatly to his surprise. Do you think he would have neglected to advise him of so momentous an event? Yours truly, J. P. P.

It is difficult to say, Mr. P. Stranger things than this have been known to happen in well regulated families.

Who Tied the Sack?

Cortland, N. Y.
 I recently saw an episode of "The Goddess," in which Freddy, the Ferret, climbs on a wagon going to the stockade, and crawls into an empty sack. When they arrive inside of the stockade the sack is apparently tied in salt-bag fashion. After he had tied a saw from the wagon, he seemed to have had a hard time in getting out of the sack. This showed that the sack had been tied by some one else besides Freddy. Who tied the sack, as Freddy couldn't get his hand out? Sincerely,
 (Signed) William Waldron

Remember, a Lawyer Did the Telling!

San Jose, Calif.
 In "The Eagle's Nest," a Big Four release, after the parents of the young man were killed by Indians on their Western trip, his father's lawyer, who had never left New York, tells the boy all about it. The recital of the tale repeats the scenes of the combat. Now how did the lawyer know? Yours truly,
 (Signed) Amesbury

We can't say anything except that lawyers know many things. Also, the story of the lawyer probably helped pad the feature.

Spain as it Was Not!

Muncie, Ind.
 In "The Beautiful Sister of Jose," the setting, which was supposed to be in old Spain, was very beautiful except for the fact that one of the characters rode a burro and carried a modern umbrella. Again, in the bull-ring, one person appeared in a modern evening suit and silk hat, smoking a cork-tip cigarette. Yours truly,
 (Signed) R. M. Wright

And probably, Mr. Wright, if the camera had been turned in the opposite direction, we would also have seen the well known sign of "Bull Durham."

Inconsistencies in "The Woman"

Hattiesburg, Miss.
 In "The Woman," Standish's secretary went over to the table and copied a letter which was lying there. He walked hurriedly from the table, folding the letter and putting it in his pocket without an envelope. He left the room immediately, and going to Standish's political enemies, gave them the letter. When it appeared this time it was enclosed in the original envelope, which had never been taken off the table.

In the same picture, several scenes were shown which had taken place seven years before. The hotel keeper's wife had on the same dress that she was wearing at the present time, while the other characters in these scenes were dressed in last summer's styles. E. M.

We know a dressmaker right here in Chicago who has had the same suit and same hat for six years—and she never was in the films, either!

The Immaculate Inset

San Francisco, Calif.
 Name of play (forgotten)—young girl of working class is ruined by rich young rake. This young rake sends girl a letter, discarding her. She receives letter, reads it, crumples it into a tiny wad in her fist, and falls in a faint. She is assisted to her bed by neighborly women, the wad of paper still in her fist. Later the tiny wad falls from her fist and is found by her father. Letter sure is a "right" as he reads and puzzles over it. Father takes girl and letter to rich father's home. Rich father hands letter in envelope to rich father, who takes out a perfectly smooth, beautifully folded sheet of paper and reads it. (Signed) Martha Tustin Patton

Some More Inconsistencies

Some More Inconsistencies
 In "The Cheval Mystery," Cheval, who appears throughout the play, continuously wears the same clothes, although the complete period of the play covers perhaps ten or more years.

In "Tangles," a Vitaphone release, the young Lieutenant, who is in love with the Colonel's wife, has been warned by a friend that he will tell the Colonel if it occurs again (having come upon the two in a secret place). The young Lieutenant receives a note from the Colonel's wife, and carelessly walks into the club and reads it in the presence of the friend, and then promptly drops the letter on the floor where the friend can find it. Why is it always necessary to be so extremely careless with letters and papers of value?

In "Lady Audley's Secret," in which Theda Bara plays two parts, she, as the servant, drops dead. Later, when Lady Audley comes out and finds her, the dead girl is wearing different kind of stockings. Yours truly,
 (Signed) Edward J. Shanley

It May Have Been on Seventh Avenue!

Punxsutawney, Pa.
 In the third chapter, I believe, of "The Goddess," a lady and Anita Stewart were riding in a taxi. The scene was the interior of the car. The whole length of the ride, on the main streets of New York, the taxi rocked fiercely and continuously. I have never been to New York, but had no idea the streets were that bad, or was it some new fangled spring in the machine? (Signed) William W. Pratt

No, Miss Coombs, We Wouldn't!

Long Beach, Calif.
 In "Her Triumph," in which Gaby Deslys stars, a very unnatural thing occurred. Gaby is being abducted by two rough men. As they carry her out she succeeds in knocking over several large armoires and vases so her blind sister, who is in bed, may hear. The sister is shown in bed awake, listening. The next picture shows the blind sister in the room where the abduction occurred, with a satin robe on, also stockings and tango slippers, entirely laced.

Now, Mr. Editor, if you knew some one was running away with your sister, or that burglars were in his house, would you (if you were a young lady) stop to lace up tango slippers? I am sure I wouldn't, and I don't think many others would. Sincerely,
 (Signed) Ruth Coombs

Francis, Francis, This Won't Do!

Boston, Mass.
 Francis X. is not at all exempt from error, or at least his director doesn't make him so. In "The Silent Voice," Bushman's recent Metro picture, you will notice, in the third reel, that he rides up to a cabin on his horse and a man comes to the door and hands him a note. As he dismounts, he pulls off one of his gloves (his left, I think) and before pulling off the other, he reads the note. Yet, when the note is shown in the "close-up," two bare thumbs are plainly seen holding it, and when the original scene flashes on again, there stands Francis, with one glove on and one off. If you saw this picture you probably noticed this. (Signed) R. W. Tyler

Maybe the Owner Was a Politician!

Missoula, Mont.
 Last night I witnessed "The White Sister." I noticed that the automobile number was 764-3 in the beginning of the play and several years later, at the end of the play, the number was still 764-3. I also noticed that Viola Allen left the "black bag" she had with her in the office of Richard Travers, which she should not have done. Very respectfully,
 (Signed) Mottie Marie Trainor

This is the Life

Chicago, Ill.
 Is the old man of the movie farce a realism intended to edify our sophisticated youth? Do you see him? Gray-haired, corpulent, fatherly, he cavorts upon the screen where the lights are brightest. His companion is invariably the youngest, giddiest, gayest of females. While mother, oh, so different, sits at home marking time. Sincerely yours,
 (Signed) Daisy W. Braun

Alas, father very often pulls these very stunts. The older father becomes, the more foolish he grows.

Literally a "Hot Sketch"

Poughkeepsie, N. Y.
 In a picture called "Boys Will Be Boys," produced by the Essanay Company, I think the young man who is supposed to be an author, lives in rather straitened circumstances. One scene shows him preparing a meal. He has a small oil stove and is cooking something in a small frying pan. He takes the pan from the stove and puts it on a box or table. Shortly afterward he takes hold of the top of the stove, opens it and blows it out. To all appearances the stove wasn't ever warm, but when he picks up the frying pan he touches it accidentally and acts as though it burned his finger. Why shouldn't the stove which furnished the heat be as hot as the pan after it had had a chance to cool off a little. Yours very truly,
 (Signed) Flora Bennett

Property heat, not being genuine, adds its quota of foolishness to the errors of the films. Perhaps a hot stove in reality would have produced more commendable results.

This Drink of "Coke" Wins \$5

Atlanta, Ga.
 Fox Film Co. Play "The Nigger," or "The Governor" William Farnham Time: Before the Civil War. One scene—anti-bellum country store in Georgia. Over door, "Coca-Cola" advertisement. Ha! Ha! (60 years or more before Coca-Cola was made). Another scene—principal constator "telephones" his partner (40 years at least before telephones were invented). C. D. A.

The above letter, in our estimation, merits the prize. And we are reminded of the famous slogan "Whenever you see an arrow, think of Coca-Cola."

LOVE vs LITERATURE

(Continued from page 6)

the words unwritten. After all, he was a gentleman—a thoroughbred. And he must like her—in the right way. He knew something, if not all, of her poverty and it made no difference. And he was right. She did like music, and life was sordid,—unlovely.

She went to an old trunk in which she remembered putting away some dresses a year or two before thinking that she would never have use for such things again. She took out a simple little affair of white crepe and looked at it thoughtfully. Thursday night! This was only Monday. She would have time to make it over and perhaps it would do. She spent the next three days working on it. It was cleaned and turned and pressed and its blue trimmings changed for narrow black velvet bands. When she put it on she scarcely knew herself. She had forgotten how she ought to look. When Ainslie's card was sent up a large bunch of violets went with it. She buried her face in them for a moment, then put them on and went down stairs. The look that leaped into his eyes was unmistakable. Her own fell before them. But when he spoke he said only:

"Ready? Come along, then."

It was a never-to-be-forgotten evening. Neither Farrar nor Madame Butterfly were new to Ainslie, but he sat in the box a little back of the girl he had brought with him where he could watch in her face the play of her varying emotions. How girlish and sweet she looked! And for once the repressed intensity seemed to have left her eyes. They were soft and luminous and dewy. When the curtain went down at the end of the act she gave a happy sigh and turned to find his eyes fastened upon her. She looked quickly away, but a moment later she felt his hand close over her own.

"I love you, Gracia, just like—that," he said simply. "Won't you be my girl, dear,—my wife? Won't you?"

She drew in her breath sharply. The spell had faded. All her cynicism came back upon her like a flood. She jerked her hand away. "Marry? The idea! She did not intend to marry. She had put men outside of her life. So she answered.

"Why, no. Of course not."

He looked at her a moment, hurt to the quick. She caught the look and was scarcely less miserable. How contemptible he must think her! And how kind he had been! Even if she had no intention of accepting him, she reflected, she might have been a little more decent about it. They sat in silence until the opera was over. Then, as he helped her into her coat, she raised miserable eyes to his only to find the latter smiling just as usual.

"Don't!" he said. "Please look happy."

Much as he would have liked it, he was clever enough not to seek a quiet corner of the cafe where he could be alone with her. It was the light and laughter, the music and the beauty that he wanted her to feel. She loved about her at the well-dressed men, the beautifully gownned women and could not but observe how heartily many of them greeted her escort. Obviously he was a favorite with both men and women. While a skillful waiter served the daintiest of suppers she looked about her longingly and again she sighed. This was his world,—not hers.

Another ride in the car and they were back in Mohawk street. When

they reached the door she spoke and again the voice thrilled him as it had on that night when he had heard it first in the storm.

"It has been so lovely,—this night," she said. "I want to thank you for—the pleasure and the flowers and the music and—and—everything. And I'm sorry—so sorry that I can't. I shall never marry—any one. I—I—like you better than any man—I know,—but I can't. I just can't. I—shall—never—marry."

"Listen, Girl," he said, and under the flicker of the street light she saw something in his face that she had never seen there before. "You will marry. And you will marry me. I am sure of it. Do you think I am going to stop loving you because of what you have said tonight? Well, I'm not. I'm never going to stop loving you. I'm going to keep on as long as I live. And I'm never going to stop asking you to marry me until—until I die, or you marry some one else. You have told me that you like me better than any man you know. Well, I'll be satisfied with just that for the present. But, Girl, I'm going to make you love me more than any man on earth ever was loved! Until you do, until you're quite—quite sure, you know, why,—I don't want you, dear. It wouldn't mean happiness for either of us. Good-night."

For the next two or three weeks Gracia worked steadily on the book. Ainslie tried in vain to entice her into going out with him but she refused to be lured away from her work. He knew that she did not like for him to come to Mohawk street, but when everything else failed he went. Again she met him with flashing eyes. He looked into them and laughed.

"The mountain wouldn't come to Mahomet"—he began. Then, "It's fine out tonight. Come for a walk."

"No. Thank you. I haven't time. I must work."

"No more work tonight," he said shortly. "Get your coat."

She looked at him angrily, defiantly. But it was only for a moment. Then she started upstairs and presently returned ready to go out.

She was unusually silent during that walk. In fact she was filled with wonder at his strange power over her. She resented it. It filled her with wrath. Away from him she felt that her fortifications were impregnable. She kept all her flags flying. In his presence she was helpless. When he spoke she invariably followed his wishes in all but one direction. There he was unable to move her. When he talked about her book it was like beating against a stone wall.

"Working on the book, I suppose?" he asked.

"Of course."

"You'd better throw it in the waste basket and marry."

"When you hear of my marrying," she retorted, "you will know that something is wrong here," tapping her forehead. "I shall be out of my mind."

"Naturally. Everybody is. Love's a disease,—incurable. I know, because—I have it."

"I hope your recovery may be speedy," she said mockingly.

"It will," he sighed. "Whenever I take anything I always have it hard."

She made no reply. When he had seen her first that evening Ainslie had not failed to observe that she was pale and weary, and that every nerve in her was strung taut. As they were returning he noticed also

that she seemed to be laboring under some new excitement which she was trying to repress.

"What's the trouble tonight?" he asked. "Anything new?"

"No," she flared. "Just the same old thing. You tell me that you love me. And you expect me to believe you—"

"Well, Girl?"

"Well,—it isn't true. You care nothing about me. The real me, I mean. What do you care about my ability, or my mind—"

"Oh, thunder! Who cares anything about a woman's mind?"

"Exactly. Who does?" she flashed back at him indignantly. "The softer and prettier I look the better you like me—"

"You're just right about that."

"—and if my book were done you—wouldn't read it!"

"I dare say not. If I should I would have to do it with fasting and prayer. I know I shouldn't if you were anywhere around. I couldn't keep my eyes on the page!"

"You—you are horrid!" she cried, "positively nasty! You don't know what it is to be a woman, and to be braced against the whole world, and to just keep fighting, struggling, to have no one to give you a word of encouragement or to help you over the hard places! You don't know what it is to suffer—to be cold and hungry—"

"Stop!" he said as though in sudden pain. "Wait a minute, Gracia. I don't know, of course, but at the same time I do know. I know that it is—*it must be hell!* That's why I want you—"

"You ought to be lashed by the whip of necessity for a little while yourself. That is what you need!"

Ainslie had recovered himself. Again he laughed.

"Now, what have I done to deserve such a thrashing?" he asked. Then after a moment he went on soberly. "Girl, I wonder if you think it is easy to be a rich man? Well, let me tell you that it isn't. Do I lead a life of idleness? You know I do not. I have more troubles to the square inch every day than you ever had in your life. But there's this difference between you and me. You let your troubles weigh you down. I'm determined that mine shall not. It is quite true that my father left me a fortune. Was I to blame? And he left me something that means much more to me than money,—a clean, honest name. He expected me to keep that name clean and honest and I'm trying my best to do it. As far as my loving you is concerned, nothing you can say or do will affect that in the least. And you're right about my loving you when you look soft and pretty. I do. But I love you every other way just as well. I love you this minute. You're as mad as a hornet. There's fire in your eye. Your face is as white as chalk and as hard as flint. You have what Shakespeare calls 'her infinite variety.'"

"Yes. And that's just the thing men seek, variety."

"And they usually find all of it that they want—in *one* woman! It's You I love, dear. You. Whatever it is that goes to make up You, why, that's what I love. I can't explain it. No man can. And if he has any sense he doesn't want to. All I know about the whole business is that there's only one You. Oh, Gracia, won't you believe me? Come and help me enjoy the money and let me take care of you!"

She was more moved than she dared admit even to herself. But while he waited for his answer she

\$1 a Word for an Opinion!

That's as much as Theodore Roosevelt received for his writings. It is pretty good pay. But—we want to see if you are as close a follower of Film Favorites as you claim to be!

GET IN on this contest. It is new, novel, different—and there's a bushel of fun in it!

Put on your rubber shoes—pull your hat down over your eyes, and be a real, regular detective or detectives.

Write an Essay on What You

Think of

The Man in the Mask? The Girl in the Mask?

Who are they? Well-known Movie Stars from any and every studio. We shall jump here and there—to fool you. We are going to do our best to fool you, so we DARE YOU to thwart our efforts.

Beginning with

Our November Release

we shall publish two full-face portraits monthly—with half the features concealed by masks. One will be of a Movie Actress and another of a Movie Actor. For the best opinion on them—on EACH of them—of not over twenty-five words, we shall pay \$1 a word—publishing the winners. The Editorial Staff of Movie Pictorial will act as fair, impartial judges. Mention the names of these Masked Stars in your letter. Say punchy, snappy things—complimentary things about them. WIN THE PRIZES! Somebody is going to. Why not YOU?

In addition we shall have

Mary Ridpath Mann—whose pretty, appealing "Love versus Literature" will be completed in November.

Daniel Darwood's next diary notations—getting closer to a Real Romance—

"Cross-country with Miriam Nesbitt," including some interesting and exciting episodes with genuine Indians and—a bear!

Mildred Waska—who finds new soul-weepers.

Wm. D. Taylor—"Captain Alvarez," the Producer of "The Diamond from the Sky."

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had a sudden thought that caused her whole soul to sicken. He felt sorry for her! It wasn't love at all,—just pity! Her pride rose again in fierce rebellion and made her pitiless, cruel.

"Marry you?" she cried hotly. "I will not. I don't love you. I don't love any man. I never shall. I'm never going to marry."

The darkness hid the smile which her passionate outburst brought to his face. But he did not push the question. From the sound of her voice he knew that she was perilously close to tears. When they reached the top of the steps he unlocked the door for her. Then he lifted his hat.

"Good night," he said.

She saw him no more for five weeks. He went fishing up in Maine. And they were five utterly abominable weeks. Gracia worked feverishly on her book but in reality she accomplished nothing. Every day she rewrote what she had written the day before. And money was so hard to make and disappeared so quickly. A payment on the piano was due and she could not meet it. Old Isaacs had stormed and threatened and created one scene after another. And she had not seen Ainslie for so long! She had been horrid to him but—she missed him! She wished he would come back if only to torment her. She dropped her head on the desk and burst into tears. Was she beaten, after all?

A knock at the door startled her. She opened it and a maid handed in Ainslie's card. Perversity, thy name is woman! Now that she knew he was here she did not wish to see him at all! He'd be sure to see that she had been crying. He always saw everything.

There was no one in the room when she entered. He sprang eagerly to meet her. She looked into his bronzed face. He was fairly glowing with health and strength. As usual he went straight at the matter nearest his heart without preliminaries.

"Aren't you persuaded yet that you love me?" he asked.

"No!" It was a somewhat doubtful reply, a fact which he did not fail to observe. He smiled. Up there in the silence of the woods Lawrence Ainslie had put in a good many hours in meditation. Although when he returned he was outwardly just as usual,—the genial, easy-going, self-possessed man, there was something new about him. Confidence marked his every move. He was fully determined to win the girl he loved. So in smiling good-humor he bided his time. Whenever she talked about her book he laughed,—told her there was nothing to it! Yet she was beginning to observe one thing which hitherto had escaped her. The more he ridiculed it, the more kind and tender was his voice, the more she felt after he had gone that he had left behind for her some of his splendid strength.

"You never encourage me," she said to him one day almost tearfully. "I should say not," he answered. "I wish you'd chuck the whole business and marry me. This is a cold, cruel, heartless world, Girl. It would be wicked to encourage you. You'd better run away from it—with me."

He was genuine. She knew it now. There was no sham about him. He really wanted to marry her. He had honored her above all other women. But she wouldn't listen. She must fight, fight and keep on fighting. When the book was done, if it proved a success, she could pay her debts, be square with the world and with herself. If not,—No. She must keep fighting.

The next time he saw her, however, he was filled with righteous wrath. She looked really ill and

their interview was a little stormier than usual.

"Won't you marry me, Gracia,—tomorrow? Tonight? Come on, Girl. Let me take care of you!"

"Oh, don't!" she begged. "I wish you wouldn't. Can't we just be friends like we've always been?"

"Friends!" he thundered. "Always! We've never been friends. We've been lovers ever since the first moment we looked into each other's eyes. You know it. I know it. What's the use of keeping up this farce any longer?"

"Don't!" "I will. You can't prevent me. I love you. I want to acknowledge you to the whole world as the only woman I want for my wife. I want to take you away from all this—that is causing us both such suffering. Won't you come?"

"You are kind," she answered dispiritedly. "Believe me, I appreciate the honor that, as a man, you show me. But I despise the world,—your world. It has reduced me to this because—because I wanted to work out my own life in my own way. If I were your wife, that same world would fawn upon me. And why? My family is as old and as good as your own. I am your equal in every way except that I haven't money. But that, in the eyes of your world, is a crime."

"My equal!" he said huskily. "I should say you were. You are as far above me as the stars in the sky are above the earth. Dear, why can't you look straight at things and see them as they are! Your whole view of life is distorted. What do we care about the world, Girl,—either your world or mine? It's just our own personal happiness that counts. The world and everybody in it can go hang for all that I care, Girl, you know you love me. I want you. Won't you come—not to but with me? Let's go together!"

She shook her head. But Ainslie saw that affairs were approaching a state which might be called acute. There was no longer any halfway business about it. It had become a question of absolute rebellion or of unconditional surrender. She could no longer bring herself to real rebellion. At the same time she was not quite ready to surrender.

A day or two later, however, Fate took the game into her own hands. Gracia did not appear at breakfast, which often happened, but on this day when the landlady went in to put her room in order she found her lying, fully dressed and ready to go out, in a crumpled little heap on the floor. She got her onto the couch, took off her hat and coat, looked helplessly about her and wondered what to do next. Her warm Irish heart was filled with sympathy. She put some cold water onto her face, then she suddenly recalled the fine-looking young man who had occasionally put a bill into her hand surreptitiously and insinuated that anything she could do for Miss Harding would please him very much.

"Shure an' I wonder if she's quarreled with her beau?" she mused.

She looked at Gracia again. Then, like the Commander-in-chief of a victorious army, she marched to the telephone and called Ainslie.

When she returned Gracia was sitting up staring wildly about her. "Why,—what has happened?" she gasped.

"Now, just lay ye down, darlin' an' kape quiet. Ye fainted. That's all. But ye're all right now. Lay down."

When Ainslie hung up the receiver after taking the landlady's message his face was a study. He sat for a moment looking thoughtfully at a stack of correspondence on his desk. It called for his immediate attention. But an instant later he pushed it aside, slammed

down the lid of his desk, grabbed his hat and coat and to his chief clerk's intense disgust announced that he would be away from the office all day.

"We live but once," he muttered after he got outside, "and there is a limit to things."

A few moments later his car stood in front of 15 Mohawk street. The air of determination with which Lawrence Ainslie marched up the steps of that house made it look extremely squally for anyone who offered any opposition to his plans. Mrs. Rafferty herself let him in.

"I'll see Miss Harding," he announced.

"Sit down. I'll ask her, sir."

"No, you won't. It's your permission I want. I'll see her first and ask her afterward. Anybody else in the house?"

"No sir. Everybody's gone down town."

"That's good. I don't want any talk, you know. Which room is hers?"

"At the top of the second flight."

Ainslie went up stairs. He knocked, then opened the door and went in. She was lying on the couch but at sight of him she sprang to her feet.

"Go away!" she cried. "Why—how dare you come up—here?"

"I dare anything when you need me."

"But, I don't need you!"

"You need somebody. I guess I'll do."

A light wrap which Mrs. Rafferty had thrown over her slipped from her shoulders to the floor. He picked it up and put it around her again. As he did so his hand touched her white throat. The color flamed hotly into her face. She sprang away instantly.

"Don't—don't touch me!" she cried.

He looked for a moment at the trembling, storm-shaken girl. At her words a light which was fiercely exultant sprang into his eyes. Then he did just what any other sensible man would have done. He picked her up in his arms and sat down with her in a big chair. She struggled. She fought. It was no use. Then she began to cry. In all his life he had never seen a woman cry so terribly. Great deep sobs shook her slender frame from head to foot. Outwardly Ainslie was adamant. What he really felt inside deponent saith not. Anyway he just held her close and let her cry until she stopped of her own accord.

"Feel better?" he asked, when she was calmer. Now, Girl, you're just to tell me all about it. Go all the way back to the beginning. Don't leave out a thing. Dear heart, don't you know that there isn't a wrong in the whole world that can not be righted if one only understands how to go about it? You know you love me. You want to tell me. Now go on."

"Oh," she sobbed, "I can't help loving you. And I'm so unhappy. It's so ugly—the past."

"Well, just tell me about it. Then we'll wipe it off the slate and begin over."

So, in the quiet of her little room the whole story came out. Nor was the telling so very difficult after all. As she had clung to her ideals with such tenacity, so now she clung to him and sobbed out her sorrows in his arms. With a tenderness of a lover, all the alertness of a lawyer, all the wrath of a man, he listened to the tale of her disappointments, her blasted hopes, her wrecked ambitions, her poverty, her debts, the loss of her faith in men, her longing to make good with her book, to find a place for herself in the world. His teeth shut to like a steel trap when she told him of old Isaacs. Wouldn't he just enjoy interviewing that old blood-sucker, though?

She paused in her story.

"Anything else?" he asked.

(To be concluded.)

Dear Movie Pictorial Readers:—

Over at the Universal I was most interested in watching Stella Razeto, who is supporting Henrietta Crossman in "The Faddist." Stella is playing a Slum Girl character, and she does the part exceptionally well; just as well indeed as she did in Selig's, "The Heart of Maggie Malone," which created quite a stir.

I suggest that you make a point of seeing "The Woman's Share," a Vitagraph two-reeler, that has as much action as most four or five reel productions. This play was produced under the direction of Rollin Sturgeon, and when I tell you that it includes Anne Schaefer and George Holt, you will know that it must be exceptional.

Over a Inceville, Bessie Barriscale is still walking on her toes and clapping her hands, and thanking Thomas H. Ince for her new dressing room. It all happened during two holidays and when Miss Bessie returned, she found her room newly calmsomined and panelled with oak. From her window she can gaze over the broad Pacific, which makes a very pleasant place in which to study one's part. You will see her and Bruce McRae in a new, big comedy-drama—that is being produced under the direction of Scott Sidney.

You are going to like Charles Clary better than ever in his role of a Franciscan Monk in the new Triangle release, "The Penitentes." In the company with him are Orrin Johnson, Signe Auen and Paul Gilmore, who spent several pleasant days at Charsworth taking scenes. Clary's new part promises to stand out as distinctively as his role of priest in "The Rosary." This new play is based on the strange religious cult that existed in Mexico about the year 1594, and which indeed still numbers its devotees.

When one is young and thoughtless, one is frequently not expected to discern between an asset and a liability. Time was when Webster Campbell, of the Vitagraph, regretted his wealth of black, curly hair. It caused him many a fistic beating, but now the aforementioned curly, black hair is a very agreeable acquisition, as thousands of Vitagraph fans will agree.

The Liberty Company, at San Mateo, which is owned by Sadie Lindbloom, who is also leading lady, has gathered many exceptional stars. Her latest includes Fred Montague, as director; Camille Ward, who is exceptionally splendid as "heavy" woman; Beatrice Thorne, a capable character actress; Ann Goldsby, who plays utility parts, and Emory Johnson, who is seen in leads. Bill Stinger, acts and directs with Harry Siegel. In the Banner Company, also with Myrtle Pippins, Bertha Brown, Clarence Thompson and Ursula Kline in the cast Charles Anderson is general manager of the studios. K. O. Rahmn is camera man.

When William Duncan, Western Vitagraph lead, was playing in "The Clansman" on the stage of an open-air theatre, an attorney came forward to stop the performance. Duncan pointed to the audience and said, "Look at that house. I will have to

play it, whatever it costs me." Under promise that he would never put on a version of the play again in that city, Duncan was permitted to proceed. Indeed, it was his last appearance in "The Clansman."

"The Buzzard's Shadow" is a new frontier military story of the American, in which May Allison is playing the lead, opposite Harold Lockwood. The picture requires a great deal of travel. Some of the scenes were filmed at Monterey and some on the Mojave Desert. It is a five-reeler, full of heart interest and action. You will enjoy these favorites in "The Buzzard's Shadow."

Besides nursing a case of bronchitis, Myrtle Stedman has been able to extract some enjoyment out of life. She has been showing all of her friends a letter she recently received from an attorney, telling her that her portrayal of the jealous wife in "Killmen" actually assisted him in winning a case.

Helen Holmes is back with the Universal and she has the old crowd with her that starred with her through her thrilling "Hazards of Helen" series. Maloney, who was a co-star in so many of her "Hazards," is playing opposite Helen in some new railroad thrillers.

Hobart Henley, the attractive and talented leading man of the Universal, had a "hunch" one day that he could write a scenario, and it was received with such fervor that he had adopted photoplay writing as a profitable and agreeable side line. He is also breaking into the realm of short stories. Apart from acting, and his writing, Henley has absolutely nothing to do.

William D. Taylor, producer of the "Diamond from the Sky," has felt the Cold Bug nibbling at his toes and fingers. An old Klondyke pal has written to him begging the popular director to try pot-luck in the vicinity of the Northern Lights. Mr. Taylor made money twice at mining and also lost twice. He thinks the real pay-streak lies in the vicinity of the film-play studios.

Innumerable friends of Grace Cunard will be glad to know that she has recently returned from the hospital, where she underwent two painful operations. Grace will soon resume her part in "The Broken Coin." During her absence, Francis Ford took a number of scenes in which she does not appear.

Vivian Rich says that never in her experience has she enjoyed a role more than the one she played in "The Wasp." She was clad in boy's clothing and she found she likes the role immensely. She surely knows how to wear 'em. She is now appearing in "The Divide," but this title has nothing to do with the more comfortable masculine garb.

William Wolbert, who has acted many parts and directed for Kalem and Universal, has been added to the Vitagraph forces, where he will produce drama and comedy. In his first play, he will be ably assisted by William Duncan, Mary Anderson, Webster Campbell and George Holt.

In "Mr. Grex of Monte Carlo," Carlyle Blackwell needed an eyeglass. Ordinarily Carlyle has as much use for an eyeglass as a Kansas farmer would have for a submarine. Just to help him out, Laura Hope Crews purchased the monocle during a visit to Los Angeles. It cost only \$14.00, which really shows what an economical little buyer Miss Crews really is.

Louise Glaum, who is appearing with W. S. Hart, in lace pictures, is designing and superintending a number of original gowns, which will figure in her coming "Vampire" pictures. Of course, Louise is doing all this planning and superintending at night.

Little Neva Gerber, of the "Beauty" pictures, is no sooner through playing in one picture, than a director grabs her for a new one. Under a compromise they have permitted Neva to take fifteen minutes three times a day for meals.

The recent acquisition to the Big "U" is Tom Chatterton, who has confined his motion picture experience to the Ince films. He is now playing opposite Cleo Madison.

Henry Otto, who is producing for the Universal, is bringing out some artistic photographic effects in "The Test." The Universal people are congratulating themselves on having induced Mr. Otto to leave the American studios and take up his abode at the Universal.

Edna Maison now realizes that it is very foolish to be too free in giving away possessions. After she had completed "The Dumb Girl of Portici" feature, she was seized with a fit of wanton generosity and gave many of her belongings to a poor, little extra, who really needed them. When Edna was informed that several re-takes must be made, she did a Sherlock Holmes act, located the extra, borrowed her former garments, and after the final O. K., returned them to the girl.

Richard Stanton has completed his first picture for the Universal and is now engaged in playing the part of a socialistic foreman who saves his employer's daughter. Richard is not only playing a lead, but is directing the story as well, and has Myrtle Gonzalez playing opposite him.

Los Angeles is rife with rumors that Henry B. Walthall will join the Biograph and the Triangle, also the Equitable, and head a company of his own. In the meantime, he is working for the Essanay and enjoying the rumors.

"Shanghaied," in which Charlie Chaplin plays the lead, caused no little trouble in its filming. In many respects, it was cruelly realistic. One night the merry crew were marooned at sea—so far from the lights of that dear Broadway. There was some seasickness, too. When Mr. Balboa named the Pacific, it must have been a lovely day, because the grand, I'll old Pacif can kick up more didoes than a party of women discussing an absent member. Walay Ruggles, who wears funny side-whiskers and is a deep-dyed conspirator, had more swimming to do than "Nep's Daughter," which is considerable swimming.

Charles has a gay crew. For example, there is that old favorite Kolb & Dill star, Paddy McGuire, who knows where to find the giggles in the human breast. Mary Rieger, the pretty little brunette, who plays opposite Charlie in his comedies, is another who merits more than honorable mention. Mary enjoyed a little side trip to San Francisco recently, just to see the fair, and she says it was "oh, ever so nice." That is like the woman who said she thought the Pacific ocean was "so cute." Lawrence Bowes is another important factor in the Chaplin cast, and we must not forget Edna Purviance. Edna is to receive one of the most gorgeous oriental kimonos that gay Japan ever conceived. An admirer sent it to her especially for her part in "Shanghai."

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BEAUTY—THE WIRELESS MESSAGE THAT RADIIATES THROUGH FEMININE ATTRACTIVENESS

"Nature's Sweet Restorer—Sleep"

No matter what else you may do in your quest of beauty, bear in mind that you can never do anything unless Nature responds.

Within your body there are certain forces in operation. When these forces are normal you are in a state of health, and Beauty is Health's co-partner. During one period of each twenty-four hours the batteries of your energies are recharged, the poisons of the day's waste are disposed of, and your physical house is set in order for the next day's demands.

Irrespective of anything else you may do, sleep still remains one of the greatest beauty doctors in the world. The amount of sleep you require depends upon your own individual demands. Some persons can get along very nicely on six hours, but most individuals require eight hours. If you sleep too little or too much you are dull. Over-sleep is almost as deleterious as under-sleep. But whatever the hours of your sleep may be, your repose should be perfect. Your bodily processes slow down and Nature's magicians start in their work of readjustment.

You can not detract from the hours or quality of your sleep and still expect to make good the loss through the use of lotions, creams, or other cosmetics. Your sleep should become a religious duty with you. No sleep is perfect without an ample supply of fresh air. This does not mean that you should sleep in a draft—but it does imply that, irrespective of what the weather may be, fresh air should be entering your sleeping chamber throughout the night. Your restorative forces depend upon an ample supply of oxygen to carry on their labors. Your blood corpuscles are busy rushing to and fro carrying away the poisonous wastes and supplying the material for new tissue. These corpuscles need oxygen. Your heart and your blood require oxygen. Your fresh air supply, not merely during the day but during your sleeping hours, is a means of assisting Nature.

Sleep may become a matter of habit. If you accustom yourself to demand sleep at nine o'clock in the evening, then staying awake until ten or eleven will upset your sleeping habits. If you are accustomed to going to sleep at midnight, you adjust yourself to demand sleep starting with the midnight hour. Regularity of sleep and plenty of oxygen are two of the safest rules of wooing "Nature's Sweet Restorer."

Sleep will decide many of the beauty questions that can not be answered in any other way. Just as sleep must have regularity in its beginning, so should it terminate with the same sort of regularity. Unless your hours of sleep are measured, then your restorative processes suffer from the effects of irregularity. To arise at seven o'clock one morning and nine o'clock another is the same, in its effect on your body, as the effect of winding a clock twice in twenty-four hours and then neglecting to wind it for several days, would leave on the mechanism of that clock. Your nerve forces and your brain keep account of time—you become accustomed to doing a certain thing at a certain time and their demands are never more forceful than in the matter of sleep.

Consequently, whatever else you may do to assist you in your quest of beauty, be sure that your regard for restful, regular and peaceful sleep becomes one of your cardinal rules.

Margery Moore

Answers to Correspondents

Jennie.

I really know nothing about the treatment for fallen arches, but I do know you should consult a specialist at once, as this is a very serious affliction. You can not get proper advice on such a matter through correspondence. The specialist will have to examine your arches to determine what treatment you need.

L. B. D.

You are a very foolish little girl to want to put anything in your eyes "to make them bright." If you are in the open air as much as you should be, if you do not over eat, over work or over play, and above all, if you think only bright, happy, loving thoughts, your eyes will sparkle like diamonds without any artificial aid. Take my warning, and if you value your eye-sight do NOT put anything in your eyes to make them sparkle. You might improve them greatly by bathing them twice daily in a solution of Boracic Acid, using an eye cup.

If you want advice on beauty topics, write to Margery Moore. She will be glad to answer all questions. If a personal answer is desired, stamped and self-addressed envelope should be enclosed. Address communications to Margery Moore, Care Movie Pictorial, Chicago, Ill.

Some people use a weak solution of salt water, instead. Your eyes need a daily bath as much or more than the rest of your body.

Anna.

I can advise you as to treatment for the scalp trouble you describe, but not through the Corner. Yours is undoubtedly an inherited condition, and I would prefer to explain to you in a personal letter. If you will send me a self-addressed, stamped envelope for reply, I will do all I can to help you, but my personal opinion is that you should consult a reputable physician who makes a specialty of blood diseases. I am not a physician, and could only advise you as to external applications, and I believe what you need is an internal remedy.

Margery.

I am sorry I haven't room for your query in this Corner, but you may look out for it in our next issue. Of course I'm always glad to hear from the "Margery's"

THE SPLIT REEL

We're With You Lottie!

Hist! Somethin's doin' on the screen
Somethin' tense—
Somethin' sad—
Ten million fans'll be on edge
from Broadway out to 'Frisco!

Shh!—It's the best you've ever seen—
I'm in suspense—
And yet I'm glad—
I'm always there to greet and cheer
our charmin' Lottie Briscoe!

The Papers!

A screen nut scribbled thus to Earle Williams:
"Dear Earl: Be you of the royalty?
In my state, they is also a royal family—the direct decent o' Duke Smixture!"

To Miriam of Edison

When Miriam's name's flashed on the screen,
I know I'll smile—I know I'll weep—
I know close vigils I shall keep
When Miriam Nesbitt's on the screen!

She has a way that's all her own,
She makes my heart pulse warm
and strong
And in my soul I feel a song,
She has a way that's all her own.

Quick, Watson—!

A film actor's mail! Ah, what a thing of wonder is a screen star's mail. Witness the following:

"Mr. Rapley Holmes: I have been wondering what about you. Two years ago, I saw Will Gillette in you—or your brother. He took your part fine, too, only Will is a bit too skinny. How long since you been in London? Do you still have the house on Baker street? For a long time I couldn't penetrate your disguise, and then one day I read 'The Dancing Men,' and gosh, I had it. Right there it said, 'The great detective paused and listened, and the sound came again—Rap, Rap, Rap!'"

Pick—Pick—Pickford!

Just pick your Pickford at your will, and yet you will be picking still—Pick Jack or Lottie if you may and pick and pick the livelong day—But stick and pick a picture that is picked to pack the playhouse fat—and then you'll never pick contrary if you will pick the Pickford's Mary.

I'd Like To Be Near Normandy!

Doggone it, May-bui, it ain't fair to play with Fatty all the while—My heart's a-breakin'—smash it goes—though durn it, I can't help but smile The way you pull them Keystone laughs—
I sit an' shake an' shake and chuckle—

But I'm as jeal-yus as can be to see you with that Fat Arbuckle! May-bui, I'm most as fat as he, and—come on, let's be pals a spell—I luv you on the screen, May-bui, and Fatty gets me sore as—well!

You see, all fat guys can't select
A purty little queen like you—
Oh, gosh, I'd laugh if you'd join me
And shake old Fat—oh, May-bui do!

It's a Screen-Lock

(Sporting Note!)
Big Rock, Iowa.

Dear Vitagraph Co.: Me'n Farmer Burns was pals and rassed together along wile. He learned me the hammer-lock and the grape-vine and the Nelsons (bar, full and half!) the scissors and chancery and lots of holts, but we live and learn, and a picture theayter man tells me how, if I ast you, I can learn the George Holt.

When the Heart is Young

Clara, on the square, we're with you strong as shrapnel, tight as glue
We are with you in the gloamin'—when the worries of the day
Have been left out in the lobby while we dream an hour away—
We are with you in our musings when we revel in the screen
And forget our petty envies in each soul-inspiring scene;
In your artistry and magic, we have followed rung by rung
Up your ladder in the Starlight, oh Miss Clara Kimball Young—
We are with you now and always—honest, Clara—honest true!

Oh, Not the Same Family!

Sing Ditto, N. Y.
Dear Carlyle Blackwell:
Many thanks for entertaining us boarders with your screen art. I know you well, Carl—oh, yes I do! I've spent many's the stretch on your pa's Island up near Hell Gate!
Pete-the-Dip.

Post-Haste—Edna!

Edna Maison, oh please accept a first-class kiss by second-class mail,* and meet me tonight at 8:15 at the corner of Screen and Film—don't fail!
*Oh, no, we spelled it right!

By the Weigh—!

The Prof. told me a star would weigh a billyun-trillyun tons, yet pale its light—then, gee, oh, gee, I ask
What would bright Bessie Barri-scale!

Another Sunburst!

And talkin' of those stellar lights that spray our paths by night and day,
Of suns and moons and stars and such—
Oh, how about our friend, Charles Rrrr!

A Regular First National

How rich—how rich—is Vivian Rich—as rich as Croesus, I'd opine—in talents rare and wondrous hair—oh, I would be a millionaire—were priceless Vivian Rich but mine!

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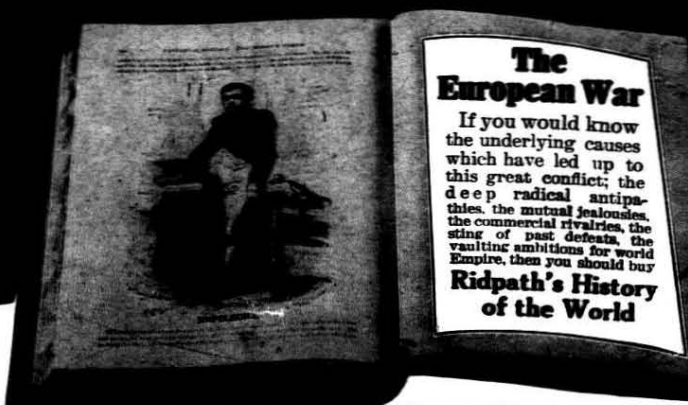
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